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STUDY OF ENGLISH FICTION.

AN INTRODUCTION
TO THE
STUDY OF ENGLISH FICTION.

BY

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BOSTON, U.S.A.
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1908

GENERAL

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By W. E. SIMONDS.

To the Memory
OF
BERNHARD TEN BRINK,

This Book is Dedicated

WITH A PUPIL'S REVERENCE AND A FRIEND'S
AFFECTION.

PREFACE.

THERE was a time when by people with pretensions to a careful conscience the "novel" was regarded somewhat dubiously. That time, let us hope, is of the past. The existence of the novel as a form of fiction requires no vindication; no apology is needed for its pre-eminence in the popular taste of the day. Not only are we compelled to recognize the present supremacy of the novel in literature, we have also come to the point of appreciating its utility and power.

The development of English fiction, the evolution of the English novel, forms in itself an interesting story; and an acquaintance with that story is essential to an apprehension of the real qualities of our fiction and to an intelligent estimate of its originality and its merits. To tell this story in outline and to indicate the characteristics of successive epochs in its growth is the purpose of this volume. The teacher may find it difficult to recognize the "text-book" in the preliminary chapters: he is reminded that these chapters form but the preface, and that his text-book begins with what comes after.

With reference to the Selections, a word may be not amiss. The translations from "Beowulf" and "King Horn" are rude enough, and it might have been wiser in the writer to utilize the labors of a more clever translator; he preferred, however, a version original albeit uncouth,

and has been as faithful as he was able to be to the spirit of the text. The Selections which follow are chosen because of special features which seem to fit them for the purpose. Those illustrative of the Elizabethan age are, outside the larger libraries, scarcely accessible to the general student. Because of this fact, a typical romance of that age, "Forbonius and Prisceria," has been incorporated entire. In other cases an incident or episode, in itself complete, has suggested the Selection which has been introduced.

The following pages contain no attempt at formal biography or scientific criticism. No reference has been made to "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, nor does there appear any discussion of the relation of the novel to the drama; the inter-relation of the English and Spanish romances of the sixteenth century, and that of the French and English tales of an earlier period, receive slight comment. All these omissions will be noted, and may with many similar topics be made the subject of special investigation by the student. To provide a bare introduction to the study of English fiction is the purpose of the book. Its compiler believes thoroughly in the principles of the inductive method, and complacently recognizes the subordination of the essays to the texts they are intended to introduce. If through these pages there be gained a better, a more intelligent acquaintance with these works and with the literature which they represent, the purpose of this Introduction will be accomplished.

W. E. S.

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS,

May 1, 1894.



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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

STUDY OF ENGLISH FICTION. ;



I.

OLD ENGLISH STORY-TELLERS.

It is customary to date the rise of the English novel at about the middle of the eighteenth century. Between the years 1740 and 1750 it was, indeed, that Richardson and Fielding began to acquaint a surprised and delighted circle of English readers with what appeared to be a new departure in literary creation. Now the *novel*, as a specific art form, is distinctively a picture of life in its actual experiences, grave or gay, familiar or extraordinary; it is always the presentation of character that is or has been or might be real; and if we think of the novel in this technical and restricted sense, as merely the plain story of the common life of every day, or if we regard the form the story then assumed, the garb it then adopted with the fashion of the times, the assignment of its origin to this period is approximately correct. But it is not so much the English novel as English fiction which we have chosen for our study; and as the first essential quality of fiction, whether in the novel or the romance, is the narrative, the story, it is to a far earlier period that we have to look for origins. Indeed it is with the whole long line of English story-tellers

that we have to deal, the story-tellers and their heritage, when we undertake to trace the novel back to its earliest sources. The line is unbroken, the craft in this respect is one, whether we look for its beginnings in the eighteenth century or in the eighth.

Were our old English ancestors story-loving, story-telling people? Certainly they were, like all the Keltic and Teutonic

The Glee-men.

neighbors. Jutes, Angles, Saxons, on the island as on the continent, had their gleemen, who could improvise as well as sing, who caught the story of popular heroes from the people's lips, their deeds that demonstrated not only strength of body but greatness of soul, their turns of fate, — themes which fascinated rude audiences in those rough days, as does the story of Lear the higher culture of the present. They improvised and added and arranged — for that was the province and the privilege of their art — until they wove a tale that held the warriors spell-bound, or brought them to their feet with the jangling of iron shirts of mail, and the ringing of steel on steel, and the hoarse shouting of human voices. It is not difficult to conjure up what must have been an ordinary scene: the long hall, its oaken walls well hung with skins of wolf and fox and bear, the armor glittering ruddy, shields dented by the blows of hostile swords as well as by the friendly poundings of the blacksmith's hammer, bows and arrows, spears for hurling, coats of mail. How the light would dart and sparkle on all this metal ornament, the light that flashed and flickered as the great fire crackled and roared upon the hearthstone! The men — huge fellows, heroic in limb and muscle, rough and boisterous but cheery, good-humored among friends and kinsfolk — sit upon the benches, while they eat noisily of the hearty meal, and empty big horns of foaming ale, until possibly the flames that sparkle among the fir-boughs, and gleam red as blood from the trophies on the hall-side, seek another trysting-place, and shine bright and scorching in fiery glances which shoot from eyes now full of passion, — but for only a moment: the earl, the hall-lord, speaks the haughty

word of quick command ; the roar of voices is hushed, the rattle of the tables ceases, the boasting, the rough play stop. Again the master of the household speaks from his seat of honor on the dais, where, perhaps, his lady sits beside him. Now his tone is gentle ; and at his word the gleeman, striking in personal appearance as in garb, advances bold and confident from the throng, and takes the place assigned him : he tunes his harp, and begins his song. Perhaps it was the Victory of King Aethelstan that he sang, or the Song of the Fight at Maldon. Very likely, if it were in the time of the Edmunds and Edwards and Harolds who reigned just before the Conquest. But if it was at an earlier day, possibly when good King Alfred reigned, and fought the Danes, it is more likely to have been a passage from the great epic of "Beowulf," the national poem which some Anglian singer generations before had brought in its germ from the old home on the bleak northern coast, when the Angles joined their kinsfolk in the historic movement westward, — "Beowulf," the oldest of English and Teutonic tales extant, which we know only in its late revision of the ninth century, as we suppose, although songs of Beowulf had been sung two centuries earlier than that, based upon the adventures of a thane who had lived many generations before this last-named date, and who for his exploits had been made the hero of a myth. What is this song that the gleeman sang, this tale which the Anglo-Saxon warriors so loved to hear?

Hrothgar the Dane, far famed for his victories and for his justice and generosity no less, grown old in years, builds for his men a great mead-hall. There the gray-haired chieftain assembles his vassals for feasting and mirth ; but an unheard-of horror comes upon Heorot, great hall of Hrothgar. Out from the fen-land, when night falls, stealthily creeps the bog-monster, Grendel ; enters the new house where the earls after carousal lie asleep on the benches. One and another and another of Hrothgar's warriors is devoured by the monster ; night after night Grendel devastates the mead-hall. No one of Hrothgar's men is brave enough, is strong enough to cope with the demon. Heorot is deserted ; and the old chief

*The Story of
Beowulf.*

sits gloomily in his former home to mourn in silence the loss of men and of honor. Up in the Northland Hygelac's thane, Beowulf, young, bold, robust, already famous for a daring feat in swimming, and destined to be Hygelac's heir and successor, hears of Hrothgar's plight and of Grendel. Soon, with a band of chosen men, Beowulf travels southward, follows the whale-path, the swan-road, until he comes to Hrothgar's kingdom. The coast-guard sees the warriors land, and challenges their bold front. Beowulf is led to Hrothgar, and tells his purpose to kill the monster and redeem the land. Gladly does the Dane listen, and generous welcome does he make for the Northmen. Night comes; and once more is Heorot thrown open; the hearth is ablaze; again do the thanes hold revel in the great hall of Hrothgar. Wassail is drunk, stories are told, bold boasts made; the walls re-echo the warriors' shouts. Hardly do they die away, and scarcely have the revellers lost themselves in slumber on the benches, when the fearful fen-dragon approaches; he has heard the noise of feasting from afar, and now the black monster steals toward the hall, laughing as he thinks of his prey. The fire has died out, and all is darkness. One of Hrothgar's men is seized and devoured. Raging, with lust for flesh aroused, Grendel grasps another in his claws. But it is the hero whom the bog-monster has unwittingly caught; and now Beowulf, roused for vengeance, starts up to battle with Grendel. Unarmed the hero grapples with the enemy. The hall sways with the shock of the fighting. He clutches Grendel by the wrist; never had the monster felt a grasp like that. The muscles ache, the cords of the demon's arm are snapping, the shoulder tears itself from the socket, the weary marsh-dweller gropes his way blindly forth, and weakly wends toward his foul home in the swampland. Grendel is wounded to the death. Beowulf rests after victory, and shows the hideous claw, his war-trophy, to the Danes. Great joy comes to Hrothgar with the dawn; but with the night woe returns. Grendel's mother issues from the death-breeding marshes, and invades the hall of Heorot. Once more there is wailing among the thanes; once more sorrow rests on Hrothgar's house; but

once again the hero girds himself for battle. With his faithful men Beowulf enters the fatal fen-land ; he stands upon the shore of the mist-covered inlet where the marsh-demons breed. Strange and loathsome shapes appear, half shrouded in the fog ; the nickers and the water-sprites laugh exultant, with monstrous eyes glaring at the hero from the cloudy waves of the mere. Here Beowulf equips himself, — puts on his best corselet, grasps the strongest brand ; then he enters the dark water, presses down through the flood, beset by the sea-monsters, bruised by their sharp tusks, undaunted, down, down to the dwelling of Grendel and Grendel's mother : a day's journey is it for the hero before he reaches the abode of the demon. Meanwhile his men keep watch and ward above : gloom settles on them ; doubt fills their hearts with dread. The day drags by : no sight of their hero. Still they wait, and silent, stare on the sea. Now a commotion stirs the thick water ; the surface boils under the mists ; blood rolls up red through the foam ; and Beowulf's men yield to grief and despair. But grief gives place to joy, sorrow to gladness. The hero emerges from the horrible sea-flood, bringing news of the she-demon's slaughter and a new trophy, Grendel's head : this it was that sent the red blood welling up through the mere-flood when Beowulf smote the dead monster's body. Loud is the rejoicing ; triumphantly do the Northmen give the Danes warning of their home-coming. Rich are the gifts bestowed by Hrothgar ; great is the feasting. Then Beowulf's men think of the home-land ; the slippery sea-rover is launched, the warriors embark with their presents, and Beowulf says farewell to Hrothgar, and steers north to Hygelac's land.

Beowulf achieves another adventure. Now he is old : as Hygelac's successor, fifty winters he has ruled well and wisely, and his land has prospered ; but an enemy now destroys his men, and by night the land is laid waste. This time it is a fire-drake with which Beowulf must battle ; and the hero goes forth, dauntless as ever, to meet the monster. But now his men prove cowards ; the hero is left alone to fight with the dragon, — alone but for Wiglaf, who stands behind his lord's shield and helps as

he may. Long they fight, monster and man : this is no Grendel, this fire-spurter. The fierce heat shrivels up the shield ; the heroes are hard pressed ; at last Wiglaf disables the dragon, Beowulf gives the death-blow. But Beowulf, too, has been hurt, and, though victor, lies sick of his death-wound. Then Wiglaf brings forth the hoard from the cave where the worm had so long guarded it, and Beowulf feasts his eyes ere they close upon the vast treasure he bequeaths to his people. The hero is dead : rear his funeral pyre ! Upon the tall promontory, a beacon to sailors, friends burn the body ; and the flame and smoke bear the hero's soul upward.

Such are the stories that children love to tell, to which they delight to listen. It is altogether idle to discuss whether or not

Significance of the Story. this be the record in allegory of the coast-dweller's ceaseless war on the terrible forces of ocean and storm, or if it speaks of the stealthy approach of the malaria and the fever till the hero builds the dikes and drains the marshes. These are the tales our Anglo-Saxon forefathers loved, because they told the story of stout-hearted heroes, tireless and dauntless, who contended not only with flesh and blood, but with those mysterious hosts, those uncanny powers of sea and air, whose existence they believed and had sometimes proved, but whose nature and form lie hidden in the darkness of fog and night.

Among the Normans. Now for a long time there was no worthy product of English pen possessing the same character of narrative fiction which we have found in the national epic of "Beowulf." Metrical paraphrases of Scripture history, legends of the saints and martyrs, a rarely occasional lyric of notable sweetness and pathos, formed the literary matter of the period and the gleeman's stock in trade. But with the advent of the Normans in the eleventh century, a new stimulus was felt in this department of our literature. Over in Normandy French poets had already sung the "Song of Roland," in character and quality inferior as it was dissimilar to the old English song of which we have just been reading. And now the English gleeman gave place to the Nor-

man minstrel, and tales of French heroes sung in a foreign tongue were heard in the banqueting-halls of William and his nobles, and echoed indeed beyond the walls through the length and breadth of England. Strange stories of Charlemagne and his twelve paladins, abounding in the reports of jousts and contests, of tricks and cunning; the adventures of Grecian Alexander, too; tales of the Fall of Troy; and numerous other subjects, many of them borrowed from the East, — formed the theme of minstrel and jongleur, and kept their place through long years to come. More nearly related to English scenes, and yet an importation from the poetry of France, were the traditionary romances of Arthur and his knights, the scene of which belonged to Wales. The most important and the immediate effect of this Norman-French influence upon our own English literature was seen in the revival in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of an interest in the deeds of English heroes and the traditions native to English soil. This interest speedily manifested itself in the similar treatment of English themes, and, a little later, a treatment of these themes in English speech; for by that time the English spirit and the English language had proved stronger than the Norman, and now prevailed. The deeds of Hereward the Saxon had been told in Latin, and then in Norman verse; English paraphrases now appeared. Similarly, also, the adventures of Guy of Warwick and Bevis of Hampton, local heroes of tradition, were sung by Anglo-Norman poets, and then in the English tongue. A second influence of the Norman-French poetry is traceable in a new element which now appears in the treatment of these English themes: this is the element of love. The old Saxons in their rude way had sung of battle and of booty; wild tales of adventure and daring had been told, but never a word of the tenderer passion of love, no recognition of woman's subtle power in the hearts and lives of men, until the Norman troubadours had introduced their forms of courtly gallantry, and softly sung the devotion of brave knights to fair ladies, and spoken of the rewards of love. For the life and spirit of the time had changed; the days of chivalry had dawned. Among the earliest of our English poems to reflect

this influence of the French are the two metrical romances of "Havelok the Dane" and "King Horn."

"A song I shall you sing
Of Murry the king,"

is the quaint beginning of this latter poem. Murry is king of South Daneland; his queen is Godhild; they have an only son, whose name is Horn. One day the sea-robbers —

Story of King Horn. Saracens, the poem calls them — descend upon King Murry's shores, the king is slain, his queen driven into hiding, and Horn, his son, with twelve comrades is taken prisoner. But the rare beauty of the youth excites the pity of the pagan leader, and instead of putting them to the sword, their captors place the boys in a boat and set them adrift on the open sea. Miraculously the waves drive the ship to Westernesse, where King Ailmar adopts Horn and provides for his education. Horn grows in favor with all men; but most of all he is loved by the king's daughter, Maiden Rymenhild. Now the early comrades of the young prince are still in his company, and two of them are especially connected with the fate and fortunes of Childe Horn: one is Athulf, his trusty friend; the other, Fikenhild, who is a traitor. By the treachery of this latter, Ailmar is deceived, and Horn is banished from the land. New adventures, new wanderings follow; at last Horn arrives in Ireland, and becomes King Thurston's man. For seven years he remains in Ireland a banished man, but always faithful to his love. Meanwhile King Modi of Reynes sues for the hand of Maiden Rymenhild; Ailmar assents, and the wedding-day is set. Rymenhild and Athulf send a messenger to search for Horn and to warn him to return. Horn is found in time, arrives in Westernesse on the day of the marriage, attends the feast disguised as a pilgrim, and in dramatic fashion expels the intruder and claims his own. But the course of true love does not yet run smoothly. Horn departs again, now to claim his rights in his home in Daneland. This he succeeds in doing, and discovers his mother, Queen Godhild, still

alive. Again word comes from the bride in haste ; Rymenhild is once more in mortal peril, — this time at the hands of the traitor Fikenhild. Again Horn returns, rescues his betrothed, and all ends joyously with the wedding and a happy return to South Daneland, where Horn is king.

“ King Horn ” belongs, doubtless, to the thirteenth century, and is an excellent specimen of the old metrical romance. The love-story has now become an element in English literature ; it is the very kernel in the romance of “ King Horn,” although oddly, as it seems to us, the heroine woos the hero, and Horn is far too passive as a lover to suit the Rymenhilds of a later day. **The new Motive.**

Along with these metrical romances, there were circulating in popular form during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, numerous shorter works of similar character, although differing from these more important creations and from each other in outward shape. For the most part this minor fiction was anecdotal in character. Collections of short stories in prose, like the “ Gesta Romanorum ” and the “ Process of the Seven Sages,” were translated into English. Short metrical tales were numerous, the best gradually appearing in the early ballads, — treasuries of folk-lore, if not of fact, the almost mysterious creations of the nameless poets of the people. Truly, they who told the tales of “ Sir Patrick Spens ” and “ Chevy Chace ” are worthy of a reference in the annals of English story-telling ; and they who first sang the gestes of “ Robin Hood ” will never fail of recognition, even though their names are lost in the dimness of obscurity. By far the most noteworthy of these early romances, however, are those which embalm the traditions and legends of King Arthur. The knightly exploits of Arthur’s followers, the stories of courtly love and of unlawful passion, mystical tales of adventure in search of the holy Graal, — these themes won all the greater interest and attention because they centred around a national hero who had found a home in Wales. Chrétien de Troyes and German Wolfram likewise sang the Graal-saga ; but English story-tellers **Tales and Ballads.**

claimed, and have since claimed, blameless King Arthur as their own.

About the year 1340 Geoffrey Chaucer was born ; and with his advent English literature advanced with almost incredible strides. A great writer whose title was indisputable was now arisen on English soil. A poet, a chronicler, a dramatist, a novelist, — although he composed no actual drama and wrote no formal novel, Chaucer was each of these, for his writings contain the germs of all these forms of literature ; he might have been the “morning-star” of all. Many of “The Canterbury Tales” are perfect examples of that popular branch of literature indicated by the name ; the story of the “dronken millere,” for example, as well as the reeve’s tale which follows it. Of a higher grade are the stories of Patient Griselde, related by the Oxford clerk, and the familiar tale of the “three riot-toures” and Death. Yet it is far rather the entire collection of the Tales with their setting and their telling which displays the genius of this prince of story-tellers. Here is a little band of English people of all the orders, “wel nyne and twenty in a companye,” to whom two or three others are afterward added ; each distinctly drawn in character and personality, from the gentle knight returned from following in his lord’s wars abroad and the sentimental prioress with her greyhounds and her “Amor vincit omnia,” to the coarse sailor and the thievish pardoner whose bag is stuffed full of clouts and pig’s bones which he sells for relics. How artfully the stories are linked in their plausible arrangement ; what perfect self-revealing have we here of each person in the company, as the pilgrims wend their way toward Canterbury ! This it is that proves Chaucer’s dramatic skill. “The Canterbury Tales” is not a mere collection of diverting narratives gathered by the author to amuse his readers : it is one book, is to be taken as a whole, a unit. It is a picture of Chaucer’s England that we see, and the best example of ambitious character painting up to that time attempted. The Canterbury pilgrims were alive, and have lived as real characters in English literature ever since.

And yet Chaucer wrote one romance which more than “The

Canterbury Tales" contains the spirit of our modern novel. This is the "Troilus and Criseyde." Here love is the theme and motive; here gallantry calls all its arts into play; here, alas, the perversity of fickle womanhood receives a careful portraiture in a most heartless type. In the wooing of King Horn, Maiden Rymenhild played the hero's part; but now that day is gone forever. In Chaucer's romance the lover ^{Troilus and Criseyde.} languishes, while the lady is coy though not averse. Success attends the wooing, but disaster follows, and the end is most affecting tragedy. No work in character drawing superior to some of that in this poem was ever done by Chaucer. The wily Pandar, the fickle Criseyde are inimitable; on the other hand, the portrait of the hero is less satisfactory: he is too languishing, too sentimental, too weak. None of the metrical romances which preceded Chaucer's time had been told with such sweet artfulness as this. The material he used had been borrowed, as was the case in most of the "Tales;" but the master touches were his own, and mark him greatly superior to Byron in practically the same field.

The stories of "Beowulf" and "King Horn," together with the numberless compositions similar in material and purpose, had been told in verse. It was natural enough that this should be: tales which were sung or chanted to ^{The Form.} the accompaniment of the harp, lengthy stories which were oftener confided to the singer's memory and rarely to the manuscript,—these should move to rhythm and possess some sort of rhyme, that the minstrel's recollection might be aided, and that the listener's ear might be not uncharmed with melody. When this form of entertainment passed away, and the minstrel gave place to the scribe and copyist, the accompaniment of verse became unnecessary and unnatural; but it was long before this fact was realized, even though now and then a coarse story had already found its way into unmelodious prose. This slowness in the development of English prose narrative is not altogether to be wondered at. Force of example is strong; and this is what made the "Troilus and Criseyde" a metrical romance—the last,

as it was the best — rather than, as it might naturally have been, the first of English romances in prose. This was an accident in form. What is more remarkable is the fact that Chaucer had no immediate successor in the field of realistic art, in prose or poetry; that he marked not only the climax, but the culmination of this new movement in English literature; and that in the painting of character, of life actual and real, we meet no serious attempt in an interval of two hundred years.

II

THE ROMANCE AT THE COURT OF
ELIZABETH.

SOMETIME in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, while the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster was not yet over, William Caxton, a well-to-do silk-merchant of London, made the acquaintance of certain Dutch in-
ventors who told him of a new art for making books.

**The First
Printer.**

So enamored with this art did Caxton become that he bought a press, and came with it home to London; and thus at the very time when bold Duke Gloster was preparing the way for bad King Richard, this far-sighted merchant-tradesman set up in Westminster the first printing-shop in England, and began to manufacture books. Sixty-four volumes in all were printed on his presses; of these a large proportion were works of fiction.

Among the earliest of Caxton's publications an edition of "The Canterbury Tales" found a conspicuous place. Indeed, this first edition was closely followed by a second, based upon a better text; and Chaucer's popularity with the reading public is further attested by the appearance shortly after of his "Troilus and Criseyde," now for the first time in type. In 1485 Caxton's enterprise and good taste—for the one quality is always as prominent as the other—led him to print a volume which Sir Thomas Malory had completed fifteen years before. This was the story of King Arthur, told in graceful and melodious English prose, and, under the title of "Morte d'Arthur," familiar to every schoolboy of our time. Once more the old tales of the Knights of the Table Round had been sought and gathered for English readers; nor were they to appear again in so attractive form until

rewoven and retold by England's latest laureate in the "Idylls of the King."

There is little to interest the student of English fiction occurring between the accession of Henry and that of Elizabeth.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Many French and Italian romances were read in England, and some collections of tales of adventure in love and war found their way into English through

translation. The one notable work at all related to the class of fictitious narrative was Sir Thomas More's "Utopia;" and this was rather a political treatise than a novel or a romance. The "Utopia" was written in Latin, and printed at Louvain, in 1516; by the middle of the century it had been translated into English, and is commonly referred to as an English work. The narrative tells of a wonderful country, the State of Nowhere, — a land where religion was left to individual conscience, and war considered an unmitigated evil; where the people studied the problems of labor and crime, and sought how to promote the interests of public health, education, and comfort. "Citizens ruled by good and wholesome laws, — that is an exceeding rare and hard thing." Sir Thomas must have felt the truth of his own observation still more deeply when, but a few brief years later, he stood upon the scaffold for conscience' sake, at the will of his tyrannous master, Henry VIII. So the world first heard of Utopia: no wonder that its fame became widespread. Rabelais knew of its whereabouts, and drew upon its inhabitants to "refresh, people, and adorn" the new kingdom founded by Pantagruel in Dispodie. The "Utopia" was a product of the new learning, and was instinct with the genius of common sense. Dream though it was, most of its scheme has worked its way into the constitution of modern England, and to a surprising degree into the reality of modern thought. For its method and for its influence upon subsequent essayists in this line of writing, the "Utopia" deserves a place in our category. Pamphlet or romance, narrative or philosophy, tract or story, it became the pattern in English literature for the "New Atlantis" and the diverting narrative of Captain Lemuel Gulliver; it has been a

storehouse as well as a model for such as write latter-day pamphlets or claim the privilege of looking backward from beyond.

But this was not the sort of literature that pleased the fine ladies and gentlemen who waited upon the Virgin Queen. John Lyly (1554-1606) was the earliest of that group of courtly writers, and, in a sense, the most important. ^{John Lyly and "Euphues."} He set the fashion for the rest, and gave them a name which has been used to distinguish them ever since. When twenty-five years old, he wrote two books: "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphues, his England;" "wherein are contained," says Lyly, "the delights that wit followeth in his youth by the pleasantness of Love, and the happiness he reapeth in age by the perfectness of wisdom." The tone of this formidable title will indicate something of the nature of the tale; for, as matter of fact, "Euphues" is more notable for the singular form in which it was couched than for any startling degree of interest pertaining to the plot. It is the story of a young Athenian who, in his travels, arrives eventually in England. The results of his observation and meditation Euphues conveys to a friend, by name Philautus; especially does he dwell upon the disposition and nature of woman, and the woeful effects of love, until we are reminded that our hero has been anything but happy in his experiences with the sex, so bitter are his animadversions on these and kindred topics. Philautus, happily for the reader as well as for himself, is not so completely under the saturnine influence of his friend, but that a pretty little love story is at last developed, wherein Philautus appears in love with an English damsel, and Euphues, the sly hypocrite, is found aiding and abetting the lovers in their plans.

Lyly adopted an odd, fantastic style of diction in writing his romance, — a style originating in Italy and Spain, consisting of an elaborate balance gained by the use of antithesis, ^{Euphuism} a generous employment of alliteration, and withal an extravagant, bombastic language that seems to us to-day fit only for the purposes of the ridiculous. "There is no privilege that

needeth a *pardon*, neither is there any *remission* to be *asked*, where a *commission* is *granted*. I speak this, Gentlemen, not to excuse the *offence* which was *taken*, but to offer a *defence* where I was *mistaken*." Imagine whole pages of this depravity! And yet the jargon became extremely popular in courtly circles, and left a decided impression upon the literature of that age. Even the great Shakespeare, although in the character of Don Armado, the fantastical Spaniard of "Love's Labor's Lost," he satirizes the bombastic fluency of euphuism, nevertheless himself delights evidently in the extravagant diction and elaborate conceits that were its most effective characteristics. Lyly set the fashion for the literature of Queen Eliza's court, and the story-tellers of the time at once took up the style and wrote their books accordingly. The name of Euphuës became a word to conjure by. The host of imitators made a bid for popularity by borrowing the hero's name. "Zelauto, the fountain of Fame . . . containing a delicate disputation given for a friendly entertainment to Euphuës at his late arrival into England," was the title of a book published in 1580. Lyly's contemporary, Greene, wrote "Euphuës, his censure to Philautus," in 1587, and "Menaphon, Camilla's alarm to slumbering Euphuës," in 1589. And scores of tales similar in style if not in name were furnished by the euphuists, and eagerly read and applauded by the people. As has been hinted, it is clearly evident that our prince of dramatists was himself enamored of these romantic compositions, and found the suggestion, if not details, for more than one great play in these euphuistic romances which we are now describing. The plots of "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale" were drawn from two stories of this group; "As You Like It" is merely a dramatization of Lodge's "Rosalynde;" and a collection of tales translated from the Italian and French, known as "Paynter's Palace of Pleasure," supplied the plots of "Romeo and Juliet," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Measure for Measure."

Among the followers of Lyly the names of Lodge and Greene are notable. Thomas Lodge (1558(?)-1625) wrote "The

Delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria" in 1584, and in 1590 told the tale of "Rosalynde;" first revealing to us in one of the best romances of his day the charming secrets of that far-off Forest of Arden, destined to be still further explored and made familiar to the world by the great dramatist who followed him. A third romance, "A Margarite of America," is attributed to this author, although it professes to be a translation from a Spanish work discovered by the story-teller in the Jesuits' Library at Santos in Brazil, in 1592. Lodge was a great traveller in his day, and spent almost as much time on the sea as on shore. Besides the three romances mentioned, the works of this writer were either political or poetical in character. For a number of years Lodge followed the practice of medicine; dying in 1625, at the age of sixty-seven or sixty-eight.

Thomas Lodge
and Robert
Greene.

Robert Greene (1560-1592) was another euphuistic weaver of old-time romance; but while Lodge lived the regular life of a discreet and eminently respectable London "gentleman of Lincoln's Inn," Greene appears to have been a perfect Bohemian by profession. An odd combination of the honorable and disgraceful, appreciative of the finer and purer qualities of character, he was devoted to pursuits of pleasure, and seems to have possessed not the slightest self-control. His stories were suggestive of his character, and the struggle of good and evil was his most frequent theme. Greene was the author of several *naïve* "Repentances," in which he appears of course as hero. But along with his political pamphlets, his satires, his poems, and his plays, Greene wrote, too, several readable novels, — that is, of course, as novels went in that day. By turns he drew upon the Italian, the Danish, the Greek, to supply his characters; now Sicily, now Egypt, was the scene of his romance. The most successful of his stories appears to have been that same "Pandosto," a romantic history of Sicilian and Bohemian kings and shepherds, their jealousies and loves, which, happily, was to catch the fancy of the master who told again the story in a certain romantic "Winter's Tale." And then Greene went to real life for his material, and

was the first, perhaps, of English writers to try the experiment of describing half realistically, for the amusement of the polite world, that lower stratum of society whose heroes are gentlemen of the road and whose heroines are members of the demi-monde. In this latter sort of literature Greene had a few imitators, not many, chief of whom was Thomas Nash.

Thomas Nash (1567-1600) was another typical Bohemian, half genius, half vagabond, who, like many another man of talent in that day, paid the penalty of his irregularities and excesses by an early death. His most successful

**Thomas Nash,
Realist.**

novel was called "The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton," and was published in 1594. "Jack Wilton" was a prototype of such works as the "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders" of Defoe. It pretended to be the autobiography of a page who was at once a rascal and a wit, and whose spicy adventures at home and abroad are certainly diverting, if not exactly unto edification. Naturally, the book is not written with the skill of the later novelists; it is only a step forward in the art, but it is a notable advance toward realism and the actualities of life, low life though it be. Historical personages appear as characters in the novel. Sir Thomas More is one, and another is Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, whom Wilton attends as page; Francis I. is introduced, and the closing scene includes a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

No discussion of the fiction of low life, as exemplified in the "Repentances" of Greene and the "Jack Wilton" of Thomas

Nash, would be complete without some reference to the so-called picaresque romance, which made its

**Spanish
Influence.**

appearance in Spanish literature just after the close of the first half of the sixteenth century. In 1553 Diego Hurtado de Mendoza published his "Lazarillo de Tórmes." It assumes to be the autobiography of a boy from the lowest class, who is sent forth into the world as the comrade of a blind beggar. By cunning and impudence he makes his way; and his adventures were found so diverting, his imperturbable good-humor so un-failing, that the "Little Lazarus" speedily grew into an almost

extravagant popularity; indeed, the hero of Mendoza's romance became the traditional character of the type, and a whole literature in imitation of the "Lazarillo de Tórmes" sprang into existence, flourishing in Spain contemporaneously with the English works of Greene and Nash, and those of their successors, Nicholas Breton (1542-1626), Henry Chettle (died 1607), and Thomas Dekker (died 1641). The most successful Spanish romance of this type was the "Guzman de Alfarache" of ~~Mateo~~ ^{Mateo} Aleman, the first part of which was published at Madrid in 1599, the second at Valencia in 1605. This second part was widely read in an excellent English translation made later in the century, and, indeed, passed over into almost all the languages of Europe, becoming evidently one of the most popular fictions of that age. It is easy to overlook reciprocal influences of this kind; yet it must not be forgotten that in the period with which we are dealing there was no real isolation of the literatures of France, Italy, England, and Spain, but, on the contrary, a mutual familiarity and a close inter-relation, fostered by a general culture and a prevalent habit of travel, which did much to introduce foreign fashions, and to establish community of taste.

Among the brilliant throng that graced the Court of the Virgin Queen, there was no gentleman more accomplished in the courtly graces, or more generally honored and beloved, than Sir Philip Sidney. His birth was noble, his tastes were high, his character chivalric to the last degree. All through his somewhat stormy and romantic life he bore himself ever as the ideal knight, without fear and without reproach. Besides his group of passionate love-sonnets, entitled "Astrophel and Stella," Sir Philip Sidney left behind him at his death an elaborate pastoral romance, which in the year 1580 he had begun to indite solely for the entertainment and diversion of the Countess, his sister. Sidney never designed his romance for publication; as he sent the sheets to his sister, he charged her to destroy them, saying, "For severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled." Sidney died in 1586, and in 1590 the romance thus composed was published at London, under the title

Sir Philip
Sidney
and his
"Arcadia."

of "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Again we trace the influence of the continental literature of the day; for although "Euphues" had appeared in 1579, none of the romantic works of Greene or Lodge had yet been written when Sir Philip Sidney began his story. The direct inspiration of this romance is to be found in the "Diana Enamorada," — a pastoral romance by Jorge de Montemayor, published at Valencia in 1542. Montemayor was a Portuguese by birth, although his life was spent largely in Spain. His model in turn was an Italian work of much earlier origin, — the "Arcadia" of Sannazaro, which had appeared at Naples in 1504. By the close of the sixteenth century the pastoral romance, of which this early "Arcadia" was the prototype, had won its way into all the literatures of Europe, entirely supplanting the older romance of chivalry, of which the "Amadis de Gaula" was the most famous and most influential example. Cervantes, the great satirist of the romances of chivalry, was himself the author of a prose pastoral bearing the title "Galatea;" and yet another "Arcadia" came, later, from the hand of Lope de Vega. A singular fact concerning these romances is that in many of them characters and incidents from real life were introduced by the writers; and this interesting characteristic is said to have added very naturally to their popularity. In "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," Sir Philip Sidney combines the prominent characteristics of the chivalrous and the pastoral romance. The scene is placed in the old shepherd state of central Greece. There are thrilling adventures and exploits of superhuman heroism, of which Love is generally the instigator; and the peculiar excellence of Sidney's effort lies in his attempt to depict the passion in individuals of varied character and of opposite rank. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, shepherds and shepherdesses appear in character or in disguise.

The friendship of Musidorus and Pyrocles is like that of David and Jonathan; and the plot is well calculated to bring out acts of devotion on the part of one to the other. The

The Plot. heroes are in love with the two daughters of a king of Arcadia. The name of one of the princesses is Pamela; and

besides the employment of this name for his own heroine, Richardson by and by was to show still further evidence of the influence exerted by Sidney's romance. By the force of circumstance, Prince Musidorus dons a shepherd's garb, while Prince Pyrocles is compelled to assume the disguise of an Amazon, and appears so femininely beautiful in this character that King Basilius now falls desperately in love with him; the old king's passion is not, however, so disastrous in its consequences as is that of his queen, who is not deceived by the disguise, but succumbs completely to the hero whom she discerns. The defects of the "Arcadia" are those which prevail universally in the fiction of the time, — an artificiality and a want of realism which characterized all these works alike, and which appear indeed to be the very qualities that gave them interest and popularity. The "Arcadia" became the most admired romance of its day, and was read and re-read in the home and at the court, until the fine ladies and gentlemen who surrounded Elizabeth affected the language and conceits of "Arcadia" as they had formerly aped the antithetical extravagance of "Euphues."

If now we review briefly all that has been said, and attempt to characterize these works as a class, inquiring as to the influences that contributed to their origin, we notice, first, that nearly all were couched in a peculiar, fantastic form of prose; and, secondly, that as a group they are narratives of a life supposed to be contemporaneous, although for the most part utterly separated from regions of the real, and set in the shepherd lands of Arcadia, or in some wildwood of Arden, remote from the ordinary and familiar haunts of men. The few realistic novels — if we have a right to apply that title to any of the fiction of the sixteenth century, the two or three by Greene and Nash describing the Ned Browns and the Jack Wiltons of the period — are exceptions to the rule, and as examples of realism are conspicuous because of their rarity. It is the euphuistic and Arcadian romance that sets the model for the literature of that day; indeed, we might go further, and declare that, broadly speaking, these improbable, these extravagant, these unreal crea-

Character-
istics.

tions were typical of the time itself, and even reflect the character and spirit of the time as accurately and as clearly as the most realistic novels of common life could have done, or as do the licentious dramas of the Restoration reveal the rampant license of the reign of the second Charles.

In some directions the era of Elizabeth was an era of extravagance if not of excess. The English nation had fairly attained its greatness, and its confidence in itself had been confirmed. The Church had thrown off its allegiance to the Papacy, and the State had maintained its independence of Rome. Rich colonies had been established; an English sailor had circumnavigated the globe; naval victories had been gloriously won against surprising odds; the Great Armada had been driven ignominiously back to Spain; Britain was undisputed mistress of the sea. Never yet had the kingdom stood so comfortably and confidently on her feet. Moreover, England was ruled now by a queen who, whatever we may feel concerning her aspirations or her character, was not only herself imbued with the romantic spirit of the sunset days of chivalry, but beyond a doubt inspired in the responsive breasts of the high-spirited, warm-blooded knights about her that same passion of chivalry, that almost idyllic worship of herself as England's queen, that throws a glow of idealism on the characters of Raleigh and Essex and Sidney, with those other knights of lesser name and equal spirit, and makes the era of Elizabeth heroic. These were the type men of the time: Raleigh, the bold adventurer, explorer, soldier, leading the court in gallantry as he throws his purple cloak to spare the jewelled slipper of his queen from contact with the muddy streets of London; Devereux, Earl of Essex, now the petted favorite of his royal mistress, now in a boyish fury of bravado flinging himself at the head of a conspiracy to make her prisoner; Sir Philip Sidney, inditing ardent sonnets to his lost love, and pushing the water from his fevered lips at Zutphen because a poor private "had the greater need." These men felt the spirit of the time, and each in his way obeyed the impulse that was irresistible. It was no wonder that a feverish

The Eliza-
bethan Age.

exaltation held them ; that a luxuriant improvidence, a wild extravagance was characteristic of the age. Young men scarce out of boyhood embarked on great ventures, vast fortunes were squandered as rapidly as they had been gathered ; and the extravagance and excess were as the reckless indiscretions of a vigorous and affluent youth who has entered his heritage, and stands free of all restraint.

Is it likely that such a public would be absorbed in analyses of character, or is it reasonable to suppose that quiet scenes of homely life would have held their interest or attention? The ordinary, the probable, — that was the **The Romantic Spirit.** very thing they cared least about ; it was not a day

of realism, but of romance. The very scene of their fictions must be as far removed as possible from localities familiar ; there was a charm about the thought of lovers who tended sheep in Arcady, that favorite haunt of shepherds and lovelorn swains in the world of imagination. But even here there was no pretension of reality ; everybody knew that when a hero or heroine appeared with pipe or crook by the grassy bank of some Arcadian streamlet, it was only in a pleasant masquerade ; and no one was a whit the more deceived by the costume of the shepherdesses and the bleatings of the white-fleeced lambs, than by the fêtes and masques which formed no unimportant or infrequent diversion of the court. The costumes were of rich material, and stiff with gems ; the soft white wool upon the “seely sheepe” had been well washed and combed before the curtain rose. But this was all poetical, let who will deny its charm, or laugh it into ridicule. It was all as pretty as a picture ; and that is what it was, an idyll. Things came right at last in Arcady ; and those who sought the greenwood of Arden found each his just desert in the end. That pleased the people who read stories in Queen Eliza’s day ; and if lions were encountered in French forests, or did ships sail into Bohemia direct, what need of criticism or of doubt? To them the romancer was indeed a wizard, — he was creator of men and women ; and where he placed them there they were, and what he bade them that they did. This is the reign of the imagina-

tion, but of imagination ungoverned and untrained. The "Faerie Queene" was intensely typical of the era. It is too late to speak of it as a link in the development of the novel, for now we are beyond that stage of story-telling; but as a poem, full of chivalric devotion to the Virgin Queen of England, and of man's best aspirations for his country and himself, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," with all the romantic character and incident of its scenes, is the embodiment in verse of the spirit of the age. And Shakespeare's dramas, from the airy fantasy of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" to the wild impetuosity and superb fatality of "Macbeth," are, in their marvellous conceptions and their robust turbulence of expression, but the natural outburst of its passion. The age and its romance are intertwined and complementary; the two are one.

III.

THE RISE OF THE NOVEL.

FROM the close of the sixteenth century to the end of the seventeenth there is a dearth in the department of English prose fiction. This long period of inactivity emphasizes yet more distinctly the wide difference in character between the fanciful creations of the Elizabethan romancers and the more realistic portrayals of the novelists who were yet to be. In Spain the serious romance made some progress, developing slightly through the historical tales which flourished contemporaneously with the pastorals and fictions of low life; in France, also, a number of serious works appeared, the most notable being the "Cassandre," the "Cléopâtre," and the "Pharamond" of La Calprenède (1602-1663), and the "Grand Cyrus" of Madeleine de Scudéry (1607-1701); but nothing of this kind is to be found in England. Between the literatures of the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries there, two literary epochs intervene, — the one dominated by the spirit of Puritanism, the other characterized by the license of the Restoration. It was the age of Milton and Bunyan on the one hand, of Butler and Dryden on the other; it was also the day of Wycherly and Congreve, and the crew of lesser Restoration dramatists. Two women, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Aphra Behn, produced a few mediocre novels in the latter portion of the century; but these were rather contributions to the vicious product of a degraded and unblushing public taste than to the progress of their art. There was, however, one work which helps to bridge the gap of this seventeenth century; and this work was a product of Puritanism.

The
Seventeenth
Century.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan (1628-1688) is an allegory ; but it is so true to human nature, so full of human experience, that really it marks a great stride forward. The fictions of Elizabeth's day were confessedly fictions of the impossible ; here was a fiction of reality, although the fictitious character of its machinery was not disguised. Here man contended, persevered, and triumphed. He was beset by the same difficulties, the same demands, the same temptations that all men experience. Doubting Castle, the Slough of Despond, Vanity Fair, — we all of us know these places ; they seem more real to us than do Arcadia or Arden, even though they be likewise allegory. John Bunyan, rough vagrant tinker that he had been, unlearned but for the homely wisdom of the Scriptures and that inborn genius for the comprehending of humanity that Chaucer and Shakespeare had before him, — John Bunyan, reprobate but converted, dreamed in the little room at Bedford Jail a dream that made his prison a classic place, and gave England of the seventeenth century its one true picture of human life and human victory. We cannot doubt that many a devout Puritan of Bunyan's day, with head bent over the record of Christian's falls and Christian's triumphs, whispered softly to himself, as tears rolled down his cheeks, "It is I, it is I !" One step more, and but one step, was needed to usher in the novel ; that was to drop the allegory, and to paint men and women in the relations familiar to us and amid the surroundings of the world wherein we live.

If the seventeenth century appears remarkable for its lack of interest and effort in the art of fiction, the eighteenth is as certainly distinguished by most notable beginnings and achievements in that field. The novel differs very materially from the unreal, fantastical creations which absorbed the interest of Queen Elizabeth's subjects, and helped to satisfy the extravagant appetite of that romantic and exuberant age. The English novel, which takes its rise in the eighteenth century, is a picture of life, a story of manners ; sometimes a narrative of adventure, more often a record of domestic experience, with its daily events of joy or sorrow, its failures and successes. In its

highest development, the novel presents to us not a mere succession of incidents, but an accurate study of character: it may develop extreme ingenuity and dramatic intensity of situation and of plot; but it must not depend upon this alone for its interest, and there are obvious bounds of probability and taste which must not be transgressed. As was natural enough, there were many experiments in this particular field before the story-teller acquired the insight and the art to produce the perfect novel: there are those who claim to-day that this art and this perfection have been attained not even yet, and that the true painter of life and men is still to come.

It is a rather singular circumstance that we have in our literature one well-drawn character — fulfilling all the requirements of a “study” from the life, one of our important and most classic characters indeed — existing entirely outside A Fore-runner. the pages of a novel, a drama, or of any formal fiction. This is genial, worthy old Sir Roger de Coverley, who in the year 1711 strolled into England quietly and unannounced, introduced and hospitably entertained by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Addison, it is true, produced no novel; he did as great a thing, for he drew a character so strongly individualized, so amiable in its attributes, that it has lived from that day to ours one of the best beloved in English fiction. Thus Joseph Addison may be regarded as at the very beginning of the century suggesting if not inventing the novel form, and as setting a pattern in the portrayal of real character which has rarely been surpassed.

It is an open question whether the title of first English novelist does not belong of right to Daniel Defoe (1661–1731). This man's character in life was so singular and so abnormal that some acquaintance with his career is necessary to a real Daniel Defoe. appreciation of his power and place. Defoe was a butcher's son. His father always wrote his name Foe; the son adopted the aristocratic prefix, for some good reason doubtless, and wrote his name De Foe. But the butcher's son entered not ill equipped on his career. He received a good education, was master of five languages, and, better still, was endowed with an extraordinary

degree of enterprise and pluck. His course was one of vicissitudes. In business he was a tilemaker, sometimes prosperous, often in want; at one period he maintained a great establishment, at another he was in hiding from his creditors: however, these are every-day experiences. It was in the field of politics that Defoe was especially distinguished. For his attacks upon the government he was frequently in disgrace; by some clever turn of his pen, as often restored to favor and at times in government employ. One of his pamphlets gave great offence, and brought him to the pillory. Instead of the expected derision and abuse, the populace, whose hearts he had won by the opportune publication of a stirring political ballad, made him their hero, and his exposure was the signal for cheers and flowers and a popular ovation. He became an able journalist as well as a pamphleteer, editing for several years a little paper written and published by himself. A chance imprisonment meanwhile did not interrupt the publication of his sheet, which made its appearance daily from the cell where he was detained as prisoner. In 1704 Defoe began the publication of "*The Review*," at first as a weekly, although it afterwards appeared three and then five times a week. This germ of the modern daily newspaper was political in character, but maintained one department which bore the suggestive title of "*The Scandal Club*." It continued in great favor for eight years, and was doubtless the suggestion, if not the pattern, of the "*Tatlers*," "*Spectators*," and "*Ramblers*" which were so soon to follow. This singular man was shrewd enough to hoodwink all the party leaders of his day; and for ten years contrived to serve a whig government under the guise of a tory, maintaining his connection, unsuspected by the tories, with a partisan paper which he continued to publish in the tory interests, suppressing, however, the more bitter attacks upon the whigs.

From these experiences, Defoe gained a marvellous knowledge of men; in this respect it has been claimed that he surpasses Shakespeare. He had the journalist's faculty for seeing what was of interest to the people, and the skill to stimulate that interest to his own advantage. It cannot be denied that he concocted

news most unblushingly, and that he was an adept in preparing the market for his wares. The notorious Jack Sheppard was tried and held for execution. Defoe claimed to have obtained an interview, and published a highly colored and extremely salable "autobiography," the only authoritative work known! There was a story in circulation about the appearance to her friend of a certain Mrs. Veal who, it was afterwards learned, had comfortably died a few days before. Defoe provided an account of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, as minute in its circumstantial character as any of the veracious productions of this order in our own day. It was reported that a volcanic disturbance somewhere in the ocean had caused the disappearance of a well-known island. Our enterprising journalist was able at once to furnish his startled readers with a full account of all the attending phenomena from the pen of one who had been a spectator of the eruption and its effects. Now these were all clever inventions, yet they read marvelously like truth. But, says the reader, this was lying; why speak with tacit approbation of work like this? For the reason, briefly, that without these steps in Defoe's development we might never have heard of "Robinson Crusoe," or possessed a "Journal of the Plague Year." Without these fictitious narratives in Defoe's broadsides we might have had to wait till later even than Richardson or Fielding for the appearance of the English novel; but now it was close at hand. An English sailor cast away on the island of Juan Fernandez has been rescued and brought home. On this suggestion, Defoe, now in his fifty-eighth or fifty-ninth year, sits down to tell us "the life and strange surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner." Who is there of English-speaking nationality — unless to him, indeed, the significance and the delight of "a story" has been haplessly denied — that has not pored over these same strange, surprising adventures of this famous mariner of York! Within four months the book had reached its fourth edition; and since the day of its appearance its popularity has never waned. In 1720 appeared the "History of Duncan Campbell," the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "Captain Single-

The Story-teller.

1661
58
1719

ton." During the four years following were published, successively, "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," "Roxana." The famous "Journal of the Plague Year," although not a novel like the other works mentioned, belongs to the same period, and is characterized by the same qualities of style and method. In 1731, under obscure and melancholy circumstances, Defoe died, full of years and works. No less than two hundred and fifty distinct publications are attributed to his genius and industry.

What, now, is the secret of Defoe's power, the key to his method? ~~It is his minute attention to detail.~~ He had the power as few writers have possessed it of placing himself in the position of the character he was describing and of noting all possible attendant circumstances. Placed thus and thus, he would say, what should I need and how should I provide? And thus he became fertile in expedients. Has any one forgotten the feeling of isolation experienced in common with the shipwrecked sailor, or how we rejoice to the point of exultation upon the successful completion of each trip to the wrecked vessel that adds some new treasure to the equipment of Crusoe's cabin on the uninhabited island? An able critic, William Minto, points out Defoe's discovery that narrative should be plain rather than adorned. He chose the simplest, plainest language at command, and thus he attained "the dulness of truth." This statement is true of all his novels; it will be recognized as pre-eminently true of his most popular as well as ablest work. The "Journal of the Plague" is so circumstantial, and wears upon its pages such an air of truth that it has not infrequently been taken for a *bona fide* diary of the time. Now this is *realism*; and it is this quality of workmanship, possessed by Defoe in such unusual degree, that the critics have in mind when they apply in its technical sense the term *realistic* to some novel of our day. There is no term more often misapprehended or more abused than this term *realism*, and its adjective accompanying. Daniel Defoe was a realistic writer, and his works were realistic, not because many of the narratives were sensational and dealt with types of character that were base and lewd, but because by careful and

skillful use of ~~insignificant~~ details, he made those details appear significant of reality, and succeeded in giving his most startling fictions an air of actuality and of truth. This is what it is to be a realist; and it is noteworthy that our earliest novels were realistic novels. Do not let us forget the true meaning of the term. The realistic quality of a work depends not so much upon the choice of subject as upon the method of treatment. The selection of material and the final effect for good or ill is a matter of the novelist's philosophy; the impression of unnaturalness or, on the other hand, of reality alone suggests the quality of his art. Were these works of fiction novels in the strict sense of the word? If by that term we mean the close and scientific analysis of human character or the artistic portraiture of personages and events dramatic or historic, it is not possible to claim that title for them; but if we admit within the limits of the term studies more or less accurate of special phases of existence and the fictitious narrative of imaginary adventures, then Defoe was a novelist, and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders" are as truly novels as is Richardson's "Pamela" or Fielding's "Jonathan Wild."

Verse has most often been the vehicle by which the satirist has conveyed his censure to public notice, but now and then a great prose satire has found its way into literature, and thus the world has gained another romance. **The Satire in Fiction.** "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," the grotesque creations of Rabelais, Cervantes' "Don Quixote," are examples in point. No survey of English fiction would be complete without more than mention of the strongest satire in the English language, the great work which we best know by its abbreviated title, "Gulliver's Travels."

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was born in Ireland, although of pure English parentage. His early life was unfortunate in that for a period Swift found himself dependent upon the generosity of others rather than upon his own abilities, which he knew were unusual. **The Author of Gulliver.** He seems to have been by nature unhappy and morbidly self-conscious. Disap-

pointments cluster in his life ; an unfortunate love-episode is commonly assumed to have occurred in his career. At last made Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, Swift reached the highest material recognition that it was his lot to win, although his expectations and his genius clearly looked to higher attainment. The experiences of life served mainly to imbitter the spirit and to intensify the morbidness of the man, while his peculiarities of temperament and his predisposition to brain-disease were aggravated by disappointed ambition and ill-treatment from those he would have served. As in the case of Defoe, Swift turned his mind to politics, for which he had even a greater genius. Several scathing pamphlets on religious and political questions bore early witness to his power of satire. In 1726 Dean Swift's greatest work appeared, and the world became acquainted with the extraordinary adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, in the light of whose experiences that other distinguished mariner, Robinson Crusoe, was a very common sort of man indeed. In this work Jonathan Swift appears as one of the greatest masters of English we have ever had ; as endowed with an imaginative genius inferior to few ; as a keen and pitiless critic of the world, and a bitter misanthropic account of humanity at large. Dean Swift was indeed a misanthrope by theory, however he may have made exception in private life. His hero, Gulliver, discovers race after race of beings, who typify the genera in his classification of mankind. Extremely diverting are Gulliver's adventures among the tiny Lilliputians ; only less so are his more perilous encounters with the giants of Brobdignag ; but we do not quite enjoy the record of his discoveries in Laputa or his revelations from the land of the Houyhnhnms. The bitterness of venom is in these satires. By a singular dispensation of Providence we usually read the Travels while we are children ; we are delighted with the marvellous story, we are not at all injured by the poison. Poor Swift ! he was conscious of insanity's approach ; he repeated annually Job's curse upon the day of his birth ; he died a madman. Contributing more than he perhaps intended to the interest in works of fiction, Dean Swift has found

his place, and a not unimportant place, in the history of the evolution of the novel.

We are all familiar with the story of Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), the sedately respectable printer and bookseller, who, oddly enough, when just turned fifty took to writing love-stories; and who in the minds of many is in- **Samuel Richardson.** vested with the title of first English novelist, an honor we would dispute in favor of Defoe. To be sure, Richardson did not seize the pen of the story-teller without our being able to account for the seeming vagary; for he had served his apprenticeship in the art just as truly as his predecessor had done twenty years before. That is a very attractive page in the record of our literature which presents to us the portrait of the warm-hearted, romantically inclined young printer's lad inditing, in phraseology worthy the tender theme, love-letters for his girl-friends whose admiration for his epistolary skill and whose bashful confidence in his discretion brought them to him for an expression of the sentiment they would not wholly hide, yet trembled to reveal. It was not unnatural, therefore, that by and by we should discover this practised correspondent consenting "to write a little book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of common life," a work suggested by a brother-publisher. Then it was that Richardson caught the idea of embodying vital interest as well as practical admonition in the execution of the plan; and basing his plot upon the adventure of a young woman in the North, an experience which was actual, he gave to the world in the year 1740 the story of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded."

Defoe had employed in his stories the machinery of a fictitious autobiography. Richardson followed the same method, but threw his material into the form of correspondence. Pamela Andrews, the heroine of his novel, is left, through the **Pamela.** death of a good woman who has befriended her, somewhat in the power of her benefactress's son. This gentleman, a type of the fashionable man of the world in that day, makes various assaults upon the honor of the young woman, whose character is most exemplary, and who successfully repulses his advances,

although compelled by circumstances to submit to endless persecution. Finally, however, Pamela's virtue is "rewarded" by the complete conversion of the reprobate "Mr. B.," as he is called, and the offer of an honorable marriage, which the triumphant maiden modestly and joyfully accepts. Sidney Lanier, one of our keenest critics, inquires pertinently, Why not *vice*, instead of *virtue*, rewarded? and thinks that it is Mr. B. who gets the reward rather than the poor pure-minded girl whose life he has made wretched almost to the point of death with his unmanly persecutions. They saw things differently in the middle of the eighteenth century, apparently; and besides it must not be forgotten that novel-writing was in its days of infancy, and that analysis and criticism must not be unduly searching or severe. Along with its uncouthness, moreover, Richardson's novel is not without some excellent features of its own. It is prolix to tediousness, but there is at the same time considerable ingenuity in invention. There is an almost painful elaboration of expression, and the phraseology is stilted, but there is consistency in the portraits, and the attempt at character painting is not without a degree of success. Pamela exerts a steady influence for good, until all about her are converted by the power of her example. The wicked Mr. B. succumbs, and even the notorious Mrs. Jewkes is won to penitence and the path of virtue. It is the fashion to laugh, as Fielding did, at this tedious, moralizing, sentimental story; and yet there is a good deal in it that is both homely and wholesome. Richardson plainly did not possess the art that may be claimed by Fielding or Smollett or Sterne; but he was sincere, and honestly pure in his aim, which is more than can be said of any one of the other three.

Critics have been, as usual, divergent in their estimate of the comparative merit of Richardson's novels. Of those who have found worth in any of his works, some have spoken most approvingly of "Pamela," others have accorded to "Clarissa Harlowe" the foremost place. In this latter novel Richardson describes another contest between vice

Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison.

and virtue. This heroine has to contend against the brutality of her own heartless relatives, who insist upon her marriage with a man whom she detests; her trials are also intensified by the most persistent persecutions of the profligate Lovelace, who is a well-drawn type of the cruelly selfish and licentious man-of-the-world in that day. Of one thing we may well be certain, Richardson's sympathy with womanhood was genuine and intelligent; and his constant recognition of her dignity and her right is worthy of more praise than it has yet received. No wonder that our novelist should have attempted finally to give the world his own conception of what a "gentleman" should be. In "Sir Charles Grandison," the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe," types of womanly virtue and Christian character, paints "a man of true honor" for our edification and delight. "Could he be otherwise than the best of husbands, who was the most dutiful of sons; who is the most affectionate of brothers; the most faithful of friends: who is good upon principle in every relation of life!" Thus exclaims the hero's wife, when at the completion of the story she is rewarded for her virtues by the bestowal of this paragon upon her happy self. The truth is, that with Richardson the purpose was very strong and the art extremely weak; consequently his novels impress us as prosy sermonizing, although his true heart and honest endeavor command our high esteem. "To inculcate religion and morality in an easy and agreeable manner and to make vice odious,"—this was the purpose which in the preface to "Pamela" Richardson plainly avowed.

Henry Fielding (1707-1754), whose name is oftenest spoken in close connection with that of his contemporary and rival, Richardson, was a man of very different mold. He was of the aristocracy, had been educated at Eton, and had studied law at Leyden. He was a writer of comic plays; lived a gay, reckless life, and in three years had squandered his own and his wife's property. Although admitted to the bar in 1740, he was never successful as a lawyer. Fielding became a writer to support his family; he became a novelist to ridicule the author of "Pamela." It was natural enough

Henry
Fielding.

that Fielding should laugh at Richardson. While lacking the refined sympathy of a thoroughly pure and virtuous character, and hence the ability to appreciate the latter's aim, or to recognize the actual merit of his performance, Fielding did possess the taste of an artist, and the perception to see at once that the stilted heroine, Pamela, and the stiffly moving figures associated with her, while heralded as real, produced the effect of puppets who moved mechanically and awkwardly as the appropriate strings were jerked.

There was something almost spiteful in the suddenness with which he took up the cudgel, and in the scheme which he evolved. "Joseph Andrews" (1742) was begun as a parody upon "Pamela." In Fielding's story, Joseph is presented as the brother of Richardson's heroine, and is discovered under circumstances similar to those in which the girl was placed, of course with a complete reversal of conditions. Joseph's master has died, and it is the widow who persecutes the young man with her attentions. The story turns upon Joseph's rejection of her overtures, and the various fortunes and misfortunes of the hero until he is happily wedded to the girl of his choice. Fortunately for Fielding's fame as a novelist, he seems to have quickly forgotten his first object, that of ridicule, and to have become honestly interested in the fortunes of his characters. To be sure, he depicted them with all the untrammelled freedom and boisterous rudeness of his day, and, it may as well be added, of his personality. The novel is full of coarseness, and the humor is mainly that of horse-play; but delicate sensibility was not a characteristic of that age, and Fielding doubtless obeyed an important law when he painted things in the colors of his time. This admission, however, does not condone the absolute obscenity which frequently intrudes, with evident relish of design, upon his pages; nor can we forget that Fielding with his laxity was but preparing the way for Smollett and Sterne, in whose hands vice and vileness become not only humorous but admirable.

There are able critics who class "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom

Jones" (1749) as among the best novels ever written. They say that these stories, although blunt and gross, are redolent of nature and reality, that the license is but the frankness of the time, and that the influence of the author, the atmosphere of the scene, are, in design and effect, not Fielding's Art. immoral, but the contrary; that Fielding, through the faithful realism of his picture, was artistically striving to serve the cause of morality and virtue in his day. But even admitting the obvious injustice of rigorously comparing the morality of Fielding's novels with the standard now demanded of the writers of similar works, we should still be inclined to question the claims made by the more extravagant admirers of the early novelist. There are many novels since Fielding's time which have surpassed his stories in both plot and character delineation. The most enjoyable personality in "Joseph Andrews" is Parson Adams; and Parson Adams is a caricature rather than reality. "Tom Jones" is, confessedly, Fielding's masterpiece; yet, in spite of much inordinate praise, it is, as a novel, by no means beyond the reach of criticism. It is as long drawn out as is "Pamela;" and although the incidents are vigorous and the action brisk, there are several episodes which are entirely superfluous in the development of character or plot: such is the introduction of the elder Blifil, of the truculent Fitzpatrick, and of the eccentric old "Man of the Hill," whose presence in the narrative is utterly unaccountable. There is a singular inconsistency also in the novelist's treatment of his leading character. Theoretically, Fielding denies the existence of the typical hero as commonly conceived, and is, of course, warmly applauded by the great Mr. Thackeray for his opportune discovery; but, as matter of fact, Fielding does make a hero out of Tom Jones, and, from beginning to end, very obviously exalts into heroic attributes the very vices which he politely deprecates and for which he artfully apologizes. The truth is, that while Fielding thus displays the manners of the times, he chooses from preference and sympathy to depict the bad manners of his time rather than the best. Perhaps we need not quarrel with the author's taste: he certainly comprehended life and character, and was in his art, when that

was at its highest, far in advance of his rival Richardson. The author of "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" may not be entitled to claim the highest place among the British novelists, but he certainly deserves to rank among the most vigorous and faithful, as he is, doubtless, one of the most popular of English realists. A valuable testimony to the excellence of his artistic insight and his just conception of the novelist's true field of action is afforded in a paragraph of his own occurring in one of the fresh and piquant essays upon things in general, with which, happily, Fielding chose to introduce the successive "books" of his novel "Tom Jones." Fielding therein says:—

"For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newspaper. Nor must he be inhibited from showing many persons and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above mentioned, he hath discharged his part; and is then entitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he disbelieves him."¹

Since Fielding's day many longer paragraphs have been written on this theme, containing matter less apt and not nearly so true. It is remarkable that the limitations of the modern novel should have been so clearly and truthfully formulated at so early a stage in its development.

In "Jonathan Wild" (1743), Fielding was working along the old line of Defoe. "Amelia" (1751), the novelist's last work, is intended as a portrait of Fielding's first wife, whom **Other Works.** he had loved devotedly, and for whose loss he remained inconsolable until not long after her death, when he married her maid.

In the works of Smollett and Sterne we find the novel in a sense degenerate. It has fallen from the level where Richardson had placed it, and where by Fielding, even, it had been maintained; instead of depicting life as it was or might be, these writers

¹ Tom Jones, book viii. chap. i.

simply catered to the demand for amusement, and amusement of that sort furnished by impossible heroes who are profligates, and who engage in adventures which are brutal and licentious. Such are the viands served in the works of **Smollett and Sterne.** ✓ Tobias Smollett (1721-1771), a Scotch surgeon, who turned novelist with the publication of "Roderick Random" in 1748. His other works are "Peregrine Pickle" (1751), "Count Fathom" (1754), "Sir Launcelot Graves" (1762), and "Humphrey Clinker" (1771). There is no great character in the whole collection; perhaps not one that has found a place of permanence in literature. The case is somewhat different with Laurence Sterne (1713-1768). Sterne was an Irishman, and an officer in the army; later, he entered the Church, and became Prebend of York. Indeed, he published six volumes of sermons which were considered edifying by polite society of the time; but Sterne was, nevertheless, a sad example to the world at large, for he was as incorrigible a rogue as any one in the gay life about him. Laurence Sterne was a born humorist, but his humor was the humor of whimsicality, and at times his oddity grows wearisome. He is too artful to be sympathetic, and his artifice is too obvious. Besides, he is over-fond of innuendo; slyly playing back and forth, he now pretends an innocence more impertinent than diverting, and now suggests that his reader is deeper in the mire than he is; always exhibiting a genius in the art with which he stimulates the latent wickedness whose presence in weak human nature this worldly Ecclesiastes understands all too well. It hardly need be said that it is not for his sermons in six volumes that we remember Laurence Sterne. His two works, "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey," are the memorials which keep his memory green. The latter of these two productions is merely a sketchy account of a supposititious journey over the usual continental route of that day, interlarded with bits of sentimental pathos and apparent sensibility, which Thackeray, in his "English Humorists," rightly characterizes as artificial and insincere. It is in no sense a novel, although intended as an essay in delineation of character.

"The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman" (1759-1767), a cleverly constructed series of eight volumes (originally nine), details with great accuracy and minute circumstance the incidents attending the nativity of the gentleman whose autobiographical idiosyncrasies we are supposed to be enjoying. The affectation of ingenuity, and the very pertness of the narrative at last become wearisome; while the humor, which is genuine enough, is vitiated by the vulgarity and the indecency of its allusions. The use of *double-entendre*, of coarse word-play, of pure obscenity, in fact, becomes so frequent and so elaborate that its lack of spontaneity makes intolerable what, in works of that period, is sometimes condoned because of its naturalness and robust vivacity. The hero of the novel, if novel it may be called, presumably the "Gentleman" whose name adorns the titlepage, does not appear in his own proper person throughout the length and breadth of the entire nine volumes. There is, however, some capital character painting in the work. Mr. Shandy, father of the hero, is exceeding real; Dr. Slop, although bordering upon the verge of caricature, possesses an individuality of his own; while the character of Uncle Toby stands out immeasurably above and beyond all the rest, not merely for the consistency and clearness of the portraiture, but for the very loveliness of the conception, which goes far to atone its author's faults and to stamp him the genius that he undoubtedly was. Uncle Toby and his body-servant, Corporal Trim, who is as much a part of Uncle Toby as is the latter's wig or stick, belong to the great character portraits in our gallery of English fiction.

"My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage;—I have told you in a former chapter 'that he was a man of courage;'—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature, —no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

"Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by

him; — I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair and going across the room, with the fly in his hand, — I'll not hurt a hair of thy head: Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; — go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? — This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." ¹

Seven years before the completion and publication of "Tristram Shandy," there stole quietly into the ranks of English fiction a book more notable and more important far than that of Sterne in its influence upon the modern novel. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* All the world, at least the literary part of it, knows how the manuscript lay gathering dust in Goldsmith's table-drawer until brusque old Dr. Johnson — himself the author of a didactic novel, "Rasselas," which had appeared two years before — fished it out and stood godfather for it at the publisher's. "Our first genuine novel of domestic life," as Craik truly calls it: indeed, there is nothing to dispute its title. The story is a somewhat sentimental one, there is less of realism here than in "Tom Jones" or "Joseph Andrews;" for Oliver Goldsmith was a poet, and commonly idealized. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is significant of a new stage in the history of the English novel. Thus does the historian Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," refer to the fiction of the period already described: —

"The character of the seducer, and especially of the passionless seducer, who pursues his career simply as a kind of sport, and under the influence of no stronger motive than vanity or a spirit of adventure, has been glorified and idealized in popular literature of Christendom in a manner to which we can find no parallel in antiquity. When we reflect that the object of such a man is by the coldest and most deliberate treachery to blast the lives of innocent women, when we compare the levity of his motive with the irreparable injury he inflicts: and we remember he can only deceive his victim by persuading her to love him, and can only ruin her by persuading her to trust him, it must be owned it would be difficult to conceive a cruelty more wanton, and more heartless, or a character combining more elements of infamy

¹ Tristram Shandy, book ii. chap. xii.

and of dishonour. That such a character should for many centuries have been the popular ideal of a considerable section of literature, and the boast of numbers who most plume themselves upon their honour is assuredly one of the most mournful facts of history, and it represents a moral defection not less than was revealed in ancient Greece by the position that was assigned to the courtesan." ¹

In Goldsmith's novel the coarseness, the brutality, the indecency which characterized the works preceding it have disappeared; a cleaner and sweeter atmosphere is felt, and the existence of a new and truer artistry is revealed.

¹ Lecky's *History of European Morals*, vol. ii. pp. 346, 347.

IV.

THE PERFECTION OF THE NOVEL.

FROM the moment that the genial Vicar of Wakefield and his sentimental, not altogether respectable contemporary, Mr. Tristram Shandy, entered the domain of fiction, at or about the year 1760, no other personage appeared to dispute their entire pre-eminence therein until in 1814 Sir Walter Scott began to introduce his people to the world. Of course there were novels and novelists in the interim, and various creatures of fiction, with varying degrees of pretension to public notice ; but there are few whom the world recalls to-day, and absolutely none who have bequeathed a general reputation to posterity.

From Goldsmith to Scott.

Delineation of character is the supreme test of a novel's claim to regard. Accuracy in that particular is vastly better than mere ingenuity of plot. Any writer, after his apprenticeship, can invent action, but only the few can create men and women. So true is this of all the past

Character-painting in Fiction.

that out of the mass of pages so industriously piled up even to the present day, we find comparatively few which record the lives and fortunes of beings actually real and human — but it is these few which have survived : the rest are dead, if we can thus refer to offspring which came lifeless to the birth. Put the immortality of these shadowy men and women to the test. Whom do you know the better, the author or his people? Tom Jones, Robinson Crusoe, — do we not recall the character before we recollect the author? More people have heard of Tristram Shandy than of Laurence Sterne ; we are every whit as familiar with the embarrassments of Dr. Primrose as with the per-

plexities that harassed the amiable Doctor by whom he was created. On the other hand, Fanny Burney and Horace Walpole we know excellently well; but who were Evelina and Cecilia, and who in the name of all the famous is the Knight of the Gigantic Sabre? Many have read the essay on Madame d'Arbly who have not ventured to open either one of her two principal novels. To be sure, this reasoning must not be pushed too far, for there are accidental and adventitious circumstances which very often enter into the account, although in the main the principle holds true.

X Three distinct tendencies are manifest in the fiction written between Goldsmith's day and Scott's, — the sentimental, the ultra-romantic, and the moralizing. Sterne's influence is obvious enough in "The Man of Feeling," written by X Henry Mackenzie in 1771. It is so fragmentary and so sketchy that only by courtesy can it be called a novel. Yet in this almost planless work a portrait in profile is fairly drawn of a man with responsive, impulsive nature, quick in sympathy, unpractical in action. This sentimental spirit was born of continental influence. It was the age of the Revolution, and the youthful ardor of England now and then found its vent in both poetry and prose.

The Novel of Sentiment.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

Rousseau was the hero among *littérateurs*, and only three years after this Goethe's admirers were weeping over the misfortunes of Werther. The most recent editor of Mackenzie's work has considerably supplied an index to the emotions of the hero, so that, if inclined, the sympathetic reader may turn immediately to the pages wherein the "man of feeling" is depicted "sobbing," or "choked in utterance," or "blubbing like a boy;" if one has the hardihood, he may indeed behold this sensitive being "bursting" with grief, and on one occasion fairly disappearing in a "shower of tears." But Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" is to be remembered for one passage if for no other,

and for an epitaph as neat and happy as ever crowned the effort of a better wit : —

“ ‘I should like,’ said Harley, taking his [the stranger’s] hand, ‘to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by : my name is Harley.’

“ ‘I shall remember it,’ answered the old gentleman, ‘in my prayers, mine is Silton.’ And Silton indeed it was ! Ben Silton himself ! Once more, my honored friend, farewell ! — Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow ! *Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.*”¹

Among the writers of this group, following Mackenzie, and more ardent in his revolutionary sympathies, William Godwin was most prominent, who in 1794 wrote the novel “Caleb Williams,” perhaps the most widely read fiction of that time.

Foremost in the romantic school of that day were Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe. “The Castle of Otranto,” written by the former in 1765, was so far beyond the bounds of reason as to have suggested, and not unplausibly, ^{The} ~~Romance.~~ that its author, a man of taste and leisure, had intended his production as a satire rather than a novel. Howbeit, we have here a tale of sights and sounds uncanny ; dismal corridors echo to unearthly groans ; portraits speak ; underground passages form an important part of the machinery of the plot. The prominent characters of the tale disappear mysteriously, and as unexpectedly reappear. There is in the castle courtyard a gigantic helmet whose black plumes nod ominously when messengers approach the place. Such are the expedients herein employed to aid the plot of cruel persecution and innocent passion to an appropriate end. The effect is rendered more discordant than is necessary by the attempt to invest these scenes and the characters engaged in them with all the reality possible through detailed description and contemporary attributes. Had this action but been relegated to the shadowy lands where such events are presumed more credible, the story would not be the mass of ridiculous incongruity it is.

¹ The Man of Feeling, chap. xxxiii.

A stronger work than Walpole's romance is the "Vathek" of William Beckford.

Vathek. "The History of the Caliph Vathek," as its full title reads, is yet more grotesque and wilder in its freaks of fancy than is "The Castle of Otranto;"

but its Oriental setting, its remarkable likeness to some tale among the thousand and one of the "Arabian Nights," above all, its consistency in the fantastic character assumed and the extraordinary imaginative power of its author, have given to this tale a popularity and a length of life shared by no other of the grotesque romances of this period. "Vathek" reappears regularly in edition after edition, delighting lovers of the marvelous in fiction to-day as it did a hundred years ago. William Beckford, a youth of cleverness and of wealth, composed the work apparently for his own amusement, at the age of twenty-two. He claimed that it was the product of a single effort, completed at one sitting, although the sitting was explained as having continued through three days and two nights; but this account is now known to be as fanciful as are the scenes described in the tale itself. Careful preparation and an elaborate composition preceded the appearance of the romance. The book was written in French while Beckford was travelling on the Continent; and although an English translation was published without permission in 1784, it was in 1787 that the author's first edition appeared at Paris and Lausanne.

Under the influence of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" written by Mrs. Radcliffe in 1794 — and very neatly satirized by Jane

Austen in "Northanger Abbey" not long after —
"Monk" Matthew Gregory Lewis wrote "The Monk." Lewis
Lewis.

was wise enough to discard the childish bugaboos of Otranto, and to finally explain his mysteries, or at least suggest an accounting therefor in his closing chapter. "The Monk" (1796) was written before its author had attained the age of twenty; and so powerful was the impression made by it that its writer has been known as "Monk" Lewis from that day to this. Lewis was full of the German influence of his time, — that of the romantic school, just then in its greatest pride. He had met

Goethe, and had translated Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" for the English stage. He wrote "The Castle Spectre," a musical drama, and an opera entitled "Adelmorn the Outlaw." One of his best novels was "The Bravo of Venice," published in 1804.

"It was evening. Multitudes of light clouds, partially illumined by the moonbeams, overspread the horizon, and through them floated the full moon in tranquil majesty, while her splendour was reflected by every wave of the Adriatic Sea. All was hushed around; gently was the water rippled by the night wind; gently did the night wind sigh, through the Colonnades of Venice.

"It was midnight; and still sat a stranger, solitary and sad, on the border of the great canal. Now with a glance he measured the battlements and proud towers of the city; and now he fixed his melancholy eyes upon the waters with a vacant stare. At length he spoke:—

"'Wretch that I am, whither shall I go? Here sit I in Venice, and what would it avail to wander further? What will become of me? All now slumber, save myself! The Doge rests on his couch of down; the beggar's head presses his straw pillow; but for *me* there is no bed except the cold, damp earth! There is no gondolier so wretched but he knows where to find work by day and shelter by night—while *I*—while *I*—Oh! dreadful is the destiny of which I am made the sport!'

"He began to examine for the twentieth time the pockets of his tattered garments. 'No! not one paolo, by heavens!—and I hunger almost to death.'

"He unsheathed his sword; he waved it in the moonshine, and sighed, as he marked the glittering of the steel.

"'No, no, my old true companion, thou and I must never part. Mine thou shalt remain though I starve for it. Oh, was not that a golden time when Valeria gave thee to me, and when she threw the belt over my shoulder, I kissed thee and Valeria? She has deserted us for another world, but thou and I will never part in this.'

"He wiped away a drop which hung upon his eyelid.

"'Pshaw! 't was not a tear; the night wind is sharp and bitter, and makes the eyes water; but as for *tears*—Absurd! my weeping days are over.'

"And as he spoke, the unfortunate (for such by his discourse and situation he appeared to be) dashed his forehead against the earth, and his lips were already unclosed to curse the hour which gave him being, when he seemed suddenly to recollect himself. He rested his

head on his elbow, and sang mournfully the burthen of a song which had often delighted his childhood in the castle of his ancestors."¹

What heroics! what rubbish! But there is more than this in Lewis's "Bravo." He contrives to make his hero respected, even admired to a degree; and artfully employs the poetry and witchery of Venice, that unique city in the world,—half land, half sea,—to give a tinge of appropriateness and even congruity to his wild romance. The "Bravo" is as good a specimen of the improbable and yet conceivable as any work of fiction earlier than Scott.

The moralizing school found its best exponents in Jane Austen (1775-1817) and Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849). The admirable Irish tales by the latter, as well as her "stories of fashionable life," the "popular tales" and the novels of "Leonora," "Patronage," and "Belinda," are extremely entertaining and at the same time faithful pictures of real life, freed from the sentimentalism of the one school and the romantic unrealities of the other. These stories were told with a moral purpose in view, yet that purpose was maintained unobtrusively, and the interest of the tale was paramount.

By far the most clever novelist of her day was Jane Austen (1775-1817). The life of this gifted woman was most simple and most quiet. Her home was a village rectory in Hampshire; her only dissipation an occasional stay at the fashionable watering-place, Bath. No notable incidents appear to have broken the calm current of her daily life; no serious romance is known to have absorbed her mind. Quietly as she lived she wrote: her intimate friends were hardly aware of her occupation or her power. And it is a very quiet phase of life that Jane Austen has described, although her art is such that the most commonplace scenes appear eventful and the commonest characters important. No one since Fielding and Sterne had displayed such power as was hers in the realistic touches which exhibit character; but the material which supplied

**The Novel
of Purpose.**

**Jane
Austen.**

¹ The Bravo of Venice, chap. i.

Miss Austen with her creations was widely different from that which furnished the earlier novelists with theirs. The most sensational occurrence in her pages is an elopement which ends with a due respect for the proprieties. The moral purpose is strong in Jane Austen's work. "Pride and Prejudice" (1813),¹ "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), are her two most ambitious novels, and the titles are suggestive of the lessons they inculcate. The story is always told straightforwardly, and rarely drags; the author possesses a modest knowledge of the world, and allows a frequent dash of satire to give some piquancy to her descriptions. "Northanger Abbey" (1818) is written quite in the spirit of banter, and the humorous misadventures of the romantically inclined young heroine are shafts capitably aimed against the tasteless romances of the "Udolpho" type. Miss Austen was a most minute observer: microscopic is the word to be used of her method in observation and in treatment. With painstaking accuracy each detail of every process is described. Modest she was in all things, — yes, but not mediocre. Sir Walter paid her a remarkable compliment: "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." So far as this applies to Jane Austen, Scott's words are eminently true. Besides the works already mentioned, Miss Austen wrote also "Mansfield Park" (1814), "Emma" (1816), and "Persuasion" (1818). "Pride and Prejudice" is universally conceded to be her ablest novel! These stories were published anonymously, and although the secret of their authorship leaked out, they were never avowed by Miss Austen as her work. Their real merit was not generally appreciated until after the early death of their author, but the fame which came so tardily shows no sign of waning. Next to Scott, there is no author of that time whose works, so unlike those of

¹ Dates of publication are here given.

the great romanticist, are so generally familiar or read with so much real appreciation to-day as quiet, homely, wholesome Jane Austen.

That was indeed an era of feminine activity in story-writing. Fanny Burney had become famous by the publication of "Evelina"

**The Women
Novelists.**

in 1778, and her "Cecilia" and "Camilla" had followed in 1782 and 1796. Real novels of fashionable life these were, reflecting the manners of the time, although coarse in expression and often indelicate in incident as they seem to the occasional reader of to-day. In 1791 "A Simple Story" by Mrs. Inchbald had appeared, and "Nature and Art" in 1796. It was in 1794 that Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" was published, and that fantastic fiction had been preceded by "The Sicilian Romance" in 1790. At the time that Mrs. Edgeworth was elaborating her tales of Irish life, Jane Porter was inditing "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803) and "The Scottish Chiefs" (1810); while Susan E. Ferrier's "Marriage" followed in 1818, and "The Inheritance" in 1824. This was all preparing the way, as it seems, for the appearance some years later of the remarkable work of another woman, the "Jane Eyre" of Charlotte Brontë; and, what is more important still, it was possibly influential in the development of a genius which, by the publication of "Scenes from Clerical Life," in Blackwood's Magazine, in 1857, was to carry a woman's name to a place among the novelists not only higher than that as yet attained by any of her sisters, but so high as to endanger the laurels of all story-tellers from Defoe's day to her own. An honorable list, certainly, that of these women novelists, deserving more attention and a larger notice than is possible here. To the best of these novelists, far more than to Richardson and Fielding or Goldsmith, does the present generation owe in its perfection the "novel of manners," so called, that realistic delineation of the affairs of common life which forms the most popular class in the fiction of to-day.

But now we are in the very age and glory of English fiction. To record the progress of the novel from genesis to climax is comparatively easy; to pass opinion upon all the host that follow is

beyond the scope of this present work : it is only typical figures, the leaders among story-tellers, that we can now consider.

The romantic school attained its highest level in the works of Scott (1771-1832). We all of us know how with his taste

for the patriotic, the picturesque, the romantic, the young poet caught the echo of old Scottish border songs, and sang them over again in the first metrical romances that had been heard in Britain since the days of Chaucer ; and we know, too, how easily and naturally, when he fancied it was time to leave that field to another, Sir Walter passed from the lays of the minstrel to the records of a chronicler, and told in an historian's prose and with almost an historian's fidelity the stories of Rob Roy and Ivanhoe, of Amy Robsart and Effie Deans, of Sultan Saladin, and the rest of that goodly host well known to all. With no attempt at moralizing, wishing only to amuse and entertain, this "wizard of the North" but waved his wand, and the national pageant of England and Scotland moved upon his pages : Britain in the era of the Conquest ; the intrigues and the revels of the Elizabethan court ; the struggles of Roundheads and Cavaliers. Anon we hear the tramping of the Crusaders as ponderous armies toil their discordant way to the Holy City ; or listen to the border war-cries when canny Scotsmen rise from out the gorse and heather to defend their rugged hills from invading foes. Old Edinburgh, mediæval Paris, the London of a dozen epochs, Scotland, England, France, and Palestine, — countries, peoples, scenes, and characters are all described so vividly that we see them well, and with the truthfulness of environment and habit. Truly the romantic novel, the novel of history, could reach no higher point ; the stories of Sir Walter marked the climax of attainment, and heralded the decline.

The Romantic Novels of Scott.

Nor must we fail to notice our own "American Scott," James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), who with the self-same taste for the romantic and the picturesque, and with a patriotism every whit as ardent, recorded the adventure and romance of the American sailor and the American Indian. Very far removed from the realism of the

James Fenimore Cooper.

present day are these novels of Cooper, "The Water Witch," "The Red Rover," "Wing and Wing," "Pathfinder," "Last of the Mohicans," and the rest; yet they are by no means characterless. Redolent of ocean and of forest, breezy with the bracing winds of the prairie, these scenes become endowed with life through the art of a true story-teller; their world is not wholly fanciful or unreal.

The works of Captain Marryat and Samuel Lover require at least a reference, for the boys who read with delight the stories of Leatherstocking and Long Tom Coffin contrived somehow to make acquaintance with Peter Simple and Handy Andy and Mr. Midshipman Easy. To the generation of yesterday at least, these personages are almost as classic, if not quite so classical, as their predecessors. Though more careless in language and less discreet of demeanor, they linger nevertheless in affectionate memory along with the heroes of Cooper and Scott.

Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton (1805-1873) told the same romantic tales with a trifle less of skill and more of clatter than did Scott; while here at home Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) wrote romances of a different and a higher order. He explored the secret recesses and recorded the experiences of human souls, and made for himself a name above all those who have been tellers of stories here. Unconsciously he took his place, too, as the last, for the present epoch, of the great romancers, American or British.

Some allusion seems here appropriate to those verse fictions which have now and then found their way into modern English literature. Reference has been made already to the retelling of the Arthurian tales by Tennyson in his exquisite "Idylls of the King;" somewhat of the same type are the romantic narrative poems of Swinburne and William Morris, the latter of whom has succeeded admirably not only in reviving the material of old Teutonic days, but in suggesting by the manner of the tale with wonderful vividness the very life and spirit of the past. The earlier works of Scott, his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake,"

**Marryat and
Lover.**

**Bulwer-
Lytton and
Hawthorne.**

**The Modern
Metrical
Romance.**

and "Marmion;" the familiar series by Lord Byron, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and the rest, are, however, more essentially in the mold of the ancient metrical romance than the group first mentioned. Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and his "Evangeline" may also be regarded as illustrations of the poetical romance. But of more particular interest to the student of modern fiction are such stories in verse as Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" and Owen Meredith's (Lord Lytton) "Lucile." These last are very much like novels, though told in measure rather than in prose. They differ from the true metrical romance in some important respects: there is far greater distinctness in detail, the vagueness, the breadth of epic treatment is not seen; there is a degree of idealization inseparable from truly poetic handling, but there is closer conformity to the truth of nature, of human nature especially; moreover action in the narrative is held subordinate to motives, incident to character.

And now a word needs to be spoken regarding that remarkable triumvirate of genius who placed the English novel almost where Shakespeare put the English drama, and left immortal characters behind them, not alone for English folk to know, but to delight the readers and lovers of stories the whole world through.

First there was Charles Dickens (1812-1870). Readers of "David Copperfield" recall brief glimpses of the harsh experiences that fell in Dickens' childhood, — the early surroundings of poverty and want; the wretched life in the London streets; the cruel environment of the debtor's prison; the dismal days of toil in the blacking-factory. Pleasanter is it to recall the subsequent advances, and especially one scene in the crowded Strand, — a scene which brings the great novelist nearer to us perhaps than almost any other recorded incident of his career. With all the hopes and all the misgivings of a young writer just making his first timid venture upon the sea of literary effort, Dickens, one day, shyly and by stealth dropped his first manuscript into the letter-box of a publisher. Upon the day of issue, the young contributor buys a copy of the magazine

Charles
Dickens.



upon the street. He scarcely dares to open the cover. So nervous is he that it is a little while before he succeeds in finding the table of contents ; but when at last he discovers therein the title of a certain sketch by "Boz," the sensitive, emotional spirit of the man is not to be restrained ; ashamed to meet the curious eyes of the crowds about him, Dickens plunges into the nearest doorway to sob out for a moment an emotion too acute to be concealed. Perhaps it was this quick responsive sensibility in Charles Dickens that brought him now and then so dangerously near the verge of sentiment of a baser sort ; and this quality it is, perhaps, which explains, or in part accounts for, the fact that no one of the great novelists arouses so strong partisanship in readers as the author of *Pickwick*, *David Copperfield*, and *Little Nell*. It is customary to insinuate that Dickens' world of fancy is manifestly distorted and unreal, and it is needless to deny that there is frequent exaggeration both in sentiment and outline ; yet Dickens' characters are not always so unreal as critics claim. His eye was quick to see that one peculiar trait in mental or moral make-up which made men individual, original, and stamped them "characters." This oddity of temperament was to the novelist as obvious and insistent as any eccentricity of motion or accident of physique which excites our laughter, awakens pity, or rouses our disgust. The painter of *Uriah Heep* and of *Quilp* shaded heavily and made a daring use of intense tints ; but what are plausibly described as caricatures by one man are unexpectedly approved as portraits by another. It is not long ago that a literary man of note declared in public that upon a recent stroll down Piccadilly whom should he behold advancing toward him in the very guise of forty years ago, but Bob Sawyer, arm in arm with Mr. Wilkins Micawber ! The humor of Dickens is almost always a phase of the grotesque, and his pathos is often that of excessive sensibility ; but it is manifestly an injustice to dub the author of *Little Emily* a mere caricaturist, and a strangely unappreciative taste which finds the world of Dickens' fancy only unnatural and unreal. Quite outside of any discussion of his merits and artistic rank as novelist, but nevertheless of direct interest to novel-readers, is the

fact, abundantly demonstrated, of the remarkable popularity of this author. There are no works of fiction to-day so widely read and so widely sold as are the novels of Charles Dickens. With the publishers of standard fiction he has no real competitor.

By the side of Dickens stood William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), who wrote, perhaps, with a sharper pen than his brother novelist, and who through his benignant-looking spectacles peered into the follies and shams of a social life a little removed in its sphere from

William
Makepeace
Thackeray.

that which Dickens noted. Not always so genial, not always so radiant, he told the story of *Vanity Fair*, and drew the pictures of the snobs who throng its avenues and crowd its booths; yet this keen-eyed philosopher saw both sides of life, after all, and painted the pleasant and the lovely as well as the exasperating and melancholy. Thackeray wrote most naturally with the pen of the satirist, and sometimes in those odd never-to-be-forgotten sketches gave us what, as in the case of Dickens, the critical mass with their wise discernment label "caricature;" but the world has since discovered that the writer of "*Pendennis*" and "*Esmond*" did have an artist's eye to reality in his effects; in complete sympathy with his chosen master, Fielding, Thackeray made a bold stand upon the principle of human nature even in the personalities of fiction. No man is a perfect hero, said he, and, however dismal the doctrine, no woman always a heroine. Hence his characters, his principals, have severally the fallibilities and frailties which we commonly look to find in the life of every day. Thackeray was no hero-worshipper in either the domain of romance or the social world of real men and women among whom he lived; he was the sworn foe of all pretence and sham, and possibly enjoyed over much the process by which hypocrisy was stripped of its disguise and vice punished publicly with the stinging whip of satire. Yet Thackeray was not a cynic; he has indeed by not a few been honored with the title, suggesting their affection, of "England's *gentlest* satirist."

With the publication of "*Adam Bede*" in 1859 and of "*The Mill on the Floss*" in the following year, George Eliot (Mary Ann

Evans-Cross, 1819-1880), took her place at the head of living novelists in her day. Dickens had painted objectively, but as he saw his men and women he made them over again to **George Eliot.** emphasize the character he had found. George Eliot's people were never made: they were born like mortals. Personality existed in them, and their author gave them an essence, as no writer excepting Shakespeare had ever done; with the development of this strong personality, moreover, there existed also a power of expression rivalled only by that of the great dramatist himself. Her humor is inimitable; it is natural and genuine, and nowhere in her pages are we jarred by the intrusion of the grotesque or the unreal; here all is intensely human, with the unity of nature and its calm. But there is a third respect in which this woman novelist surpassed her predecessors, and won a place in the domain of story-telling which has not yet been wrested from her. Thomas Carlyle is quoted as saying with reference to the somewhat rugged and depressing period of his residence at Craigenputtoch: "It looks to me now like a kind of humble russet-coated epic, that seven years' settlement at Craigenputtoch, very poor in this world's goods, but not without an intrinsic dignity greater and more important than then appeared." This striking phrase, "a russet-coated epic," has been seized by Sidney Lanier, one of our American critics, and is adapted and applied by him, in his appreciative and acute remarks upon George Eliot ("The English Novel," page 192), to the subject of our present consideration. This is the element which gives George Eliot's work its highest claim to our regard; what she depicted was not only real, it was inspiring. The commonplace, the humdrum, the usual experience of the vast majority of humanity, — these she interpreted; and her merit was that she revealed in such environment the possibilities and actualities of latent heroism. She wrote the "russet-coated epic" of common life, and tacitly taught the inspiration of the universal struggle upwards towards the attainment of high ideals. There is a heaviness of melancholy vaguely perceptible in the minor tones of all her works; to one familiar with the story of her life-

experience this seriousness of tone is comprehensible. The stress of her own experience, and the inevitable trials of her chosen situation added, beyond a doubt, to the intelligence of her conceptions and the intensity of her feeling, while the intuitive optimism of her nature bade her proclaim the gospel of a triumphant perseverance rather than the hard doctrine of despair. Regarded as subjective embodiments of wholesome ideas, and considered technically as objective pictures of life and manners, George Eliot's novels surpass all other English fiction in their fidelity to what we may call the true realism of humanity; and with that distinction granted, they may rightly claim the place of honor among the novels. Thus, a trifle more than a hundred years after the appearance of "Pamela" and "Tom Jones," and almost a hundred years after the creation of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," in the varied work of these three writers, the English novel may be said to have reached its climax.

V.

TENDENCIES OF TO-DAY.

CHARLES LAMB once said, in that familiar witty way of his, that when a new book came out he read an old one. Perhaps this might be not a bad rule for the story-lovers of our own day to follow. Happy indeed may that one account himself who, by chance or foresight, finds that he has a few of those classic works of the generation past still treasured up unread ; truly unfortunate is the fate of those young people of to-day who, swamped by the flood of contemporary fiction, find little or no time in which to become acquainted with the great masterpieces of fifty years ago. This certainly seems very much like a suggestion that there are now in the field of English fiction no writers worthy to compete with those of yesterday. Not altogether that, perhaps ; and yet in some of the qualities and characteristics of the works concerned, the suggestion of such comparison may be justified in fact. The list of popular living novelists, both British and American, is so large and so familiar that it would be both tedious and unnecessary even to name them. Better is it to discuss more in the abstract certain peculiarities and tendencies in the fiction of to-day, with such helps through illustration as may be gained from some prominent writers who may be taken as typical, and influential among the rest. It is important as well as interesting to note that fiction is at present more international in character than it ever has been before. We are more generally familiar with foreign literature now than were our fathers. Translations without number and even editions in the original not a few have given us acquaintance with the leading novelists of Russia, France, and Spain, of Germany and Scandinavia, Holland and Hungary ; while

Italy and Greece, not yet so open to us as the rest, are but awaiting their turn, doubtless, to be introduced to the cosmopolitan world by and by. Meanwhile one notable result of this widespread interchange in products of this class is the development of a general tendency in fiction and the evolution of a "school" which is more evident and more dominant among us than was true in the days of Scott, or in those of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. The novelist of the day is always a philosopher, and his view of life is apt to be a sombre not to say a pessimistic one.

The action and reaction of literary influences at home and abroad have been more than once referred to in these pages. During the first half of the present century the influence of our English Scott and Byron was strong in the poetry and fiction of France. Victor Hugo

**The French
Romances.**

(1802-1885) and Alexandre Dumas (1803-1870) were the most prominent of the school. In 1831 appeared "Notre Dame de Paris," and "Les Misérables" in 1862. "Monte-Cristo," the most familiar to us of Dumas' romances, the titles of which are almost innumerable, was published in 1844. George Sand (1804-1876) had written "Consuelo" and "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt" during the forties. Her rustic romances were written at the very middle of the century. The romanticists, under the rule of these great leaders, dominated French fiction until a comparatively recent date. They have been almost as familiar to readers of English novels as have Scott and Cooper themselves. Since their day a new school of novelists has claimed the stage, — a school which numbers its representatives in every European state and in England and America as well. The school of modern realism looks for its model back to another great French story-teller of the first half of the century, Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), a contemporary of Hugo and Dumas, having some qualities common to them, but distinguished from them by closer fidelity to nature, and by his bold attempt to depict the actual life of every class composing the structure of French society in his time. Balzac, author of the "Comédie Humaine," as he entitled the tremendous series pro-

jected in his plan, was the father of the modern realists. Foremost of living representatives of that school are Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoi.

Count Léof Tolstoi (born 1828), conspicuous among the novelists of Russia, is the author of "Sevastopol," "The Cossacks," "Peace and War," "Anna Karénina," "Ivan Ilyitch," "Family Happiness," a score of short stories, tracts, autobiographical sketches, and — "The Kreutzer Sonata." A painter of strange fresco pictures is Tolstoi. The drawing is very bold, the effect is startling. He is a master of realism, no one can question that. This artist in words has painted battle pictures where the smoke, the din, the red blood, the mortal horror of war roll forth on his pages as nowhere else except upon the canvas of his countryman Verestchagin; and the latter has done with his brush what Tolstoi accomplished with his pen. "Anna Karénina" (1877) is a great novel of social life; one of the very few great works of fiction in our day. In spite of a sort of crudity, which possibly is itself an element of vigor, the work is great in conception and powerful in its effect. *Is it real*,—this world into which we are unceremoniously introduced? No one with a degree of insight into the social life of the Continent will doubt the fidelity of the portraits drawn by Tolstoi. It is a hard, sad world he shows us, clouded over by selfishness, hypocrisy, passion, despair; but we cannot fail to recognize in time the individualities that seemed at first so grotesque and so deformed. We must admit that this is but the nakedness of truth. And here is "Ivan Ilyitch," a strange and grewsome story of a man who is slowly dying; and a hundred pages detail the process of his death. Read "Ivan Ilyitch," and you will know how dissolution, slow, relentless, goes on in a living man until the death-rattle sounds. But you will learn more than this, for with microscopic exactness you will have watched the development, career, and end of a self-worshipping, materialistic aristocrat. The book is the accurate study of a type, and is oppressive with reality. "The Kreutzer Sonata" (1890), the last of Tolstoi's works to attract general attention in America, was received with

surprise, and greeted with an outburst of indignant criticism. And yet it was but the legitimate outcome of Tolstoi's mental obliquity. It is the confession of a madman to which the author invites us to listen. The method is the same, that of an intense realism; but the words of the madman, Posdnicheff, a murderer and a lunatic self-confessed, are the words, the sentiments, the belief of Tolstoi, the author of Posdnicheff; and they are the words of fanaticism or insanity, however real and true to life the situation may appear to be.

Next comes Émile Zola (born 1840), leader in the school of realism, or, better, *naturalism*, as he prefers to have it called, in France. "L'Assommoir" was the work which introduced *Émile Zola*. Zola generally to our acquaintance. Here there was no concealment, no skilful draping of the vicious or the horrible: everything was realistic to the point of nakedness. "I designed to draw the Paris workman," said Zola; and he drew him and all his environment with him. Almost the first scene in the book is a realistic picture of a brutal hand-to-hand fight between two women of the lower class. They meet at a public wash-house on the Seine; they drench each other with pails of water; they scratch; they pound each other with their clubs; they tear each other's clothing; the bare flesh shows. Women stand about, and men, gloating. Coupeau, the principal character in the story, dies at last of delirium tremens. Shut up with him in the padded cell at the hospital, we see the hideous dance, and have to hear his frantic howlings. His besotted wife looks on with maudlin curiosity and then goes tottering home to die, her body being found some days afterward, putrefying under the area stairs. This is horrible, too horrible to be preserved in literature, but we are compelled to give reluctant assent to the awful realness of these scenes: we can only wonder at the relentless and terrible power which thus affects us. The whole story presents a tragic picture of a drunkard's progress, drawn with a greater mastery than was ever shown by Hogarth. The works of Zola need not be catalogued in these pages. The novel which last excited criticism here, though not the latest story from his pen, was "La

Terre." What was then said intelligently in its condemnation was not too severe: it is brutal and obscene. And yet it is a master's hand that paints these coarse pictures, and there is no reason why they should not be conceded to present what it is claimed they do, — a perfectly faithful copy of the existence of a degraded peasantry, and also, incidentally, a glorification of "La Terre." Zola loves the earth; he never tires of calling our attention to the smoking fecundity of the soil; he revels in it; he touches the theme with the spirit and the instinct of a poet. Nature, the Earth, — it is typical of himself.

Let us turn for a moment away from these realists of St. Petersburg and Paris. Let us look toward the north. And what a relief it is, — to emerge from the crowded salons of the Russian, the social circles where brutality and vice go masked, from the heated poisonous atmosphere, the mockery, the heart-ache; away from the reeking wine-shops of Paris, the close dens where vice throws off its mask and rules riotously and wantonly. The madman's howling, the shrieks of women being murdered, echo in our ears. But here the salt air of the wholesome sea breathes in our faces. We look across the fields to where the ocean beats calmly on the sands; it is the noise of his waves which strikes restfully on our ear, and nothing more harsh than the scream of sea-birds comes to disturb our peace. Mists rise over the water; the sun fills the world with its shining. Men and women come and go in all the vocations followed by honest men and women. They toil on land and sea; they fish, they plant, they trade. It is a healthy life; these are bright, happy, honest people. We observe few drunkards, the thieves are less numerous than the trustworthy. We discover that we are in a world where there is more of aspiration than of degradation, where good is stronger than evil, where right knows how to conquer wrong. This is the world which Björnson (born 1832) and his compatriot, Jonas Lie (born 1833) have revealed to us in their romances of Norse life and manners. These northern stories are refreshing: "Arne," "The Fisher Maiden," "Synnöve Solbakken," "The Barque Future," "The Pilot and his Wife."

In spite of defects in construction, in spite of the persistence of the idyllic in their pictures of men and women, possibly because of this last-named peculiarity, we enjoy this world of homely folk, its purity, its vigor, its healthful atmosphere.

Did the scope of our essay permit, it would be a pleasure to discuss in detail the method and purposes of another writer, who, though not a novelist, must be reckoned third in this trio of the great realists: the Norwegian dramatist, ^{Henrik Ibsen.} Henrik Ibsen (born 1828). When Ibsen's social dramas appeared first in Norway and Denmark, then in Germany, at last in England and America, they excited more comment and provoked more discussion than the novels of Tolstoi or those of Zola. Indeed these plays of Ibsen are more like novels in their method than any form of the drama hitherto familiar to us. They are social studies; and although Ibsen is the fellow-countryman of Björnson and Lie, the philosophy embodied in his work is as cynical and sombre as that of the other two is bright and reassuring. Here is a man, a stranger among us, ill at ease and out of sorts; not at all in sympathy with the general spirit of our institutions, or the thought of the present time. He looks upon society with much the same eye as Tolstoi; and with all the boldness and unconventionality of the Russian, together with a realism more minute in its regard to analysis and detail, Ibsen draws the characters of his social dramas, and with wonderful skill paints the world as he finds it. Where Lie and Björnson idealize, Ibsen satirizes; but his realism is employed, as is that of Tolstoi, in unmasking selfishness and sham, not in disgusting minutiae of misery or vice.

Thus we now have the three great realists of the day, — the Russian, the Frenchman, the Norwegian. Not only are these three writers typical of this tendency in all the literatures of our time, representing, each in his place, ^{The Methods of Realism.} popular studies of general phases in national character and life, but they are also commonly acknowledged to be the great masters in this movement toward what is called fidelity to truth, or, technically, realism. What, now, is to be

said of their principles, their methods, their aims, — what, in brief, of realism: is it to be commended or condemned; is it to remain with us; will it exalt our literature, or, on the other hand, rob it of what vitality it still retains?

Carlyle, in his essay upon Diderot (1833), says: —

“Were it not reasonable to prophesy that this exceeding great multitude of novel-writers and such-like, must, in a new generation, gradually do one of two things: either retire into nurseries, and work for children, minors, and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes; or else, what were far better, sweep their novel-fabric into the dust-cart, and betake them with such faculty as they have to understand and record what is *true*, — of which, surely, there is, and will forever be, a whole Infinitude unknown to us, of infinite importance to us! Poetry, it will more and more come to be understood, is nothing but higher Knowledge; and the only genuine Romance (for grown persons) Reality.”

This prophecy is verified; and Mr. Howells, the leader of the realistic school among American novelists, commenting sympathetically upon it, observes: —

“For our own part, we confess that we do not care to judge any work of the imagination without first of all applying this test to it. We must ask ourselves before we ask anything else, Is it true, — true to the motives, the impulses, the principles that shape the life of actual men and women? This *truth* which necessarily includes the highest morality and the highest artistry, — this truth given, the book cannot be wicked and cannot be weak.”¹

Reality is certainly the demand of the age. Now, let us ask, do our great realists give us reality? In the paragraph upon Defoe it was noted that the epithet “realistic” as there used was intended to suggest actuality and lifelikeness secured by a careful and minute attention to details. As expressed by one critic, the very dullness of the narrative confirms the impression of its truthfulness. In the application of this term to-day, the technical meaning of

**A Prophecy
of Thomas
Carlyle.**

**W. D. How-
ells upon
Realism.**

**Significance
of the Term
Realism.**

¹ Editor's Study, Harper's Monthly, April, 1887.

the word "realism" is subordinated to a broader and more popular one. Yet in the narrower sense of the word, Tolstoi and Ibsen and Zola are as thorough and painstaking realists as was Defoe; in point of accuracy and the recording of details apparently insignificant, they surpass him. Used in its broadest sense the word "realism" to-day implies the character of a novelist's philosophy as well as indicates the nature of his method. A word upon its significance in this direction is therefore necessary.

The mission of the novelist is to picture life, — life in some special phase, in some type-form, if he pleases, but ever with due regard to the artistic finish and effect. Nor may it be forgotten for a moment that the artist who constructs a drama or a novel, is largely an impressionist, while the impression, the effect, produced by the work as a whole, and lingering in the mind of the spectator or the reader, is a thing for which the artist is responsible. Whatever we may say concerning the place of a purpose in works of art, and however much we may claim a standard of criticism that shall be un-moral, it remains obviously just to hold the artist rigorously to his own standard of integrity; therefore we may well insist that the realist shall give us something more than sensationalism, that there must be accuracy and fidelity in his picture, and that the impression he conveys shall be an honest one, and reflect life as it really is.

**Limitations
of the Novel.**

In the world good and evil are pretty generally mingled. Is there any type in the common life we meet that is altogether good, without a taint of evil in its nature? Some of our writers in romantic fiction apparently believe so, at least they try to suggest such un-human types in their insipid story-books. The realist gives us no such prodigies in his studies: he paints only what he finds. On the other hand, does unmixed evil walk abroad? Do fiends assume human shape, and do lust, cruelty, and hate become incarnate? Here is a test for one's philosophy. Granted that there be such monsters, is it best to see them, hear them, live with them? This will disclose your taste. The case has been put in its two extremes:

**A Fault of
the Realists.**

imagine all gradations, and we notice that the realism of a writer depends much upon his *Lebensanschauung*, his way of looking at life, the world, the men and women in it. One novelist-philosopher may see the brightness, the happiness, the successes, the awards: but, "No," exclaims another, "that's a dream, a fancy; you idealize, we want reality; show us things as they really are." To this the first may very properly and naturally reply by demanding why it is not real. Surely the existence of virtue is not to be altogether denied; happiness is sometimes found; men may prosper righteously at times; the world is not all misery and doubt and gloom. Now, as regards the work of this triumvirate of realists once more: while no question of their accuracy in delineation is suggested, their novels must stand for what they are, — the faithful presentation of certain pitiable phases, classes, individuals; not studies of life as a whole, in its vast extent and infinite variety. We are ready to acknowledge an even microscopic fidelity to the type selected; but when Zola or Tolstoi or Ibsen says, "See! this is life, this is society, here is the boasted institution you call home, thus is the relation of man and woman," we reply with emphasis that that is false. They have not drawn our home, and their society is not the group of people whom we happen to call friends: *some* home, possibly; a certain corner of society, no doubt; and that there are such people to be found, yes, quite a number of them, very likely; but not all are of this sort. And thus, with an authority as unimpeachable as that of these cynical philosophers, the optimist may with much reason claim that the realists, so called, either have made a sad mistake in their estimate of the world at large, or else are wilfully perpetuating a slander and a lie. Very close, indeed, is the relation between the novel and the novelist's philosophy. The cynic will find his theme in what another man would disregard; the pessimist will seize a motive that is sombre. Yet no one will deny that such selection has its legitimate use, and may under appropriate conditions prove a means of good. Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a novel was written in this country by an American woman: a book neither vicious nor disgusting, yet

claiming to be realistic, and, it happened, constructed with a purpose. That book was intended to depict a gigantic evil: it assumed to reveal to the people of the North the real condition of the negro at the South. If it failed in its realism, that was a defect; at all events, it fulfilled its mission.

And thus in the case of our three great realists of to-day. Here is Tolstoi: he sees a worldly, sensual, hypocritical habit of life. He is himself the very contrast of all this, honest, religious, ascetic. He dwells upon these evils until he becomes morbid and fanatical if not insane. He says: "I'll show them what their life really is,"—and so he writes "Ivan Ilyitch" and "The Kreutzer Sonata." Tolstoi is not to be unreservedly condemned. His sincerity of purpose, his deep conviction, his complete renunciation, his absolute devotion to his stern ideal,—these have no parallels in our day. The more he is read the greater does admiration grow. This man, laboring like some disabled Titan caught in the meshes of a strange fanaticism, this Count Léof Tolstoi, self-deposed, is to-day the most remarkable figure not alone among literary workers, but absolutely in society and politics as well as art. We do not comprehend Tolstoi until we read his wonderful little gospel tales; while "My Confession" is indispensable as a commentary to "The Kreutzer Sonata." And here again comes Ibsen, more misanthropic than Tolstoi, for his experience has been such as to confirm the feeling and intensify it. In his turn he plans to hold the mirror up to Nature, show vice its image, rouse men from their self-complacency; and he constructs his "Comedy of Love" and "The Doll House." Has Zola also such a motive, such a plea? Perhaps. Paris, France, is flooded with romantic novels. The gay, sensuous life of the boulevards and the Jardin Mabille is glorified in the creations of Murger and his disciples. Vice is gilded; the disaster and the ruin are carelessly concealed. "La Vie Bohème" is the ideal of the hour. "Out upon it!" exclaims Émile Zola; "behold your Paris as it is." It is unjust to censure these great masters blindly: if they have erred, we must first find the point where they went astray.

**A Privilege of
the Realists.**

Were it not for the length of the selection, there might be introduced just here an extract from the work of another contemporary Frenchman, a novelist of wide repute. That selection would comprise the wonderfully pleasant chapter in which Alphonse Daudet (born 1840) so gracefully admits us within the peaceful, happy circle of that home in the Rue St. Ferdinand, and allows us there to make acquaintance with the "Joyeuse" family. It is as if our old friend Dickens were at our elbow again, pointing out with that so genial humor and the sentiment so contagious, fellow mortals whose oddities we must smile over, while our hearts grow tender toward them for their virtues and their weaknesses as well. It is true that Mr. Henry James has said that the intrusion of this entire episode which recounts the fortunes of the family "Joyeuse" is the one defect in the remarkable novel which Daudet gives us under the title of "The Nabob" (1877). And Mr. James is too authoritative a critic that we should dispute his dictum — but, nevertheless, we are very glad that our French story-teller has given us to know the eccentric M. Joyeuse and his three charming daughters, and very grateful that he introduced these cheery, amiable folk directly into the midst of that same story of the Nabob. For in the pages which precede and follow the idyllic picture of this pure and healthy home-life, Daudet has chosen to paint realistically enough the follies, the deceptions, the cruelties of gay and heartless Paris; but all through his story there runs, like a bar of golden sunlight streaming out through a cloudy sky, this recognition of the other side. The hero of the novel, Paul de Gery, has come unexpectedly upon these sacred precincts; has come as a bearer of good tidings to people in distress. It is but a glimpse which he has caught — a parlor table, books, papers, skeins of thread, a bevy of bright, sweet, girlish faces looking up curiously from their employment and the big lamp shedding its warm radiance upon the group. De Gery has fallen among them weary, heartsick at the hollowness of the Paris he has come to know. This is a contrast so complete, so reassuring, that his very bewilderment becomes enchanting.

**The Point
of Error.**

"There was here for De Gery an entirely new Paris, courageous, domestic, very different from the one he already knew, a Paris of which the newspaper reporters never speak, and which reminded him of his province with an added refinement, a charm lent by the surrounding bustle and tumult to the peaceful and frugal retreat."¹

Here is the secret. It is not only a perfected art that puts Alphonse Daudet far above Ohnet, De Maupassant, Zola, and the other realists, great and small; it is because he has this wider vision, and paints the good as well as the evil, the pure and happy as well as the vile and wretched. Daudet is not a follower in the school of naturalism, but he is a truer realist than those who are. Even Zola says admiringly: "Benevolent nature has placed him at that exquisite point where poetry ends and reality begins;" and Henry James himself applauds the dictum, adding: "Daudet's great characteristic is this mixture of the sense of the real with the sense of the beautiful."² Why then need our American critic object to the "Joyeuse" episode in "The Nabob"? Will he suggest that it is not beautiful, or that it spoils the symmetry of Daudet's plan? Surely he will not question its reality: for we are all becoming rapidly convinced that there is another Paris than that which we have been taught to know, a Paris of which the newspaper reporters never speak. And what is here shown of the other side of this Parisian life is only typical of all the variety and aspect of the wide world around us.

This will be the realism of the future. Along with the careful noting of details, the patient study and accurate analysis, the fidelity to nature, the lifelikeness, men will recognize the reasonableness of a philosophy which admits the authority of this larger view. The realism embodied will be that of one who has the power to enter into the life of the character he paints, to become identified with its inner spirit, its weaknesses, its failures, and also with its struggles and its strength. In his choice of theme, the realist of to-morrow will be guided by the general need. Sometimes he will draw a repulsive

**The Realism
of the Future.**

¹ The Nabob, chap. v.

² Partial Portraits, p. 208.

picture if it be necessary to startle or disgust us with a revelation of some abuse to be corrected, or some great wrong which demands relief. But oftener he will introduce "the other side," because it has the power to stimulate and inspire. Hope is stronger than fear. The story of a victory is more effective than the record of defeat. Shall we find such themes in real life, will it not spoil the realism to tint it thus with ideality? There was a painting greatly talked about not long since ; heralded everywhere as a masterpiece of realistic art. Is the "Angelus" any wise defective in its realism because it depicts the two bent peasant figures at the moment when the prayer-bell sounds, — because a sentiment of aspiration, a lifting up of the rude natures, is discernible amid the darkening shadows? It is certain that the picture would not have charmed us more, probably it would not have impressed us as a whit more realistic, had Millet seen fit to paint his peasants fighting or carousing at a boorish village festival. We may speak of the unmoral character of art as profoundly and insistently as we please ; and Mr. Howells may reiterate his statement, — "*this truth given, the book cannot be wicked and cannot be weak*" : it will nevertheless remain a fact that responsibility lies with the painter or the novelist for the theme each chooses, and for the method of the treatment. Fidelity to nature is not the only test of good art ; nor can we think this is precisely what Mr. Howells wished to say. Brouwer and Van Ostad and Teniers and Jan Steen may evoke a lurking smile as we watch their grotesque, indecent merry-makings ; we may call it realistic, very ; but after all we are conscious of a higher art than this. We may prefer some of those earlier pictures even, stiff, conventional perhaps, but with a soul of some sort that illuminates and transfigures. Now, if we can keep the soul and still be true to nature in color and in drawing, we shall achieve the art we seek ; and we shall find that the result is beautiful as well as true. There is more than technique in a painting as there is more than correct versifying in a true poem ; there is, too, something besides mere accuracy of reproduction in a great novel. Thus with our realists, while the power of each is such that we can but wonder and admire, we are

at the same time conscious of a higher art than theirs. There are principles of beauty and of truth which do not find a place in their conception of humanity, or their theory of life, however real a copy of individuals and types their work may appear to be.

In a very important respect, therefore, the novel of to-morrow will surpass the study of to-day. We shall recognize the fact that it is not a product of mere mechanical construction, but that it is a work of art, subject to the same conditions and the same tests which apply to other art products, whether presented to the mind through ear or eye. Our novelists have gained indisputably as regards accuracy and fidelity in their study of types; they have as certainly lost in artistic taste and power. The older story-tellers were masters of dramatic situation, of a sentiment that colors and enlivens, and of what the painter, perhaps, might describe as "composition," — an instinctive selection and tasteful grouping of incidents and characters that satisfy our intuitions of the attractive and the fitting. Moreover, many of the novelists of yesterday, the great ones of the craft, were masters of expression; and it is notorious that to-day even the most prominent of our workers in fiction are careless and slovenly in their workmanship, and apparently oblivious to the demands of good style. Particularly have defects of this kind marred the compositions of our American representatives in the realistic school. The work of W. D. Howells and Henry James, leaders in this group of writers, has been widely criticised, and justly, for an evident lack of a naturally dramatic spirit. Their stories are trivial and commonplace, not in the sense of dealing with the every-day event and the every-day man and woman — George Eliot's novels do that — but in the sense that they fail to depict anything of particular importance in the life of the every-day man or woman. They lack vigor of combat and struggle, and mere newspaper records seldom attain the dignity of being recognized as art. Mr. James has more to answer for in this regard than has Mr. Howells, whose characters, as in stories like "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "The Quality of Mercy," do appear now and then in stress-

**The Novel a
Work of Art.**

ful situations, giving us incidents and experiences which by nature are dramatic and legitimately of interest to every lover of mankind. The novels of both writers are marvellous examples of close observation and microscopic analysis; but, unhappily, Mr. James has impressed his readers with the feeling that the life of his characters has been fairly analyzed away. He has lost his appreciation of dramatic effect, whatever may be said of his taste for the picturesque and the artistic. And so with the host of minor writers, who with remarkable evenness in ability plod away patiently and conscientiously on realistic lines. Their philosophy, in the main, is saner and more wholesome than that of the continental realists; but in the matter of artistry Zola and Tolstoi are far in advance of our own leaders.

There are already signs of a general breaking away from the stricter traditions of the realists. While there is no disposition,

**A Change
in Taste.**

apparently, to return to the precise methods of Scott and Hugo, of Cooper or of George Sand, there is at the same time a tendency to introduce idyllic coloring here and there, which may be evidence of a quickened perception that there is need of this artistic quality so long absent from our work. Not only are there men like Robert Louis Stevenson and Conan Doyle, by whom the story-telling art seems to have been inherited with much of the vigor and spirit of the past, but other writers who are following the example of Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward, foremost among English realists; these last-named novelists have certainly developed more of the dramatic in their compositions than have their American contemporaries, their great admirers. The writers of short stories, in both England and America, are showing the effect of this tendency in the admirable quality of their work. No one desires again the precise forms and molds of the old-school romances. Not only has the fashion of the ultra-heroic gone by, together with the philosophy of an infallible readjustment, which shall bring material prosperity in the end to virtue and beauty in distress, but a fashion more true to nature, and a newer and truer philosophy of the realities of human experience and the highest

good, are ready to come in. We cannot go back to the days of chivalry or the realms of fairy-land when story-telling for Carlyle's "grown folks." And this will ever be the glory of the realist of to-day; he has brought us out of the enchanted woods of romance, and set us with our faces toward the world of real things in which we properly belong. Whether our taste shall call for stories that amuse, or studies that instruct; whether the fiction of the future is to develop oftenest the novel of recreation or the novel of purpose, one thing is certain, our readers will in all cases demand the counterfeit presentment of the truth, portraits of humanity, and not grotesque creations of a dream. The realist of the present, like many another innovator, has wrought with crudeness and with inexperience, as well as with sincerity and vigor; he has been erratic sometimes, and now and then there have occurred some shocking violations of good taste. Possibly the extremely "practical" character of the time in which we live has debased the quality of his art, as the strongly materialistic sentiment of our day has undeniably impressed its stamp on our philosophy. Novel-making has grown to be a somewhat mechanical trade of late, and men have wrought stories, as they weave fabrics or work in metals, for the money in it. It is not among such scribblers that the great novelist is born; when *he* comes, he will be recognized. Present-day realism, moreover, is not a climax; it is only an episode in the history of fiction, the natural sequence of the romantic craze which ruled the first half-century. It has deteriorated in most respects from the standard set by Thackeray and George Eliot; but that is due not so much to different methods as to dearth of genius in applying them. In its turn a new and better phase will be developed, not one whit less realistic; on the contrary, far more instinct with life and humanity than now. Moreover, it will attain the place of a work of art; it will be beautiful as well as true.

VI.

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND READING.

THE following list of books is by no means exhaustive, but is intended to suggest reading that will be helpful, and contains those works which are generally accessible as well as valuable for reference.

For information concerning the early English story-tellers, consult Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," Stopford Brooke's recent volume bearing the same title, and early volumes in the series entitled "English Writers," by Henry Morley. Refer also to Green's "Short History of the English People" and Freeman's "Norman Conquest." Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," "Social England" (a series of valuable essays compiled by H. D. Traill), and "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales" ("with illustrations of English life in Chaucer's time"), by John Saunders, are valuable for reference upon manners and customs. Read "Ivanhoe."

Upon the times and people of Elizabeth's reign, read Creighton's "Age of Elizabeth" (Epochs of History series), and Goadby's "England of Shakespeare." For general reference, use Burkhart's "Renaissance," Froude's "History of England," and Green's "Short History." Read Taine's "History of English Literature" and Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature." On Lyly and the Euphuists, consult Minto's "Manual of English Prose Literature." Jusserand's "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare" will be found of particular value in the study of this period. Scott's "Kenilworth" and Kingsley's "Westward Ho" depict scenes and characters of the time. In the encyclopædias, particularly in the "Britannica," will be found many articles of

interest and value bearing upon the literature of this age. Editions of the romancers are rare, and outside the works referred to, there are not many books of biography or criticism which deal directly with the story-tellers of Elizabeth's day. The standard editions of their works are those by Edward Arber, Edmund Gosse, Alexander B. Grosart, and David Laing. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" is our best authority upon the romances of Spain, and Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe" will be found of value in a study of the Spanish and Italian literature of this period.

Eighteenth-century England has been graphically described by Lecky, in his "England of the Eighteenth Century," and by W. C. Sydney, in a recent work, "England and the English in the Eighteenth Century." "The History of English Thought," by Leslie Stephen, and Lecky's "History of European Morals," will be of use. "Eighteenth-Century Literature" is the title of a volume by Edmund Gosse. Various studies of the fiction of this period and of the periods following have been made by different writers; prominent among these are the following: "A History of English Prose Fiction," by B. Tuckerman; "British Novelists and their Styles," by David Masson; "Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century," by William Forsyth; Dunlop's "History of Fiction;" Jeaffreson's "Novels and Novelists;" Hazlitt's "English Novelists;" G. Birkbeck Hill's "Writers and Readers;" "The English Novel," by Sidney Lanier; and appropriate chapters in Thomas Sargent Perry's "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century." Taine's chapters upon the novelists are also invaluable. A useful and valuable aid to the student is W. M. Griswold's "Descriptive Lists of Novels," classified by nationality, locality, and kind, with criticisms from contemporary journals. Read Thackeray (in "English Humorists") upon Addison, Steele, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. Augustine Birrell has some bright essays on Richardson, Swift, and Sterne. For criticism upon style consult Minto. Lives of Addison, Steele, Defoe, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are

included in the English Men of Letters series. Lives of Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Smollett, Goldsmith, Scott, Marryat, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Thackeray, are found in the Great Writers' series. In the "Century Magazine" for July, 1893, is an article by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant upon "The Author of 'Gulliver ;'" in the September, 1893, number of the "Century," one by the same writer, upon "The Author of 'Robinson Crusoe.'" In "Scribner's Magazine" for September, 1893, is a paper by Austin Dobson, entitled "Richardson at Home." The standard authority upon Scott is the life of that writer by his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart. The authoritative biography of Charles Dickens is the work by John Forster. Our best record of George Eliot is found in the "Life and Letters," edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. For information regarding recent French novelists, consult the late encyclopædias. "French Poets and Novelists," a series of essays, by Henry James, will be of particular service ; and "Famous French Authors," papers by Gautier and De Mirecourt (translated by Francis A. Shaw), Worthington, New York, 1879, if accessible, will be of use. Several small volumes of criticism have been recently published by writers who are themselves novelists ; among these are "Criticism and Fiction," by W. D. Howells ; "The Novel : What It Is," by F. Marion Crawford ; and "The Experimental Novel, and Other Essays," by Emile Zola.

A recent volume dealing with the Russian novelists is "Russia : Its People and its Literature," by Emilia Pardo Bazán (translated by Fanny Hale Gardiner), A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

Consult also "The Great Masters of Russian Literature," by Ernest Dupuy (translated by Nathan Haskell Dole), Crowell, New York, 1886.

ONE HUNDRED WORKS OF FICTION

Which, for one reason or another, are quite worth reading.

1. Morte d'Arthur (about 1470) Sir Thomas Malory
2. Robinson Crusoe (1719) Daniel Defoe, 1661-1731
3. Vicar of Wakefield (1766) Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774
4. Sense and Sensibility (1811) Jane Austen, 1775-1817
5. Pride and Prejudice (1812) " "
6. Waverley (1814) Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832
7. Guy Mannering (1815) " "
8. The Antiquary (1816) " "
9. Old Mortality (1816) " "
10. Rob Roy (1817) " "
11. Heart of Midlothian (1818) " "
12. Bride of Lammermoor (1819) " "
13. Ivanhoe (1819) " "
14. The Abbot (1820) " "
15. Kenilworth (1821) " "
16. Quentin Durward (1823) " "
17. The Talisman (1825) " "
18. The Spy (1821) James Fenimore Cooper, 1789-1851
19. The Pilot (1824) " " "
20. Last of the Mohicans (1826) " " "
21. The Pathfinder (1840) " " "
22. The Deerslayer (1841) " " "
23. Wing and Wing (1842) " " "
24. Peter Simple (1833) Frederick Marryat, 1792-1848
25. Mr. Midshipman Easy (1834) " "
26. Last Days of Pompeii
(1834) Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, 1805-1873
27. Rienzi, Last of the Tri-
bunes (1835) " " "
28. Last of the Barons (1843) " " "
29. Harold, Last of the Sax-
ons (1848) " " "
30. The Caxtons (1849) " " "
31. Pickwick Papers (1837) Charles Dickens, 1812-1870
32. Oliver Twist (1838) " "
33. Nicholas Nickleby (1839) " "

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| 34. | Old Curiosity Shop (1840) | Charles Dickens |
| 35. | Barnaby Rudge (1841) | " " |
| 36. | Martin Chuzzlewit (1844) | " " |
| 37. | Dombey and Son (1848) | " " |
| 38. | David Copperfield (1850) | " " |
| 39. | Bleak House (1853) | " " |
| 40. | Tale of Two Cities (1859) | " " |
| 41. | Jane Eyre (1847) | Charlotte Brontë, 1816-1855 |
| 42. | Vanity Fair (1848) | William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811-1863 |
| 43. | Pendennis (1850) | " " " |
| 44. | Henry Esmond (1852) | " " " |
| 45. | The Newcomes (1854) | " " " |
| 46. | The Virginians (1859)* | " " " |
| 47. | The Scarlet Letter (1850) | Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864 |
| 48. | House of the Seven Gables
(1851) | " " |
| 49. | The Marble Faun (1860) | " " |
| 50. | Uncle Tom's Cabin (1852) | Harriet Beecher Stowe, b. 1812 |
| 51. | Hypatia (1853) | Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875 |
| 52. | Westward Ho! (1855) | " " |
| 53. | Hereward the Wake (1866) | " " |
| 54. | John Halifax, Gentleman
(1856) | Dinah Mulock Craik, 1826-1887 |
| 55. | The Cloister and the Hearth
(1861) | Charles Reade, 1814-1884 |
| 56. | Elsie Venner (1861) | Oliver Wendell Holmes, b. 1809 |
| 57. | Adam Bede (1858) | George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans,
Mrs. Cross) 1819-1880 |
| 58. | The Mill on the Floss (1860) | George Eliot |
| 59. | Silas Marner (1861) | " " |
| 60. | Romola (1863) | " " |
| 61. | Middlemarch (1871) | " " |
| 62. | The Man Without a Country | Edward Everett Hale, b. 1822 |
| 63. | Lorna Doone | R. D. Blackmore, b. 1825 |
| 64. | A Daughter of Heth | William Black, b. 1841 |
| 65. | John Inglesant | J. H. Shorthouse, b. 1834 |
| 66. | All Sorts and Conditions of
Men | Besant, b. 1838; Rice, 1844-1882 |
| 67. | A Modern Instance | W. D. Howells, b. 1837 |
| 68. | The Rise of Silas Lapham | " " |
| 69. | A Hazard of New Fortunes | " " |

70. The Grandissimes George W. Cable, b. 1845
 71. But Yet a Woman Arthur S. Hardy, b. 1847
 72. Robert Elsmere Mrs. Humphry Ward, b. 1851
 73. David Grieve " "
 74. Marcella " "
 75. Tess of the D'Urbervilles Thomas Hardy, b. 1840
 76. Greifenstein F. Marion Crawford, b. 1854
 77. Saracinesca " "
 78. Sant' Ilario " "
 79. Don Orsino " "
 80. Pietro Ghisleri " "

Continental Fiction.

81. Don Quixote (1605) Cervantes, 1547-1616
 82. Wilhelm Meister (1796) Goethe, 1749-1832
 83. Corinne (1807) Madame de Staël, 1766-1817
 84. The Betrothed (1822) Manzoni, 1785-1873
 85. Consuelo (1844) George Sand, 1804-1876
 86. Countess of Rudolstadt " "
 87. Count of Monte Cristo (1844) A. Dumas, 1802-1870
 88. The Wandering Jew (1845) Eugène Sue, 1804-1859
 89. Hunchback of Notre Dame (1831) Victor Hugo, 1802-1885
 90. Les Misérables (1862) " "
 91. Synnöve Solbakken (1857) B. Björnson, b. 1832
 92. Taras Bulba (1834) N. Gogol, 1809-1852
 93. War and Peace (1865-1868) Count Léof Tolstoi, b. 1828
 94. Anna Karénina (1875-1878) " " "
 95. Crime and Punishment (1868) F. M. Dostoyevsky, 1821-1881
 96. With Fire and Sword (1890) Henryk Sienkiewicz
 97. The Deluge (1891) " "
 98. Jack (1873) Alphonse Daudet, b. 1840
 99. The Nabob (1877) " "
 100. Numa Roumestan (1882) " "

SELECTIONS.

I. BEOWULF.

[The national epic of the Anglo-Saxon race was composed in the form preserved to us apparently in the seventh or eighth century, although its first conceptions go back to a date two or three hundred years earlier, while the unique manuscript which supplies our text is doubtless the transcription of some monkish editor of the ninth century. For interesting and detailed discussions of the authorship, locality, historical allusions, and mythology of the poem, consult Morley's "English Writers," Vol. I., Brooke's "History of Early English Literature," Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," and Taine's "English Literature," Vol. I. Various editions of this poem have been edited in England, Germany, and America, among which the edition by Harrison and Sharp (Ginn and Company, Boston, 1888), based upon the text of the German editor, Moritz Heyne, will be most accessible to American students. There are a number of fairly good versions of "Beowulf" in modern English. That by James M. Garnett (Ginn and Company, 1891) is designed to follow the original closely in form and spirit, and is as acceptable as any. During the year 1892 two translations were offered, one in prose by Professor John Earle of the University of Oxford, the other in modern measures by Professor J. Leslie Hall (D. C. Heath and Company, Boston). There is also a rhymed translation by H. W. Lumsden (London, 1881).

The poem of Beowulf contains some six thousand short, or half-verses, according to the usual arrangement of Anglo-Saxon poetry, although the half-verses are generally doubled, thus forming the ordinary line. The rhyme principle is that of alliteration, the initial consonants of two accented syllables in the first half-verse and of one such syllable in the second being the same, the number and position of the alliterating syllables not, however, remaining invariable. The rhythm of the verses is pronounced, and appropriate to the sort of chant with which they were delivered. The most prominent peculiarity of the oldest English poetry is the use of parallelism, that is, the repetition of ideas in a changed phraseology. A ship, for example, is alluded to in one of the sections of this poem as the wave-traveller, the sea-wood, the floater, the curved prow, etc.; and the ocean is described in the same passage as the water-mounds, the sea-paths, and the swan-road. There is always great vigor and poetic beauty in the epithets applied. The following selection, containing the account of Beowulf's struggle with the sea-monster, comprises verses 1384-1643. The translation is based upon the text of Alfred Holder (Freiburg in Baden and Tübingen, 1884), and contains many borrowings from the versions produced by Garnett and Hall.]

I.

HOW BEOWULF VISITED THE SEA-CAVE AND SLEW GRENDEL'S MOTHER.
HE FIRST COMFORTS HROTHGAR FOR THE LOSS OF HIS THANE
ÆSCHERE.

BEOWULF spake, son of Ecgtheow :

1364

"Sorrow not sage one ! for each is it better
His friend to avenge than to mourn over-much.
Each of us end must bide
Of life in this world : let him work out who may
Glory ere death ! That is for a warrior,
Gone from the living, afterward best.
Arise, royal warder ; let us quickly forth fare
Of Grendel's kin the track to discover.
I promise it thee she shall not find shelter
Nor in the earth's bosom, nor in wood of the mountain,
Nor at bottom of ocean, go where she will.
This day through, do thou have patience
In each of thy woes, as I ween that thou wilt."
Leaped up then the old leader, and God he thanked,
The Almighty, for what the man spake.
Then was for Hrothgar the chieftain's horse bridled,
The curly-maned steed. The clever prince
Went splendidly furnished. Stepped forth
The troop of the linden-wood bearers. Tracks were
Wide long the wood-paths clear to be seen.
Her way o'er the bottoms onward she made
Across murky moor-land ; of knightly thanes bore
Lifeless, the noblest, the best
Of those who with Hrothgar home defended.
Traversed he then, child of the aethelings,
Steep stony slopes, narrow courses,
Strait single paths, unknown leadings,
Precipitous headlands, haunts of the nickers.

1400

He, one of few, fared on before them,
He one of the wise ones, the land-scape to scan,
Until unawares he mountain trees
Found o'er the hoary stones hanging,
Wood dismal and joyless ; water stood under
Restless and turbid. To all the Danes 't was,
To the friends of the Scyldings fright and fierce anger,
To many a thane sorrow and sadness,
To all of the earls anguish, when after
On the holm-cliff they found Æschere's head.
The flood boiled with blood,— the folk gazed in horror,—
With hot gore. At times the horn sang
The battle-song ready. All the band rested.
There they saw in the water of monster-kind many,
Marvellous mere-dragons dart through the waters,
Sea-nickers also on the ness-slopes a-sleeping
Such as at mid-day gleefully mingle
In some fateful foray afar on the sail-road.
Sea-worms and monsters : they sped on their mission
Furious, frantic ; they noted the uproar,
Clang of the war-horn. The prince of the Geats
With his arrowed bow robbed one of life,
Ended his sea-strife, so that in his vitals stood
The war-arrow hard. He was in the holm
Slower at swimming whom death stole away.
Soon he was in the current with boar-spears
Keen-pointed hardily grappled,
Fiercely attacked and to the ness tugged, —
The wondrous wave-beater. All the men stared
At the horrible monster. Beowulf girded him,
Put on his war-gear ; not for life was he anxious.
The war-burnie should, the hand-woven corselet,
Broad and gold-adorned, seek out the sea-bottom.
That which the bone-chamber well would protect,
That his breast by the battle-grip might not be injured ;
The attack of the raging one bring scath to his body.

But the bright shining helmet guarded his head,
 That in the mere-depths should be bathed by the sea ;
 Adorned with rich treasure should seek out the surges ;
 Encircled with jewels as, in the days that were by gone,
 The weapon-smith wrought it, wondrously worked it,
 Set a wild-boar's crest above it, that never thereafter
 Brand might it bite or battle-sword harm it.
 That was not then of good helpers the smallest,
 That in his need Hrothgar's herald now loaned him :
 To that hilted hand-sword had the name Hrunting been given,
 That was one of the foremost amongst the old treasures.
 The edge was of iron with poison-twigs painted ;
 Hardened with battle-gore, never failed it in battle
 Any man of all those who with right hand had clasped it,
 He who the horror-paths ventured to travel,
 The folk-place of fighters. That was not now the first time
 That by it heroic deeds should be done.
 Not now did he remember, the kinsman of Ecglaf
 Strong and stout-hearted, what he earlier stammered
 When with wine drunken ; as now his weapon he loaned
 To a better sword-master. He himself durst not
 Under the waves' turmoil adventure his life,
 Heroic deeds do ; there he resigned glory,
 Fame and renown. Not so with the other was it
 After he for the fighting stood girded and ready.

II.

BEOWULF'S STRUGGLE WITH THE MERE-WIFE.

BEOWULF spake, son of Ecgtheow : 2474
 " Bethink thyself now, great kinsman of Healfdene,
 Keen-witted folk-lord, now that I am for the enterprise ready,
 Gold-friend of men, of what we formerly spake, —
 If I, at thy call, ever should perish
 That thou would'st be to me always a parent ;

Stand for the departed in place of a father,—
Be thou protector to these trusty comrades,
Guard my faithful companions if the battle shall claim me.
Thus, too, with the treasure which thou once gavest me,
That send to Hygelac, Hrothgar beloved.
May the lord of the Geats then in that gold divine,
Hrethel's son see, when he stares on that treasure,
That I found a friend lordly and bountiful,
A giver of rings, whom I enjoyed while I might.
And do thou, Hunferth, let him have the heir-loom :
The bright battle-sword let the far-famed possess ;
Let him have the hard-edge. I will with Hrunting
Work out my doom, or death may claim me.”
After these words, the prince of the Geat people
Hasted heroically ; no answer
Would he abide ; the sea-wave received him,
Warrior heroic. Then was a day's space
E'er he of sea-bottom sign could discover.
Soon she who was queen of the realm 'neath the waters,
She who in hate for fifty years ruled there,
1500 She, grim and greedy, now marked it that there
The monsters' domain some man had invaded.
She cast herself on him, the warrior she grappled
With terrible claws ; yet not thus the sooner did harm
Reach his body hale : the burnie protected him,
That she might not the coat-of-mail penetrate,
The inter-locked link-shirt, with loathsome fingers.
Then the sea-wolf bore him when she to bottom came,
The ring-prince, to her dwelling,
So that he might not howsoe'er bold he was
Wield any weapon, while many a monster
Worried him in the water, many a sea-beast
With angry tusks tore his corselet,
Followed close on the hero. Then the earl saw
That he was in some sea-hall — of what sort he knew not —
Where no water could harm him ;

Nor for the roof-hall might the flood seize him
In grip unawares. Fire-light he saw,
A bright beacon, brilliantly shining.
Beheld then the brave one the she-wolf of the bottom,
The mighty sea-wife ; then gave he a stroke of might
With his battle-bill ; hand-swing he spared not :
So that 'bout her head the polished blade sang
A battle-song greedy. Then the guest found
That the battle brand would not bite well
Life to destroy, for the edge failed
The prince at his need. It endured formerly
Many a hand-meeting ; helmet often had cloven,
Corselet of doomed one : this was the first time
That power had failed to this costly treasure.
Once more was he resolute, lacked not in courage ;
Was mindful of fame, Hygelac's kinsman.
He cast down the etched blade with jewels adorned,
The warrior, in anger, that it lay on the earth,
Strong and steel-edged ; in strength now he trusted,
In the hand-grip of might. So shall a man do
When he thinketh in battle to gain
Long lasting fame, nor for his life careth. —
Caught her then by the shoulder (she did not long for the combat),
The prince of the Geats seized Grendel's mother,
Hurled her, bold in battle (he was bitterly wrathful),
His mortal foe, that she to the floor fell.
She him then quickly repaid for that gift-loan
With her grim claws, and caught again at him.
Stumbled then, when he was weary, the stoutest of warriors,
The fighter-on-foot, that he met with a fall.
She dropped on her hall-guest, drew forth her dagger
Broad and brown-edged, for her son would wreak vengeance,
Her only offspring. On Beowulf's shoulder lay
The breast-net well braided ; that saved his body,
'Gainst point and 'gainst edge entrance forbad.
Then had he departed, the son of Ecgtheow,

Under the sea-bottom, the Geats' champion,
Had not his battle-sark stood him in stead,
The hard coat-of-mail, and had not God the holy
Over-ruled victory, the Lord, the all-knowing ;
The Ruler of Heaven settled it righteously.
Easily after that Beowulf rose again.

III.

BEOWULF'S VICTORY.

1558 THERE was to be seen in midst of the war-gear a battle-brand
glorious :

Old sword of the giants, strong-edged and trusty ;
Famed 'mong the warriors, choicest of weapons.
But greater was it than any man other
Forth to the battle-play was able to carry, —
A good sword and splendid, this work of the giants.
Beowulf grasped then the ring-hilt, wolf of the Scyldings.
Raging and grim in mood he brandished the war-blade.
Hopeless of life, fiercely he smote
So that on her neck the sword firmly grappled,
Broke through the bone-rings ; burst the brand
Through her body fated to slaughter. She on the floor
cringed.

Blade was all bloody ; the hero exulted in victory.
The falchion flashed brightly ; light lingered in it,
Just as from heaven ever shines clearly
The firmament's candle. Round the hall glanced he,
Turned by the wall ; his weapon he grasped
Hard by the hilt, the strong thane of Hygelac,
Wrathful and resolute. Its edge was not useless
Now to the battle-prince, but he would swiftly
Grendel repay much of the war-shame
Erstwhile wrought on the folk of the West Danes,
Often more than once many times over,

When he the hearth-sharers of hoary King Hrothgar
Slew in their slumber, sleeping devoured them,
Of the Dane folk full fifteen men
And another such bore away with him,
A pitiful prey. He paid that loan now,
This bold warrior, as he saw in his rest
Weary of war, Grendel lying lifeless,
Deprived of earth-joy, just as disaster o'ertook him,
'The battle at Heorot. His body sprang far
When he after death the blow received,
The battle-stroke sturdy that struck off his head.
Soon that was seen ; the cunning churls saw,
They who with Hrothgar on the strand tarried,
Saw that the sea-surge was all commingled,
The flood stained with blood. The fair-haired
Elders concerning the bold one spake softly together
How they of the princeling never expected
That he victorious would come again seeking
Their great leader, since to so many it seemed
That the sea-wolf had doubtless destroyed him. 260
Then came the noon-tide ; forsook now the sea-cliff
All the brave Scyldings ; betook himself homeward
The gold-friend of men. Moody and heart-sick
The strangers still sat there, and stared on the sea.
They wist well the danger, weened not that their lord
Again they should see. The sword then began
Because of the battle-gore — clots of blood blurred it —
The war-blade, to vanish ; that was a wonder
That it all melted most like to ice
When the frost's fetters the father unlooses,
Unwinds the ice-ropes, he who power wieldeth
On times and tides ; that is true Creator.
Naught else took from that abode the prince of the Geats,
More of rich treasures though he many beheld there,
Naught save Grendel's head and the sword-hilt together,
Bright with gems : the blade had all burned,

The graved metal had melted, so hot was the blood
Of the strange spirit venomous, he who had perished.
Soon in the sea was he who had the strife bided,
War-onset of wroth ones, through the water dove upward.
The surge of the sea-waves all was now purified
All these wide spaces, when the weird spirit
Turned his back upon life-days, this fleeting creation.
Came then to shore the leader of sailors,
Stout-minded, swimming, joying in sea-booty,
The mighty burden borne by him.
They leaped then down towards him, thanked the Creator,
The brave band of war-thanes rejoiced in their leader
Because that safe and sound again they beheld him.
Then was from the hero helmet and corselet
Quickly unloosened. The lake became putrid,
Water under the welkin with slaughter-gore fouling.
Then fared they homeward forth by the foot-paths
Heartily happy. The earth-ways they measured,
Highways familiar. Picked men and bold
Bore from the sea-cliff the head of the demon,
No easy burden to any one of them.
Of the very courageous four were commanded
On the spear-shaft to laboriously bear
To the gold-hall Grendel's head,
Until that together to hall came a-going
Fourteen of the Geat-men, famous fighters ;
Mighty among them, Beowulf marched o'er the meadows.

II. KING HORN.

[A metrical romance belonging to the thirteenth century. Several ballads of "King Horn," or "Hynde Horn," are included in the collection of English and Scottish Ballads, edited by Professor Francis J. Child of Harvard University. The following selection is a rendering based upon the text edited by Theodor Wissmann, published in the forty-fifth number of "Quellen und Forschungen," Trübner, Strassburg and London, 1881.]

HOW HORN AND HIS COMRADES WERE SAVED FROM THE PAGANS, AND
HOW HORN WAS LOVED OF MAIDEN RYMENHILD.

THE youths met with Ailmar, king ;
Christ give him his own blessing !
King he was of Westernness ;
Christ give him his own bliss !

159

He spake soft to Horn child
Words that were right mild :
" Fair youths, where were ye reared,
That hither to land have steered ?
Lo ! here be ye thirteen,
Of body fair and bold, I ween.

" By God that made me,
Such a fair comradrie
Saw I never stand
In our western land !
What ye seek I pray thee tell."
Horn spake for them all right well.

He spake for them all,
For so it must of right befall.
He was of all fairést
And in wit he was the best.

" We be from the South Danes' place,
And come of a goodly race ;
Of Christian blood,
And kings noble and good.

" Pagans there 'gan to arrive
And left there none alive.
They smote and they slew
Of Christian men not a few.

" So now may Christ me rede ;
Us then they did lead
Down to a little boat
And on the sea set us afloat.

" A day is gone and yet another ;
Without a sail, without a rudder
Our ship began to swim
Straight forth to this land's rim.

" Now thou mayst us slay, or bind
Our hands fast behind ;
But, and if it be thy will,
Help that we fare not ill."

Then spake the good king —
I wis in sooth he was no carling :—
" Child thy name thou shalt me tell ;
Naught shall tide thee here but well."

So soon as ever he heard
Horn child spake this blithe word :
" Horn am I hote,
Come up out of boat
From the sea side.
King, well thee betide !"

"Horn child," quoth the king,
 "Well deserv'st thou thy naming!
 Horn goeth clear and shrill
 By dale and by hill;
 Horn soundeth loud and clear
 Over dale and over mere.

"So shall thy name spring
 From king to king,
 And thy fairness
 Throughout Westerness;

"The strength of thy hand
 Into every land.
 Horn thou hast won my heart,
 Ne'er shalt thou from me depart."

In the court and out
 And elsewhere all about
 Loved men Horn child;
 And most of all did Rymenhild.

The own daughter of the king,
 She 'gan to pine with oft sighing.
 She so loved Horn child,
 That nigh she 'gan wax wild.

For she might not at board
 Never with him speak one word,
 Nor yet in the hall
 Among the young knights all.

She sent secret word
 To Athelbrus, her steward
 That he Horn should bring,
 To her bower for her playing.

Athelbrus went on his way,
Found Horn in hall that day
Before the king at board,
Wine to pour for his lord.

“Horn,” quoth he, “to me attend;
To bower now shalt thou wend
After meal tide
With Rymenhild to bide.

“Words like these in sooth are bold,
In thy heart must thou them hold:
Horn be now to me true,
Never shall it cause thee rue.”

Horn in heart laid
All that he him said.
He went then aright
To Rymenhild the bright.

On his knees Horn fell,
Rymenhild he greeted well.
He spake fair speech
Nor was there need him to teach.

“King’s steward our
Sent me to thy bower;
With thee speak I should,
Tell me what thou would.
Say and I shall hear;
Make thy will to me more clear.”

Rymenhild up ’gan stand
And took Horn by the hand.
By her side she made Horn place,
Right lovingly did him embrace;

A cup of wine for him did fill,
And oft she kissed him at her will.

"Welcome Horn," she said,
"How fair hath Christ thee made !
At even and a' morrow
For thee have I such sorrow :
Rest have I never none ;
Sleep hath from me gone.
Listen now to this my sorrow
Or I live not till the morrow.

"Thou shalt without strife
Have me to thy wife.
Horn, have pity on my pain ;
Plight me thy troth again."

Horn there himself bethought
What then to say he ought.
"Christ," quoth he, "thee bless
And give thee heaven's bliss
In thy husband
Where'er he be in land !

"I am of birth too low
Such women to know.
I am come of thrall
And a foundling am withall.
It were no fair wedding
Betwixt a thrall and a king."

Then 'gan Rymenhild to moan :
Adown she fell in a swoon.
Horn's heart was then full wo ;
Took her in his arms two,
'Gan her for to kiss
Right oft as I wis.

"Leman," he said, "dear,
Let thy heart now take cheer.
Help me become knight
With all thy might,
To my lord the king
That he give me dubbing.

"Then is my thrallhood
I 'turned into knighthood ;
And I shall wax more
And do, leman, all thy lore."

Rymenhild, that sweet thing,
Wakened then from her swooning :
"Horn," quoth she, "right soon
That shall be all done.
Thou shalt be dubbed knight
Ere be gone a sennight."

III. ARCADIA.

[From "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," begun by its author, Sir Philip Sidney, in 1580, and first published after his death, in 1590.]

THIS country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who, finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life, are the only people which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy them ; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing-place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

IV. THE DELECTABLE HISTORIE OF FORBONIUS AND PRISCERIA.

["The Delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria" (1584) is neither better nor worse than the average romance of the Elizabethan age. In ingenuity of plot, and the poetry of its sentiment, it is surpassed by some; but the uncouthness and artificiality which characterize it are the common attributes of the sixteenth-century romance, and the "Forbonius and Prisceria" may be taken as fairly representative of its kind. Lodge's "Rosalynde," to which reference has been made already (page 29), is a much prettier and more elaborate work; but its greater length, and the fact that it is easily accessible in cheap and convenient form, led to the selection for insertion here of the "Historie," which is given entire, except that the eclogue of Arvalio is omitted as unnecessary. The "Forbonius and Prisceria" has been edited for the Shakespeare Society, by David Laing, London, 1853; the "Rosalynde" is included in various editions of "As You Like It," and has been edited by Henry Morley, in Cassell's National Library (10 cents); the Complete Works of Thomas Lodge are edited, in three volumes, for the Hunterian Club, by Edmund Gosse, Glasgow, 1883.]

IN Memphis (the chiefest city of Ægypt) a place most renowned by reason of the opulency of the princes that have governed that monarchy: at such time as Sisimithres was head priest of the same and Hydarpes governor of the province, a noble gentleman called Forbonius (highly accounted of for his unreprouvable prowess, and among the best sort allowed of for his unspeakable virtues) made his abode, whose tender years not yet subject to the experience of more riper judgment (as the winding ivy about the stately oak) entangled itself with many amorous objects, now allowing this choice, now approving that person, straight admitting a third. But the fates having registered his last opinion in everlasting and permanent destiny, made his manifold aspects (as yet not staid) to light upon one seemly impression, and to allow of but one only paragon: yet so sealed they his opinion, as (if it be true that the gods ever were lascivious) I think the chiefest commander of the heavens might

vouchsafe of such dalliance, and be only amorous in this that knowing heavenly perfections to be resident in earthly substance, he would either borrow fire of Venus to make the creature pliable, or carry fire into the heavens from whence Prometheus first did steal lightning. Favorable was the climate, that allowing universally to all the creatures it compassed only, blackness, vouchsafed Prisceria (Forbonius' mistress) such sweet savor, who borne of noble parents within the city, (as of Soldyvius, viceroy of the province adjoining to the city, and Valdyvia, daughter and heir of Theagines of Greece, the copartner of sorrow with Carriclela, the strange born child of the Ægyptian king :) not only matched all titles of honor with exquisiteness of proportion, but also so coupled the perfections of the mind, with the proportion of the body, as rather nature might disdain her industry, not art repent her of the dowery she had granted her: this sweet fixt comet coasted Forbonius' affections, who like the careful mariner, having (amidst the frosty night) sought for his lodestar, and at break of morning (his eyes almost dazzled with looking) found it out: so our noble young gentleman, having passed over many personages with a slight over-look, at last finding out his mistress allotted him by fate, yielded willingly unto importunity of the destinies, and won altogether to be subject, being captived with fancy, he applied himself wholly to the accomplishment of his desires, and the attainment of his mistress' favor: and for that the Goddess of love is plyable to all benignity, as not suffering a true servitor to be long unrewarded: it so fortune'd, that she prosperously furthered our noble Ægyptian in his purpose, preferring him by opportunity to the sight of his desired pleasures: for the propinquity of their abode was such, as that Prisceria's chamber window had a prospect into Forbonius' garden, by which means, the gentleman in his meditations might behold his mistress, and Prisceria (being by the equity of the destinies prefigured to strange misfortune) might have occasion to look, and seeing, might love: but as this conveniency was favorable one way, so was the froward disposition of the parents untoward on the other part for Soldyvius, whether led thereto by

appointment, or driven to the exigent, by some former malice borne by the progenitors of Forbonius : had neither a liking to the youth, nor a longing to have his daughter married : either led by covetousness, for that he would not stress his coffers, or by envy, for that he contemned Forbonius : yet what is concluded secretly amidst the heavens cannot be circumvented with man's circumspection : for Forbonius as one which depended only on the favor of Prisceria, thought fortune had bereft him of occasion to enjoy yet would not he be severed from the benefit to behold her whom he loved : who warmed with the same fire, in increasing his flame, kindled her own fancy, and being as willing as the other to procure remedy to her passion, with many change of colors and sundry sweet aspects, opened that to her servant, which he wished for in his mistress : who (with like sorrows requiting every circumstance) as one willing and born to attempt : at such time as Prisceria solitarily solaced herself at her window : in mournful melody (making his lute tunable to the strain of his voice) he recorded this sonnet.

The turtle pleased with his she compeer,
 With sweet aspects, and many a turning lure,
 Describes the zeal in terms should well appear,
 If nature were so gracious to assure
 The silly bird with speech as well as I :
 Who stopt of speech by turns my woes discry.
 And though perhaps my terms by distance be,
 Seajoined from thee : I wis my mournful mone,
 Doth pierce thine ears, and echo tells for me,
 In sour reports : would she and I were one.
 For whom I live, and whom I only love,
 Whose sweet aspects my dying fancies move.

And if the air by yielding calm consent,
 Make sweet Prisceria privy to my suit,
 Vouchsafe dear sweet that beauty may relent,
 And grant him grace, whom distance maketh mute :
 So either hope shall make me climb the sky,
 Or rude repulse enforce my fancies fly.

Prisceria not altogether privy to the report, yet concluding all purposes to her own fantasy, conceiving by his manifold sighs, aspects and motions, where-unto he applied his actions, with a solemn sigh, as wishing him present, and a seemly bent, as requiting his courtesy, betook herself to her pillow, where comparing every accident together, both of the zeal she bare to Forbonius, and of the proffer he proffered to her, she brake out into these speeches.

Alas (unhappy Prisceria) what untoward destiny hath befallen thee? That in thy flowering years and prime of beauty, thou art become a thrall to uncertain pleasure, neither knowing from whence the error first sprung, nor by what treacles it may at last be expelled. If it be that nature envying my perfections hath allotted me this purgatory, that having at free beck all the benefits of fortune, yet I should with inward bonds be enchained with the holdfast of fancy. Alas that in prefixing the torment, she hath not proffered a remedy, or in bestowing an ulcer, hath not vouchsafed a corrosive. How strangely am I martyred, silly maid that I am? That by one only look have conceived such an impression, as neither art can alter with medicine, nor time eat out with continuance.

Wo is me that I love, yet fortunate am I that I hate not, for by the one I am deprived of liberty, by the other I shall overpass the sorrow by sureness. Yet are my thoughts more favorable to thee Prisceria, than the success in thy love will be fortunate. Thou lovest Forbonius, and why? for his virtue: yet thy father hateth him upon old grudges, with whom when rancor prevaleth, what may be more looked for, than contempt and denial? But Forbonius seeketh Prisceria's favor not Soldyvius' friendship: but Prisceria cannot enjoy Forbonius without Soldyvius' favor. But Forbonius will by happy marriage conclude all malice, but thy father having an envious mind, will have a suspicious ear. Alas why imagine I wonders in my fancy, hoping that those destinies (which enthralled my affection) will subject my father's resolutions: since neither reason alloweth me any probability to work upon, neither hath Forbonius any motion as I see to compass

ought : well, to the satisfaction of my friend, and to the contentment of my sorrowing heart : my friend shall know my zeal, and I will continue my affection, which being begun with so wonderful causes, must needs finish with a miraculous effect.

With these conclusions she fell asleep, leaving me to return to Forbonius, who being tormented with the same fury, and troubled with equal fancy, seeing his light to be eclipsed, I mean his mistress vanished, began heavily to complain himself in these or such-like terms.

Alas you destinies, whose courses are inevitable : how fortuneth it, that in bestowing casualties in man's life, you prescribe not means to prevent misfortunes? and only beginning to fester the heart, prefix no precedents, whereby the humors may be expelled. If all things are to be referred unto an end, what may I well imagine of my estate? Who intercepted by all occasions, must either finish my misfortunes miserably, or desperately. O love, justly mayest thou be counted licentious, whereas thou neither prescribest limit to thyself, to enthrall : nor means to thy subjects to attain liberty. But why exclaim I on him, that hath blest me with a benefit? as though the fate that made Forbonius happy in loving, cannot establish his success, as that it shall not be measured by misfortune. I glory in the benefit of my martyrdom, since a certain inward hope assureth me, that divine beauty cannot be sequestered from just pity, nor a tried service in love, requited with a disdainful hate. But foolish man that I am, how may it be, that in seeking beauty, I labor not to attain it? and desiring to enjoy a benefit, I attempt not to make trial of my mistress' bounty? Why, by last night's beck she vouchsafed some show of acceptance : and that may as well be of reproof as liking. (O Forbonius,) it is a silly hope that is conceived by signs, either attempt further, or persuade thyself of no favor. Her father (silly wretch) envieth thee, and thinkest thou to compass his daughter? Alas, faint hope is this when as those that should build up, do destroy : when such as should persuade, do dissuade : when as he that doth command most earnestly, doth forbid. But love hath no respect of consanguinity, but having

only relation to him which he favoreth, delighteth only in the possession of his choice, yet is not Forbonius, sure she loveth : well, I see he that will be fortunate must hazard and that man that will be gracious in his mistress' eye, must by outward attempts and unaccustomed purposes, seek to confirm his happiness.

Whereupon (upon sundry conclusions) he inferred thus, that the next day, by certain rare attempts, he would either finish that he had so long sought for, or perish in the performance of his enterprise : and the day serving to attempt that which he imagined by night, he bethought himself of the Gymnosophists of the country, among whom remembering one of singular experience, and notable learning, he resorted unto him, opening first, how he was enthralled by fancy, how precluded by all occasions, especially by the father's disdain, next, how some opportunity served him, lastly how the agony tormented him, desiring the philosopher, whose wisdom could see into all causes, to search out the fatal exigent of his love. Appollonius (for so the Gymnosophist was called) having calculated the gentleman's nativity, and seeing some planets retrogate : covering the asperity of the destinies, with the hidden secrecy of an artist, discoursed thus.

O Forbonius, if as Socrates did his gold, thou drown thy affections, it would follow that with him thou shouldest enjoy free liberty of thyself, and not suffer thy affects to rule thy reason. Art thou bewitched by Circes of a human shape hast thou gotten a beastly form? of a man born to reasonable actions, wilt thou not swallow an unreasonable misfortune? If many cares be the decayers of the mind, if many sorrows the consumers of the body, better were it by day to study the liberal sciences, than at such time as we should employ ourselves to honorable attempts, to become unhonorably licentious. Alas Forbonius considering what a lover is, what a lover suffereth, what a lover seeketh, I find the person idle minded, I find his patience an insupportable sorrow, I find himself not himself, in that he is unreasonable. The daily actions of a lover are discommendable, the night exclamations so odious, as that they are in this covert nature, who shadowing the world with darkness, limiting each creature his rest, yet they even

in that time labor in outcries, in which they should take convenient rest. My good friend, the greatest wisdom is to measure every attempt with his casualties, and if aught happen that may seem impossible, to cast off the rein and suffer it to pass in that form it was concluded in. Thou lovest (Forbonius,) better were it thou didst loath : for by loathing thou canst but be counted unnatural, but by loving thou mayst fortune to be unfortunate. If all things are ordered by the higher powers, it is vain you must conclude to infringe what is concluded on, if the destinies have appointed ; that Forbonius shall not be happy in enjoying Prisceria, Forbonius is not reasoning in suing for Prisceria. Unhappy Paris in Helen, though fortunate in enjoying her beauty : but when love begins with a fading benefit, it endeth with an everlasting sorrow. The conclusion of a wise man must be, to yield to the necessity of Fate, and to continue contented with that which cannot be altered by succession. Tell me by the immortal gods, my good friend I beseech thee, what happiness conceivest thou possible to follow, either in enjoying thy lady, or finishing thy love? Alas, the greatest sweet is a continual sour, and after many unfortunate repulses a sudden misfortune makes an end of many a year's courting. I speak all this to this end (my Forbonius) because I would prevent that by counsel in thee, which otherwise (if thou follow thine own lure) will be a confusion to thyself. Thou comest to me for counsel to compass love, and I would confirm thee, that thou shouldest avoid the occasion of following love. Thou wouldest by my means strain art to subdue nature, yet I labor both to direct by art, and to suppress by nature. Truly (my good friend) looking but to the hidden secrets of nature, I find thee subject to many misfortunes, and no way to be remedied but by one only virtue. Thou shalt (after long toils) compass that thou hopest for, yet when thy greatest pleasures begin to take the original : even then shall they find their exigent. Since therefore the revolutions of the heavens conclude, that by only continent forbearance, thou shalt be disburdened of many misfortunes, I beseech thee let this transitory pleasure be accounted of as it is, and finish up thy

love with my counsel: so shalt thou be fortunate in preventing destiny, and continue in happiness, where too much love may make thee unlucky.

Forbonius led by the inconstant opinion of his young years, not weighing the grave and fatherly counsel of Appollonius, answered him thus.

O Father, when the wound is given, it is ill counselling how to avoid the strife, and when the heart is captivated, there can be but small recovery by counsel; how were it possible for me to restrain that in myself, which the gods could not limit in their deities? easy it is for the whole physician to counsel the sick patient, but when the extremity wringeth excessively, none bideth the martyrdom but the afflicted. O Appollonius, my mind measureth not the iniquity of fate, neither do I seek limits for that, which by no direction can be exterminated from out my heart so that good father rather respect my present suit, than my future discommodity, and by your counsel make end to my sorrows: whereby it will thus come to pass, that enjoying the pleasure I long wish for, I may more boldly bear the assault of froward fortune when it cometh. If it be only death, that my enemy fate threateneth me with, let me enjoy this benefit, as for Fortune, I will friend to her enemy, the which is the grave, and acquainting my soul but with the only idea of my mistress, think myself as happy, as they that have walked by Elysian fields a long space to their content.

Appollonius willing to do him good, yet sorry that he could not prevail with his counsel, at length began thus.

Since my Forbonius, thou wilt be ruled by no counsel, thou must be partaker of thine own sorrow. As for thy request, I will so satisfy thee, as not only thou shalt at thy pleasure conceive thy mistress' mind, but also open unto her the secrets of thy heart, by which means thou shalt herein have accomplishment of thy wish, though in so doing thou show but little wisdom. Whereupon, resorting to his study, he brought forth a mirror of notable operation, a practicke in prospective, which delivering to Forbonius, he commended it thus.

O my friend, I deliver thee that here to feed thy humor, which was composed to comprehend art. In this mirror thou mayest after thou hast written thy mind : taking the sun-beam, send the reflection to thy mistress' eye, whereby she may as legibly read thy letters, as if they were in her hands, and by thy instructions made privy to the secrets of thy glass, return thine answer in that very form in which thou sendest. For the rest, I leave it to your discretions, and good fortune, wishing all things to fall out as prosperously in your love as you would, and as I wish.

Our noble youth (in amours) having furnished himself of that he sought for, repaired unto his study where devising in what terms he might solicit his mistress, at last he cyphered out his sorrows in this sequel.

That fancy that hath made me thrall to thy beauty (sweet Prisceria) commendeth my submission to thy good grace : beseeching thee to be as favorable in ministring a remedy, as thy beauty was ready to procure my thralldom. I make no resist in this my loving torment, but only yield myself subject to the impression. May it therefore please thee (sweet Prisceria) to be as beneficial in this, as the gods are in their bounty, who for every faithful interatie¹ return a grateful satisfaction. And herein may thou see my faith to be stedfast, since art itself serveth opportunities, and ministrerth me both a means to open my hidden sorrows, and thee a messenger to bewray thy silent secrets. I beseech thee (by the sweet statues that are builded for the goddess that is honored in Paphos,) to be as just in returning favor, as I am forward in bewraying my fancy : so shalt thou have the possession of him, that is by destinies appointed thy assured beadsman, and I enjoy those pleasures in which I may be only fortunate. Till then I must write myself as I am, The most unhappiest lover that liveth.

FORBONIUS.

This cyphered out in fair characters, and disposed in such terms as his fancy then prefixed him he took his way into his garden, waiting some necessary opportunity, to put his proposed

¹ Entreaty.

attempt in practice and to bewray his woes to Prisceria: who wounded with the remembrance of Forbonius' perfections, and seeing no way but his presence a mean to expel sorrow, betook herself to her accustomed prospect, and with longing looks she leveled at his love, which was already stricken with her beauty.

The gentleman fitted by these convenient occasions began his philosophical demonstration, and taking his aspect as necessarily as he might, he presented Prisceria with his pensive submission: who confirmed by so convenient opportunity, betaking herself with all speed possible to her study, and by a beck charging him with no less dispatch to give attendance: she gave answer to his amorous entreaties with this gracious affability.

The climate Forbonius whereunder I was born, (believe me) either hath prefigured me the destiny to be enamored by thee, or thee the subject that should besot me: and truly herein the working of the gods are secret, who employ such thoughts in me as now by thy letters I find wrought in thee making a unity in both those hearts, who by reason of parents' envies, are like to find fatal conclusions. And whereas by necessity of fate I find myself wholly captivated to thy pleasures, I doubt not but that God whom we honor for his brightness, and who by his lightning ministreth to our misfortunes, will be favorable in our proceedings. For me, if thy constancy be such as my true zeal is, I beseech thee by the same goddess to succor me, by whom I found myself first enthralled and made subject to thee: meanwhile I will write as thyself, and rest as I am. The most unhappiest lover that liveth.

PRISCERIA.

These conclusions being ministered with the same aspects they were proffered, the two poor couple had no other means to note the effect of their private joys, but only by silent smiles, gracious regards, and trickling tears, and suchlike amorous actions, each one wishing the other, either happy in possessing their delight, or fortunate, if by death they relieved of their sorrow: and being intercepted by the closure of the evening, they betook themselves both of them to their restless pillows, concluding upon many

purposes, how to finish their languishing and tormenting martyrdom. Forbonius as one born to attempt, concluded with himself, considering how favorably all occasions fawned upon him, to attempt the stealing away of Prisceria: who poor fool in careful dreams imagining of her day's fancies, was forestalled of all favor by the unhappy approach of her father, who furnished with all worldly policies to prevent what he disliked, and to compass that he suspected: perceiving by his daughter's solemn aspects, some secret sorrow that troubled her, having remembered that axiom of the philosophers, that dreams are the prefigurations of day's sorrow, watched his time so nearly, that even at that very instant he entered the chamber of his daughter, when drowned in her sweet delightful dreams, she began at his entry to cry out thus. O fortunate Forbonius! which her father marking very precisely, and concluding whereupon the sigh took his holdfast, awaking his daughter on a sudden, very cunningly compassed her thus.

O my Prisceria, let it not seem strange unto thee, to behold thine aged father's unaccustomable access, since he is now perplexed with unacquainted fears.

Alas my daughter, thy father seeing thee beautiful, is not careless of thy comfort, neither can he that labored to bring thee to light, suffer thee to pass thy days in loathsome dislike. At this instant when I entered thy chamber, in thy dream (as me seemed) thy soul betokening (as it should seem) some day's sorrow or pleasure, exclaimed thus: O fortunate Forbonius, thou knowest how hateful the person thou didst name is to thy father, who if he be fortunate in thy dowery, I love him: I shall esteem him unfortunate in the favor thou wilt assure him: who being a collop of my flesh, wilt not allow of that, which is loathsome to thy father: O Prisceria Soldyvius seeth, and thy secret dreams bewray that the fortunacy of Forbonius is either unfortunate for thyself, or not allowable by thy father's opinion. Thy change of constitution, thy hidden sorrow, my sweet child made me suspicious, but now the very true messenger of thy mind confirming me, I must without circumstance conclude, that Prisceria loveth

her father's enemy, that Prisceria desireth Forbonius' favor, and detesteth her father's choice, which if it be so, O my daughter, I fear me thy love will not be so favorable, as my disdain bitter, wherefore if thou art entangled, since thou knowest my opinion, forbear, or if no wisdom will conclude thee within limits, my displeasure shall exclude thee from out all benefit of my favor. Choose now Prisceria, whether with calm persuasions thou wilt yield to my bent, or by unaccustomed displeasure be partaker of thy father's wrath.

Upon these conclusions, Prisceria all abashed, shaking off the drowsiness of her dreaming, made answer to Soldyvius in these terms.

These strange suppositions, my good father, argue the slender opinion of yourself, who by the uncertaintest signs that may be, confirm your opinion as you please. In my dream you said I called Forbonius fortunate, and may it not be, that as my tongue uttered that it thought not, your mind imagineth that which is not? counting every light shadow a substance, and every little similitude of truth, an undoubted demonstration. Did I call thine enemy fortunate? Truly, father, I fear me I might justly conclude it, for he poor gentleman little dreameth on displeasures, when at such time as rest should occupy your senses, you must travail in your rancor: by certain tokens as you say, you conclude, that I am affectionate, and by this silly conclusion of a dream, you infer an undoubted truth, that I am enamored with Forbonius, and if perhaps the necessity of the fates be such, Prisceria shall find herself happy in loving Forbonius, by those means her father may cease rancour, and take rest, and his daughter satisfied with that she seeketh for be no farther troubled with dreaming fantasies.

Soldyvius perceiving by these speeches the certainty of his daughter's affection, as one altogether enraged, calling up his wife, and raising his servants, left the silly maid all amazed at his sudden departure, whereas the old man exclaiming upon the disobedience of his daughter, and thundering out many revenges against poor Prisceria, caused his horses to be saddled, and per-

force (contrary to her expectation) made her be conveyed to Farnusium, a manor house of his own, a place for the solitariness more fit for a Tymon, than convenient for a beautiful lady, the only company there being shepherds, who upon the vast mountains recorded the praise of the country favorer, Pan, and the rural amity between them and their country lasses. Thus from stately court, from the regards of her sweet friend, from the pleasures that follow the city, her companions were rural maidens, her retinue frolic shepherds: whose slight capacity not yielding any comfort to allay the gentlewoman's sorrowing made her (to her more heart grief) continue her pensiveness, and suffer her conceived sorrow in silence. But to repeat the moan on the other side that amorous Forbonius made, when by certain report he had notice of his mistress' departure, were wonderful; who being in himself altogether confounded, not knowing where to find her out which was the only mistress of his fantasy, Lord! with how many sighs breathed he forth his sorrow, and compassed on every side with despairing joys, in the very same garden where before he repeated his pleasures, he in these wailful terms recounted his miseries:

Alas unfortunate Ægyptian, whose faithful affections are so immutable, as thy natural color is unstainable. How injurious are the destinies? that granting thee life, they daily hasten thy destruction, that vouchsafing thee pleasure, they suffer it not to be permanent: that admitting thee the benefit of beauty's good grace, they deprive thee of the possession and blessing of that thou desirest: Alas what shall befall me? when the glory of my eyes are dimmed? when the pleasures of my heart are determined? when she whom I love nearest is farther off from my presence? when the injurious repulses of the father, makes every attempt of Forbonius unfortunate. Wo is me, what way may I imagine to make an end of my misery? Should I with despairing rashness finish up the catastrophe of my troubles? Should I being bereft of her by whom I live, dispossess myself of that she most doth like? Should I making myself only fortunate by the allay of my sorrows, leave Prisceria to her daily mournings, both to lament

my deceasure, and her froward destiny? No Forbonius, it is but vain quiet that is to her discontentment, who being equally enthralled with thyself, will as willingly be partaker of thy torment as thyself. But why wail I thus in feminine sorrow, when my happiness is to be accomplished by manly attempt? Soldyvius' rigor hath caused Prisceria's absence, yet cannot the father's displeasure determine the daughter's love. She liveth to thy wish Forbonius, she loveth to thy weal, Forbonius, she will be constant til death Forbonius, why shouldest thou then leave her unsought, for Forbonius? Attempt vain man to seek out thine assured, let not the distance of place disannul thy good hap? Soldyvius' banishment is concluded within the limits of Egypt, and since it is so, either Forbonius will attain her he desireth, or avenge the unjust rigor of an injurious father.

Upon this resolution, as a man quite dispossessed of himself, he hasted to Appollonius, recounting unto him how all things had fortun'd, beseeching him (not without foison¹ of tears) to seek out by art where Prisceria was conversant, and to direct him by counsel, who altogether was confounded with despair. Appollonius by exterior signs conceiving the interior heart's grief, and seeing the poor young gentleman martyred so miraculously, comparing times and revolutions attained to the knowledge of her abroad, and concluding in himself to comfort him, which almost despaired, he spake thus to Forbonius.

My good friend, whence groweth it, that the nobility of thy ancestors? nor thy forepassed attempts? neither the benefit of thy mistress' favor can confirm thee, but that thou wilt be careful for that which thou hast already almost compassed. Pluck up your heart my sweet Forbonius, for thy Prisceria is not far from thee. Farnusium a manor house of her father's seated east out of this city, whereas she is so circumspectly locked into that not by any means, unless by secret and convenient policy, thou canst come to the accomplishment of thy desire. Thou must therefore, attyred altogether like a shepherd, depart this city, and by some con-

¹ Plenty.

venient means procure the keeping of some one farmer's sheep, which is resident among those mountains, by whose means thou shalt fall in acquaintance with the garden¹ of thy mistress, called Sotto, and having convenient occasion to satisfy thy affection, possess thyself of that thou hast long desired.

Forbonius concluding his reply with hearty thanks, suddenly departed, and remembering himself of one Corbo, a tenant of his, which had his mansion house very conveniently, seated hard by the manor house of Soldyvius, he hastily shaped his journey unto him, and making him privy to that he desired, and swearing him to be constant and continue secret, he betook himself to the keeping of his tenant's sheep, and not forgetting to drive his flock near unto the lawn whereas Soldyvius' servants graised their sheep, he so demeaned himself, that not only he attained the favor of Sotto which he sought for, but also for his courteous affability was accounted of among the whole troop of herdsmen for the best singer, and tunablest musician. His Eclogues were so delectable, and the delivery of them so delicate. Whereupon by good fortune it so fell out, that Forbonius under the colorable name of Arvalio, was desired by Sotto, to resort unto the manor house, who informed him of all that happened, telling him of the careful demeanor of his sorrowing young mistress, who pleased with nothing but with solitary music, pined herself away with melancholy, and not without cause, (said he), for my old master hath forbid me the admitting of any one to her presence, not suffering her to pass the limits of my wary eye: nor allowing her to walk without the castle walls for her recreation. For my sake therefore chant her some melody, and resort with me to a convenient arbor within our garden, whereas she walking for her recreation, may perhaps take some delight in thy sorrowful mournings, in that they most fit her fantasy. Forbonius as willing to wend, as he desirous to persuade, accompanied Sotto to Farnusium, where having a place appointed him to apply his eclogues and the goddess before him whom he should divine² upon, he under these secrets described his passions. [Here

¹ Collier reads "garden[er]." Arber suggests "guardian."

² Devise.

follows an eclogue of some two hundred verses, wherein Arvalio sings the beauty of his mistress and describes her charms.]

This delectable eclogue finished by the amorous Forbonius, gave occasions to Prisceria to satisfy the thoughts that then troubled her fantasy. For confounded in herself, not knowing what to conclude of that the shepherd Arvalio had reported, yet well nigh persuades¹ that the reporter was he she liked of, with a seemly grace, not minding to incur the lightest suspicion, turning toward Forbonius, whose hand was on his half-penny,² she said thus.

Gentle Shepherd, that nymph thou lovest should alter from womanhood, that considering thy true zeal, and exquisite proportions, would not requite thy loyalty, with the benefit of her love. Truly Madame (answered the imagined Arvalio) and I think myself gracious in this, that for her whom I love I am enjoined this torment, whereupon turning himself aside, and drying up the tears which should bewray his fancy, he was at last known by Prisceria, who altogether amazed at the presence of Forbonius, forgetting wellnigh the infortunacy she was entangled in, cast her arms about his neck, yet coloring with a seemly disdain to shadow her opinion and blindfold subtil Sotto, she said thus. Truly shepherd, if I may prevail with thy mistress, thou shalt not be unrewarded for this courtesy: and Madame (said Forbonius) might I counsel your ladyship, you should not sorrow for that may be compassed at your pleasure.

This said, Sotto taking Arvalio by the hand, took his leave of his young mistress thus: My young lady, I as studious of your pleasure as may be, have brought you this young shepherd to laugh at, and if his music like you, you shall have every day at the least a lay or two. And herein shalt thou do me no small pleasure said Prisceria? and so with a seemly regard shaping a loth departure, the two shepherds resorted to their flocks, Arvalio altogether amazed at his mistress' beauty, and Sotto very jocund he had fitted his young lady's fancy so well: whereupon the old shep-

Persuad[ed]. — DAVID LAING.

² "On his guard;" hence "to dissemble." — GROSART.

herd, turning to our solitary and distressed Arvalio, said thus, what makes thee thus solemn my youthly compeer? cease to grieve thyself about those things that may be compassed, if thou love, time shall eat out that which treacle cannot, and thou shalt either be fortunate in possessing her thou desirest, or in overpassing thy passions with good government, leave love to those that like her. Arvalio not to seek¹ of courteous humanity, gave him this answer. O Sotto, it is not the love that grieveth me, but the means to compass love: I labor not to attain love, but to possess the profits of my long service in love: as for time, it may work wonders in them that are repulsed: but when Cupid is gracious, and occasions unfortunate, think you that this is not a bitter sour? Yea, but answered Sotto, and if it be so Arvalio pluck up thy spirits and doubt thou not, but if thou prove diligent in pleasing my young mistress, I mean not to be idle, if I may know whom thou likest of. As for that doubt not, said our disguised Forbonius, for since I know by thy only means my love is to be compassed, I will not stick in so slight a pleasure to profit, when as by thy means I may only succor myself. In such like terms passing over their wearisome walk: at last they betook themselves each of them to the folding of their sheep, for it was well nigh night, and the sun was steeped in the ocean: whereupon Arvalio the shepherd, becoming now Forbonius indeed, hasted him home unto his tenant's house, making him both privy of his happy fortune, and concluding with himself how to perform that he wished for, and for that long travail requireth some quiet, he betook himself to rest: where recompensing all his night's wakings, with a quiet sleep: at dawn of day he returned in his counterfeit habit unto the field, and unfolding his flock, he drave them unto those pastures, that were adjoining to Sotto's walk: who no sooner spied Arvalio, but saluting him very courteously, he earnestly entreated him (setting all excuses apart) to go to Farnusium, and in the best sort that he might to solace the unfortunate Prisceria, who only waiting that occasion, commending his flock to the over-sight of the old man and accompanied with Saracca

¹ Not deficient in. — GROSART.

the daughter of the old Sotto, he was presented to his desired, within the castle, who by the absence of Sotto finding all occasions to serve her turn, having sent silly Saracca about some sleeveless errand, she taking the occasion proffered, said thus to Forbonius: Blest be that sweet conceit of thine (O my friend), which to the unfortunate rigor of my father, hath adopted so convenient an end. Now mayest thou with as great pleasures enjoy thy desired, as with deep perplexities thou hast sorrowed in her absence. Now neither distance can sever us from embracing, nor the watchful eye of my father intercept thee of thy wish. See here thy Prisceria, who though the fates work never so contrary, will live to Forbonius and only love Forbonius.

This said, with many kisses comforting him which was almost overcome with pleasant imaginations, she was returned this answer by her most assured favorer.

O Prisceria, if overpressed with many suspicious thoughts, if made partaker of the infernal tortures in Phlegethon, if subject to the punishment of the daughters of Danaus, or affixed to the torture that martyreth Titius,¹ I should be confirmed by this only benefit in opinion, and made constant in all misfortunes, yea, even to overcome the insupportable travails of the sisters, and be enabled with constancy to subdue all torments whatsoever, by remembrance only of one gracious regard. It is neither thy father's rancor sweet Prisceria, nor distance of place, nor any one occasion whatsoever, can either sequester me of my hope, nor thee of the possession of thy wished: cast off therefore all doubt of after dole, and assure yourself, that as this pleasure hath his original this present instant, so by my means ere long it shall be continued for everlasting memory. Passing the time in such like pleasures, and ministering a remedy unto each other's torments, I cannot tell, whether by the iniquity of destiny, or otherwise: Soldyvius learning out Forbonius' departure and suspicious of his forward attempts, at that very instant arrived at Farnusium, when the two amorous couple, little doubting² his sudden approach,

¹ Prometheus, the Titan.

² Suspecting.

were coasted with this sour¹ in midst of all their sweet, that the enemy of their pleasures even then entered the castle, when as it seemed the fates had prefixed them that conveniency and opportunity to allay their long sorrowing. The fruit of whose advent brought to the ears of Prisceria, Lord ! how she was confounded in herself, how dismayed was Forbonius at that instant how at that very time were they both astonished, when most circumspection should be had : so that scarce they had then dried up their tears, when as Soldyvius entering the chamber, quickly discovered the whole counterfeit (for jealous eyes inflamed with rancour pretermitt nothing) whereupon the old man at first, nothing at all deluded by the strange habit, spying out their proceedings, laying violent hands on Forbonius caused him forcibly to be conveyed to the strongest tower in the castle, and turning himself to Prisceria, he began thus. O thou wicked and ungracious maid degenerating from the nobility of thy ancestors, and led by unseemly affections, not directed by the likings of thy tender parents, in what terms should I accuse thee? or bewray my sorrows? Woe is me that am enforced to be an eye witness of mine own sorrow, and to behold that with mine eyes that I hate in my heart : Is this the reward of breeding children? Is this the benefit that is reaped by issue? Are these the pleasures that befall parents? O Soldyvius, happy hadst thou been, if either Prisceria had been unborn, or thou unmarried : by the one thou shouldest have escaped this present misery, by the other prevented the untoward sorrow that now confoundeth thee. Is thy love to be fixed there where I hate? or shouldest thou be amorous of him who is odious to thy father? O vile wretch born among the Hyrcanian tigers,² which respecting not thy father's felicity, overburthenest his old years with unlooked for calamity : but if ever just gods pitied a lawful complaint, I doubt not but they that minister justice to all men, will break the injuries thou hast done to me.

¹ Overtaken by this mishap.

² Compare Macbeth, III. 4.

Thus said, he sat down altogether confounded with melancholy. When as Prisceria finding occasion to speak for herself, began thus.

Who seekest, O father, to prevent the destinies, laboreth in vain, and who endeavoreth to alter nature, as he striveth against the stream, so must he perish in his own overweening: the gods have concluded our love, and will you being a creature seek to infringe it? Alas! my father, why should my pleasure be your discomfort? or that by which I live, prove that which you must hate? Do you not herein break nature? who lay violent hands on your own flesh, and seek to alter that by rigor, that was ordained by divine instinct? O let your rancor overslip (my good father) and if ever humble suit prevailleth with an honorable mind, cease to hate him whom I love; and couple us both together, whom the gods having joined in an assured league of friendship, it cannot be but injustice to alter their proceedings.

Soldyvius not able to digest the fury of his passion, nor willing to weigh of the submissive request of his daughter, interrupted her thus:

And is it not sufficient for thee (vain wench as thou art) to pass the limits of nature? but to continue thine error too? Thinkest thou to compass me with tears? who without sighs cannot call to memory thy escape? No, Prisceria both thou shalt see, and that varlet shall know, that my displeasure will not be finished but with blood nor my anger satisfied till I have confounded him who hath discomforted me. Whereupon flinging out of the chamber in a great rage, and fastening both bolts and locks, he with his train resorted to the imprisoned poor shepherd, his capital enemy Forbonius, whom after he had taunted with these unjust terms, he proceeded further to this unjust revenge: Thou cursed and abominable caitif, is it not sufficient by the injuries of thy father Clunamos, to move my patience, but that thou in person must violate my daughter? Thinkest thou that the gods detest not these injuries? when as with wicked attempts thou bewitchest the daughter, and massacrest the father? Nay

neither in justice will they pretermitt¹ the offence, nor will nature suffer me to bear with thine error: prepare thyself therefore to make him recompence with thy blood, whom thou hast troubled with thy attempt.

Forbonius confounded with sorrow and amazed at this austere judgment, yet remembering the nobility that was always accounted in him, answered him thus.

Although enraged rancour hath made thee pass the limits of honor, (O Soldyvius) yet pass not so far in thy resolutions, as to stain the dignity of thy person, with the martyrdom of a guiltless gentleman. If I did hate thy daughter, that little envy that grew by my father's displeasure, might by reason grow to deep and rooted malice, but when I love Prisceria, why should I be contemned of Soldyvius? It should seem that love was not accounted loathsome among the gods, when as prefixing a punishment to all escapes,² they prescribe an honor to this: chiefly concluding it to be a virtue: whereupon thou must conclude, that either thou contemnest the decrees of the gods, or measurest all things by thine own malice. Thou threatenest me with death (vain man) and I weigh not the dissolution of my body: for this I assure thee, as long as I may live, I will honor Prisceria, and being dead, my ghost shall persecute thee with revenge, and prosecute my affections toward my best beloved. So Prisceria live, Forbonius careth not to die, the only memory of whom shall make me constant in misfortunes, and willing to withstand the brunt of thy cruelty: whereupon my conclusion is, that if Soldyvius for faithful assurance will become a friendly allower of Forbonius, he which by reason of the malice of his father had once cause to hate him, will now honor him, and that strife which separated two so noble families, shall now be finished in our happy marriage: if this like not, proceed as thou pleasest. In granting me favor, thou shalt find honor, in bereaving me of life, thou shalt finish all my misfortunes.

The discourse of Forbonius thus ended, Soldyvius began thus,

¹ Omit.

² Escapades. — GROSART.

after that he had somewhat digested his choler: Although Forbonius the injuries thou hast offered me, together with former displeasures, be sufficient to continue my resolution, yet weighing with myself that it is vain to alter that which is prefixed by destiny, won by reason which directeth all men, and by the tender love I bear my daughter, which should prevail with a father: I yield thee thy love to enjoy in chaste wedlock, and whereas thou lookest I should be thy tormentor, lo! I am now contented to be thy unlooked for father. Whereupon taking Forbonius by the hand, and conveying him to Prisceria's chamber, he confirmed the gentleman in his former purpose, and his daughter of his assured favor, using these kind of terms to discover his intention: My daughter, that father that even now heinously misliked of thy lover, now glorying in thy liking, and he which whilom hated Forbonius, now vouchsafeth him his son-in-law: whereupon comfort yourselves with mutual solace, and to-morrow we will to the city to finish up the ceremonies. The two lovers compassed with incredible pleasures and not able to suppress the affections that possessed them, but by breaking out into speech: they both humbled themselves to aged Soldyvius, returning him by the mouth of Forbonius these thanks:

O noble gentleman, it may not be expressed by tongue, what I imagine in heart, who by your means, of the most unfortunatest man that liveth, am become the only happy man of the world: notwithstanding this, in lieu of all favor, I will return you, that both by that means all private quarrels shall cease between our two families, and you registered in our Egyptian records, for the only peace-maker of Memphis. In these sweet speeches overpassing the day and night, the next morrow the whole train posted to Memphis, whereas by the high-priest of the sun they were solemnly espoused, and after many sorrows were recompensed with nuptial pleasure.

Now ladies and gentlewomen, I must leave this to your consideration, whether the lovers for their constancy are more to be commended, or the old man for his patience more to be wondered at: I leave you to fit that conclusion, till you have read what is

written, promising you that if my rude discourse have wrought you any pleasure, I will both labor hereafter to serve all occasions, and so fix my studies as they shall not far differ from your fantasies : and thus craving you to wink at an error, and commend as the cause requireth, I take my leave : willing to be made privy if I have any ways travailed to your contentment.

V. DORON'S WOOING OF CARMELA.

[It is rather unusual to find any passages of conscious humor in the Elizabethan romance. In Robert Greene's "*Menaphon*" (1588), however, we find the episode of Doron and Carmela, which may be taken as one of the rare instances of an intentional and fairly successful attempt thereat. The characters named are subordinate in the tale; the real heroine of the romance being Samela, an unfortunate lady, shipwrecked on the coast of Arcadie. *Menaphon*, an Arcadian shepherd, becomes the lady's wooer, and other suitors appear upon the scene. A comic element is furnished by the presence of the shepherd Doron, a typical rustic clown, whose successful suit thus urged upon the chaste Carmela is humorously described at the story's end. The "*Menaphon*" has been edited by Edward Arber (in the English Scholar's Library), London, 1880. Robert Greene, playwright, poet, romancer, and pamphleteer, was the most prolific and voluminous writer in the group of authors here considered. His Complete Works are edited by Alexander B. Grosart, London, 1881.]

WHERE leaving these passionate lovers in this catastrophe, again to Doron, the homly, blunt shepherd; who having been long enamored of Carmela, much good wooing past betwixt them, and yet little speeding; at last, both of them met hard by the promontory of Arcadie, she leading forth her sheep, and he going to see his new yeand lambs. As soon as they met, breaking a few quarter blows with such country glances as they could, they geered one at another lovingly.

At last Doron manfully began thus. Carmela by my troth; Good morrow; tis as dainty to see you abroad as to eat a mess of sweet milk in July; you are provd such a house-dove of late, or rather so good a huswif, that no man may see you under a couple of capons, the church-yard may stand long enough ere you will come to look on it, and the piper may beg for every penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in love with some stout ruffler, and yet poor folks, such as I am, must be content with porridge. And with that, turning his back he smiled in his sleve to see how kindly he had given her the bob.

Which Carmela seeing, she thought to be even with him thus. Indeed, Doron, you say well, it is long since we met, and our house is a Grange house with you : but we have tied up the great dog, and when you come you shall have green mokes ; you are such a stranger : but tis no matter : soon hot, soon cold ; he that mingles himself with draffe, the hogs will eat him : and she that lays her love on an unkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eat her sops withall. And with that Carmela was so full stomached that she wept.

Doron to show himself a natural young man, gave her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and sware that she was the woman he loved best in the whole world and for proof, quoth he, thou shalt hear what I will praise.

And you, quoth she, what I will perform.

And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them down and began to discourse their loves in these ecloges.

DORON'S ECGE JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

Sit down Carmela, here are cubbs for kings,
 Slowes black as jet, or like my Christmas shooes,
 Sweet sidar, which my leathern bottle brings :
 Sit down Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah Doron, ah my heart thou art as white
 As is my mother's calf or brindled cow,
 Thine eyes are like the slow worms in the night,
 Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
 Like to the furrows of my father's wain :
 The sweat upon thy face doth oft appear,
 Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gaine.

Ah leave my toe and kiss my lips, my love,
 My lips are thine for I have given them thee :
 Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my glove,
 At foot-ball sport, thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes :
When cherries juice is jumbled therewithall,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies.
Thy lips resemble two cowcumbers fair,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air ;
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

Tis love, Carmela, ah tis cruel love.
That like a slave, and caitif villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for my behave.

CARMELA.

Where was he borne?

DORON.

In faith I know not where,
But I have heard much talking of his dart.
Ay me poor man, with many a trampling tear,
I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do but talk.
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so.
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk.
Come kiss, Carmela and confound my wo.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the Gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of holyhocks,
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss.
Heigh-ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolic heart even now a free man is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you,
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs,
Come kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

Thus ended this merry eclog betwixt Doron and Carmela which, Gentlemen, if it be stuf with pretty similes and far-fetched metaphors, think the poor country lovers knew no further comparisons than came within compass of their country logic.

VI. THE SHEPHERDS WIVES SONG.

[From "The Mourning Garment" (1590), by Robert Greene.]

AH what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too :
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too :
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then, etc.

He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat ;
And blyther too :
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then, etc.

To bed he goes, as wanton then I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen ;
More wanton too :
For kings have many griefs affects to move
When shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then, etc.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
 More sounder too :
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
 Ah then, ah then, etc.

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blyth
As doth the king at every tide or sith,
 And blyther too ;
For kings have warres and broils to take in hand
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
 Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

VII. JACK WILTON.

["The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton," published by Thomas Nash in 1594, is taken as representative of what may be called the realistic romance of the sixteenth century: in place of the poetical environment and fanciful pursuits of the heroes and heroines of the pastoral romance, this class of works dealt more with the realities of situation and character in the world at hand. Many of the episodes of this work by Nash are too coarse in their bluntness or brutality to be inserted here. The selection which follows is tolerably complete in itself, and lacks those qualities which mar our enjoyment of other portions of the work. The description of the tourney may be of interest as reflecting some of the grotesque conceits of the time. The incidents of the Earl of Surrey's visit to Florence with his scapegrace valet in his train, although clearly an invention of the storyteller, have been suggested once at least to be sober truth by a biographer of the poet.

The Complete Works of Thomas Nash have been edited by Alexander B. Grosart, in six volumes: Huth Library, London, 1883.]

My principal subject plucks me by the elbow. Diamanto Castaldos the magnifico's wife, after my enlargement proved to be with child, at which instant there grew an unsatiable famine in Venice, wherein, whether it were for mere niggardise, or that Castaldo still ate out his heart with jealousy, Saint Anne be our record, he turned up the heels very devoutly. To master Aretine after this, once more very dutifully I appealed, requested him of favor, acknowledged former gratuities: he made no more humming or halting, but in despite of her husband's kinsfolks, gave her her *Nunc dimittis* and so established her free of my company.

Being out, and fully possessed of her husband's goods, she invested me in the state of a monarch. Because the time of childbirth drew nigh, and she could not remain in Venice but discredited, she decreed to travel whether so ever I would conduct her. To see Italy throughout was my proposed scope and that way if she would travel, have with her, I had wherewithall to relieve her.

From my master by her full-hand provokement I parted without leave : The state of an Earl he had thrust upon me before, and now I would not bate him an inch of it. Thro' all the cities past I by no other name but the young Earl of Surrey : my pomp, train, and expense, was nothing inferior to his, my looks were as lofty, my words as magnifical. Memorandum, that Florence being the principal scope of my master's course, missing me, he journeyed thither without interruption. By the way as he went, he heard of another Earl of Surrey besides himself, which caused him, make more hast to fetch me in, whom he little dreamed of, had such art in my budget, to separate the shadow from the body. Overtake me at Florence he did, where sitting in my pontificalibus with my courtesan at supper, like Anthony and Cleopatra, when they quaffed standing, bowls of wine spiced with pearl together, he stole in ere we sent for him, and bad much good it us, and asked us whether we wanted any guests. If he had asked me whether I would have hanged myself, his question had been more acceptable. He that had then ungartered me, might have plucked out my heart at my hams.

My soul which was made to soar upward, now sought for passage downward : my blood as the blushing Sabine maids surprised on the sudden by the soldiers of Romulus, ran to the noblest of blood amongst them for succour, that were in no less (if not greater danger), so did it run for refuge to the noblest of his blood about, my heart assembled, that stood in more need itself of comfort and refuge. A trembling earthquake or shaking fever assailed either of us, and I think unfeignedly if he seeing our faint heart agony, had not soon cheered and refreshed us, the dogs had gone together by the ears under the table for our fear-dropped limbs.

Instead of menacing or affrighting me with his sword, or his frowns for my superlative presumption, he burst out into a laughter above Ela, to think how bravely napping he had took us, and how notably we were damped and struck dead in the nest, with the unexpected view of his presence.

Ah, quoth he, my noble Lord (after his tongue had borrowed a little leave of his laughter) is it my luck to visit you thus unlooked

for? I am sure you will bid me welcome, if it be but for thy name's sake. It is a wonder to see two English Earls of one house at one time together in Italy. I hearing him so pleasant, began to gather up my spirits, and replied as boldly as I durst. Sir, you are welcome; your name which I have borrowed I have not abused. Some large sums of money this my sweet mistress Diamanto hath made me master of, which I knew not how better to employ for the honor of my country, than by spending it munificently under your name. No Englishman would I have renowned for bounty, magnificence and courtesy but you; under your colours all my meritorious works I was desirous to shroud. Deem it no insolence to add increase to your fame. Had I basely and beggarly, wanting ability to support any part of your royalty, undertook the estimation of this high calling, your alledgment of injury had been the greater, and my defence less authorized. It will be thought but a policy of yours thus to send one before you who being a follower of yours shall keep and uphold the estate and part of an Earl. I have known many Earls myself that in their own persons would go very plain, but delighted to have one that belonged to them (being laden with jewels, apparelled in cloth of gold, and all the rich embroidery that might be) to stand bareheaded unto them, arguing thus much, that if the greatest men went not more sumptuous, how more great than the greatest was he that could command one going so sumptuous. A noble man's glory appeareth in nothing so much as in the pomp of his attendants. What is the glory of the sun, but that the moon and so many millions of stars borrow their light from him. If you can reprehend me of any one illiberal licentious action I have disparaged your name with, heap shame on me prodigally. I beg, no pardon or pity.

Non veniunt in idem pudor et amor, he was loth to detract from one that he loved so. Beholding with his eyes that I clipt not the wings of his honor, but rather increased them with additions of expense, he entreated me as if I had been an ambassador, he gave me his hand and swore he had no more hearts but one, and I should have half of it, in that I so enhanced his

obscured reputation. One thing, quoth he, my sweet Jack I will entreat thee (it shall be but one) that tho' I am well pleased thou shouldst be the ape of my birthright, (as what noble man hath not his ape and his fool) yet that thou be an ape without a clog, not carry thy courtesan with thee. I told him that a king could do nothing without his treasury: this courtesan was my purse-bearer, my countenance and supporter. My earldom I would sooner resign than part with such a special benefactress. Resign it I will however, since I am thus challenged of stolen goods by the true owner. Lo into my former state I return again: poor Jack Wilton and your servant am I, as I was at the beginning, and so will I persevere to my live's ending.

That theme was quickly cut off, and other talk entered in place, of what I have forgot, but talk it was, and talk let it be, and talk it shall be, for I do not mean here to remember it. We supt, we got to bed, we rose in the morning: on my master I waited, and the first thing he did after he was up, he went and visited the house where his Geraldine was borne, at sight whereof he was so impassioned, that in the open street, but for me, he would have made an oration in praise of it. Into it we were conducted, and showed each several room thereto appertaining. O but when he came to the chamber where his Geraldine's clear sunbeams first thrust themselves into this cloud of flesh, and acquainted mortality with the purity of angels, then did his mouth overflow with magnificats, his tongue thrust the stars out of heaven, and eclipsed the sun and moon with comparisons. Geraldine was the soul of heaven, sole daughter and heir to *primus motor*. The alchemy of his eloquence, out of the incomprehensible drossy matter of clouds and air distilled no more quintessence than would make Geraldine complete fair.

In praise of the chamber that was so illuminatively honored with her radiant conception, he penned this sonnet: —

Fair room, the presence of sweet beauty's pride,
The place the sun upon the earth did hold,
When Phaeton his chariot did misguide;
The toure where Jove rained down himself in gold,

Prostrate, as holy ground I'll worship thee;
 Our lady's chapel henceforth be thou named;
 Here first love's queen put on mortality,
 And with her beauty all the world inflamed.
 Heaven's chambers harboring fiery cherubines,
 Are not with thee in glory to compare;
 Lightning it is not light which in thee shines,
 None enter thee but straight entranced are.
 O if Elysium be above the ground,
 Then here it is, where naught but joy is found.

Many other poems and epigrams in that chamber's patient alabaster enclosure (which her melting eyes long sithence had softened) were curiously engraved. Diamonds thot themselves *Dii mundi*, if they might but carve her name on the naked glass. With them on it did he antagonize those body-wanting *mots*.

Dulce puella malum est,
 Quod fugit ipse sequor,
 Amor est mihi causa sequendi;
 O infelix ego. Cur vidi, cur perii?
 Non patienter amo.
 Tantum patiat amor.

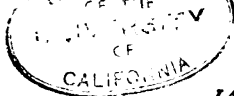
After the view of these Venerial monuments, he published a proud challenge in the Duke of Florence court against all commers, (whether Christians, Turks, Cannibals, Jews, or Saracens,) in defence of his Geraldine's beauty. More mildly was it accepted, in that she whom he defended, was a town born child of that city, or else the pride of the Italian would have prevented him ere he should have come to perform it. The Duke of Florence nevertheless sent for him, and demanded him of his estate, and the reason that drew him thereto, which when he was advertised of to the full, he granted all countries whatsoever, as well enemies and outlaws, as friends and confederates, free access and regress into his dominions unmolested, until that insolent trial were ended.

The right honorable and ever renowned Lord Henry Howard Earl of Surrey my singular good Lord and Máster, entered the lists after this order. His armor was all intermixed with lillies

and roses, and the bases thereof bordered with nettles and weeds signifying strings, crosses, and overgrowing incumbrances in his love ; his helmet round proportioned like a gardener's waterpot, from which seemed to issue forth small threads of water like cistern strings, that not only did moisten the lillies and roses, but did fructify as well the nettles and weeds, and made them overgrow their liege lords. Whereby he did impart this much, that the tears that issued from his brain, as those artificial distillations issued from the well-counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gave life as well to his mistress disdain (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glory to her care-causing beauty (comprehended under the lillies and roses.) The symbol thereto annexed was this, *ex lachrimis, lachrima*. The trappings of his horse were pounced and bolstered out with rough plumed silver plush in full proportion and shape of an estrich.¹ On the breast of the horse were the fore-parts of this greedy bird advanced, whence as his manner is, he reached out his long neck to the reins of the bridle, thinking that they had been iron, and still seemed to gape after the golden bit, and ever as the courser did raise or curvet, to have swallowed it half in. His wings, which he never riseth but running, being spread full sail, made his lusty steed as proud under him as he had been some other Pegasus, and so quiveringly and tenderly were these his broad wings bound to either side of him, that as he paced up and down the tilt-yard in his majesty ere the knights were entered, they seemed wantonly to fan in his face and make a flickering sound, such as eagles do, swiftly pursuing their prey in the air. On either of his wings, as the estrich hath a sharp goad or prick wherewith he spurreth himself forward in his sail-assisted race, so this artificial estrich, on the inbent knuckle of the pinion of either wing, had embossed crystal eyes affixed, wherein wheelwise were circularly ingrafted sharp pointed diamonds, as rays from those eyes derived, that like the rowels of a spur ran deep into his horse's sides and made him more eager in his course.

Such a fine dim shine did these crystal eyes, and these round

¹ Ostrich.



enranked diamonds make through their bolne swelling bowers of feathers, as if it had been a candle in a paper lantern, or a glow-worm in a brush by night, glistening through the leaves and briars. The tail of the estrich being short and thick, served very fitly as a plume to trick up his horse-tail with, so that every part of him was as naturally coapted as might be. The word to this device was, *aculeo alatus*, I spread my wings only spurred with her eyes. The moral of the whole is this, that as the estrich, the most burning sighted bird of all others, insomuch as the female of them hatcheth not her eggs by covering them, (but by the effectual rays of her eyes) as he, I say, outstrippeth the nimblest trippers of his feathered condition in footmanship, only spurred on with the needle quickening goad under his side, so he no less burning sighted than the estrich, spurred on to the race of honor by the sweet rays of his mistress eyes, persuaded himself he should outstrip all other in running to the goal of glory, only animated and incited by her excellence. And as the estrich will eat iron, swallow any hard metal whatsoever, so would he refuse no iron adventure, no hard task whatsoever, to sit in the grace of so fair a commander. The order of his shield was this, it was framed like a burning glass beset round with flame colored feathers, on the outside whereof was his mistress picture adorned as beautiful as art could portraiture: on the inside a naked sword tied in a true love-knot, the *mot*, *militat omnis amans*, signifying that in a true love-knot his sword was tied to defend and maintain the high features of his mistress.

Next him entered the black knight, whose beaver was pointed all torn and bloody, as though he had new come from combatting with a bear, his head piece seemed to be a little oven fraught full with smothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smoke voided out at the clefts of his beaver. His bases were all embordered with snakes and adders, engendered of the abundance of innocent blood that was shed. His horse's trappings were throughout bespangled with honey spots, which are no blemishes, but ornaments. On his shield he bore the sun full shining on a dial at his going down, the word *sufficet tandem*.

[Then follow similar descriptions of (1) the Knight of the Owl; (2) the Knight of the Flower-pot; (3) the Forsaken Knight; (4) the Knight of the Storms; (5) the Climbing Knight; (6) the Knight of the Earth; (7) the Infant Knight, and five shields also described.]

. . . I will rehearse no more, but I have a hundred other: let this be the upshot of these shewes, they were the admirablest that ever Florence yielded. To particularize their manner of encounter were to describe the whole art of tilting. Some had like to have fallen over their horse's neck and so break their necks in breaking their staves. Others ran at a buckle instead of a button, and peradventure whetted their spears points, idly gliding on their enemies' sides, but did no other harm. Others ran across at their adversaries left elbow, yea, and by your leave sometimes let not the lists escape scot-free, they were so eager. Others because they would be sure not to be unsaddled with the shock, when they came to the spear utmost proof, they threw it over the right shoulder, and so tilted backward, for forward they durst not. Another had a monstrous spite at the pommel of his rival's saddle, and thought to have thrust his spear twixt his legges without raising any skin, and carried him clean away on it as a cool staff. Another held his spear to his nose or his nose to his spear; as though he had been discharging a caliver, and ran at the right foot of his fellow's stead. Only the Earl of Surrey my master, observed the true measures of honor, and made all his encounterers new scour their armor in the dust. So great was his glory that day, as Geraldine was thereby eternally glorified. Never such a bountiful master came amongst the heralds (not that he did enrich them with any plentiful purse largess) but that by his stern assaults he tithed them more rich offals of bases, of helmets, of armor, than the rent of their offices came to in ten years before.

What would you have more? The trumpets proclaimed him master of the field, the trumpets proclaimed Geraldine the exceptionless fairest of women. Every one strived to magnify him more than other. The Duke of Florence, whose name (as my memory

serveth me) was Paschal de Medices, offered him such large proffers to stay with him as it were incredible to report. He would not: his desire was as he had done in Florence, so to proceed throughout all the chief cities in Italy. If you ask why he began not this at Venice first, — It was because he would let Florence his mistress' native city have the maidenhead of his chivalry. As he came back again he thought to ~~have~~ enacted something there worthy the annals of posterity, but he was debarred both of that and all his other determinations: for continuing in feasting and banqueting with the Duke of Florence and the Princes of Italy there assembled, post-haste letters came to him from the king his master, to return as speedily as he could possible into England, whereby his fame was quite off by the shins, and there was no reprieve but *Bazelus manus*, he must into England; and I with my courtezan traveled forward in Italy.

VIII. EUPHUISM.

[The following brief extracts from the romance, "A Margarite of America" (1596), by Thomas Lodge, are offered rather as examples of the euphuistic style of composition, than in illustration of the merits or demerits of that particular work. The comparisons drawn in figures borrowed from the fanciful natural science of that day are as characteristic of this grotesque style as are the labored antitheses and freaks of alliteration to which allusion (page 27) has been made already.]

THOU art born a prince, which being a benefit sent from heaven, is likewise an estate subject to all unhappiness : for, whereas much dirt is, thither come many carrions ; where high fortunes, many flatterers ; where the huge cedar grows, the thistle springeth ; where the ford is deepest, the fish are plentiest ; and whereas sovereignty is, there are many seducers. Be thou, therefore, wary like the *unicorne*, which, for fear she should taste poison toucheth with her horn before she lap it with her lip ; so seeme thou in faining credit to those who mean to fawn on thee in thy error, to discover them in their sleights, as the fowl *anthias* doth the locust, and prevent them in their subtilties ; as the fish *nibias* doth the *sea dragon*.

Beautiful Philenia, if I knew you as secret as you are sage, I would discover that to you in words which I cover in my heart with sighs. If it be love, great prince (said Philenia) you may commend it to my ear, in that it is settled in this heart ; as for silence, it is lover's science, who are as curious to conceal, as cunning to conceive ; and as hunters carry the feather of an eagle against thunder, so lovers bear the herb *therbis* in their mouth, which hath the vertue to stay the tongue from discourse whilst it detaineth the heart with incredible pleasure. If it be so, said Arsadachus, blushing very vehemently (for nature's sparks of hope were not as yet altogether ruined), I will hold ladies weakness for worth, and disclose that secret which I thought to keep

close. And what is that? quoth Philenia. Love, said Arsadachus; it is love, and there he paused.

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Here Arsadachus unable to endure the heat of affection, or conceal the humor that restrained him, brake of her discourse in this sort: Ah! Philenia, if I did not hope that as the hard oak nourisheth the soft silk-worm, the sharp beech bringeth forth the savoury chestnut, the black bdellium sweet gum, so beautiful looks concealed pitiful hearts, I would surfeit in my sorrows to the death rather than satisfy thee in my discourse. But hoping of thy silence (Philenia), I will disclose my mind: I love Philenia; fair Philenia, I love thee!

IX. MOLL FLANDERS.

["The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders" were recorded by Defoe in 1721. The novel deals in realistic fashion with the adventures of a woman of the town who was born in Newgate and reared by charity until led by circumstances to turn thief; after transportation as a felon to Virginia, she "grew rich, lived honest, and died a penitent." The selection which follows includes about half the story of her career as a thief, and so far as it goes is given entire. The narrative is thoroughly characteristic of the author, its most prominent qualities being the careful attention to detail and the fidelity to nature which together impart an air of extreme reality to all he wrote. In the progress of the story, Moll Flanders has at last achieved an honorable marriage which puts an end temporarily to all her troubles: at this point the extract begins.]

Now I seemed landed in a safe harbour, after the stormy voyage of life past was at an end, and I began to be thankful for my deliverance: I sat many an hour by myself, and wept over the remembrance of past follies, and the dreadful extravagances of a wicked life, and sometimes I flattered myself that I had sincerely repented.

But there are temptations which it is not in the power of human nature to resist, and few know what would be their case, if driven to the same exigencies. As covetousness is the root of all evil, so poverty is the worst of all snares: but I waive that discourse till I come to the experiment.

I lived with this husband in the utmost tranquillity; he was a quiet, sensible, sober man; virtuous, modest, sincere, and in his business diligent and just: his business was in a narrow compass, and his income sufficient to a plentiful way of living in the ordinary way; I do not say to keep an equipage, and make a figure as the world calls it, nor did I expect it, or desire it; for as I abhorred the levity and extravagance of my former life, so I chose now to live retired, frugal, and within ourselves; I kept no company, made no visits; minded my family, and obliged my husband; and this kind of life became a pleasure to me.

We lived in an uninterrupted course of ease and content for five years, when a sudden blow from an almost invisible hand, blasted all my happiness, and turned me out into the world in a condition the reverse of all that had been before it.

My husband having trusted one of his fellow-clerks with a sum of money, too much for our fortunes to bear the loss of, the clerk failed, and the loss fell very heavy on my husband ; yet it was not so great, but that if he had had courage to have looked his misfortunes in the face, his credit was so good, that as I told him, he would easily recover it ; for to sink under trouble is to double the weight, and he that will die in it, shall die in it.

It was in vain to speak comfortably to him, the wound had sunk too deep, it was a stab that touched the vitals, he grew melancholy and disconsolate, and from thence lethargic, and died : I foresaw the blow, and was extremely oppressed in my mind, for I saw evidently that if he died I was undone.

I had had two children by him, and no more, for it began^d to be time for me to leave bearing children, for I was now eight-and-forty, and I suppose if he had lived I should have had no more.

I was now left in a dismal and disconsolate case indeed, and in several things worse than ever. First, it was past the flourishing time with me, when I might expect to be courted for a mistress ; that agreeable part had declined some time, and the ruins only appeared of what had been ; and that which was worse than all was this, that I was the most dejected, disconsolate creature alive ; I that had encouraged my husband, and endeavoured to support his spirits under his trouble, could not support my own ; I wanted that spirit in trouble which I told him was so necessary for bearing the burthen.

But my case was indeed deplorable, for I was left perfectly friendless and helpless, and the loss my husband had sustained had reduced his circumstances so low, that though indeed I was not in debt, yet I could easily foresee that what was left would not support me long ; that it wasted daily for subsistence, so that it would be soon all spent, and then I saw nothing before me but the utmost distress, and this represented itself so lively to my thoughts,

that it seemed as if it was come, before it was really very near ; also my very apprehensions doubled the misery, for I fancied every sixpence that I paid for a loaf of bread, was the last I had in the world, and that to-morrow I was to fast, and be starved to death.

In this distress I had no assistant, no friend to comfort or advise me ; I sat and cried and tormented myself night and day ; wringing my hands, and sometimes raving like a distracted woman ; and indeed I have often wondered it had not affected my reason, for I had the vapours to such a degree, that my understanding was sometimes quite lost in fancies and imaginations.

I lived two years in this dismal condition, wasting that little I had, weeping continually over my dismal circumstances, and as it were only bleeding to death, without the least hope or prospect of help ; and now I had cried so long, and so often, that tears were exhausted, and I began to be desperate, for I grew poor apace.

For a little relief, I had put off my house and took lodgings ; and as I was reducing my living, so I sold off most of my goods, which put a little money in my pocket, and I lived near a year upon that, spending very sparingly, and ekeing things out to the utmost ; but still when I looked before me, my heart would sink within me at the inevitable approach of misery and want. O let none read this part without seriously reflecting on the circumstances of a desolate state, and how they would grapple with want of friends and want of bread ; it will certainly make them think not of sparing what they have only, but of looking up to heaven for support, and of the wise man's prayer, Give me not poverty, lest I steal.

Let them remember that a time of distress is a time of dreadful temptation, and all the strength to resist is taken away ; poverty presses, the soul is made desperate by distress, and what can be done ? It was one evening, when being brought, as I may say, to the last gasp, I think I may truly say I was distracted and raving, when prompted by I know not what spirit, and as it were, doing I did not know what, or why, I dressed me (for I had still pretty good clothes), and went out : I am very sure I had no

manner of design in my head, when I went out ; I neither knew, or considered where to go, or on what business ; but as the devil carried me out, and laid his bait for me, so he brought me to be sure to the place, for I knew not whither I was going, or what I did.

Wandering thus about, I knew not whither, I passed by an apothecary's shop in Leadenhall-street, where I saw lie on a stool just before the counter a little bundle wrapt in a white cloth ; beyond it stood a maid-servant with her back to it, looking up towards the top of the shop, where the apothecary's apprentice, as I suppose, was standing upon the counter, with his back also to the door, and a candle in his hand, looking and reaching up to the upper shelf, for something he wanted, so that both were engaged, and nobody else in the shop.

This was the bait ; and the devil who laid the snare prompted me, as if he had spoke, for I remember, and shall never forget it, 'twas like a voice spoken over my shoulder, Take the bundle ; be quick ; do it this moment. It was no sooner said but I stepped into the shop, and with my back to the wench, as if I had stood up for a cart that was going by, I put my hand behind me and took the bundle, and went off with it, the maid or fellow not perceiving me, or any one else.

It is impossible to express the horror of my soul all the while I did it. When I went away I had no heart to run, or scarce to mend my pace : I crossed the street indeed, and went down the first turning I came to, and I think it was a street that went through into Fenchurch-street ; from thence I crossed and turned through so many ways and turnings, that I could never tell which way it was, nor where I went ; I felt not the ground I stepped on, and the farther I was out of danger, the faster I went, till tired and out of breath, I was forced to sit down on a little bench at a door, and then found I was got into Thames-street, near Billingsgate : I rested me a little and went on ; my blood was all in a fire, my heart beat as if I was in a sudden fright : in short, I was under such a surprise that I knew not whither I was going, or what to do.

After I had tired myself thus with walking a long way about, and so eagerly, I began to consider, and make home to my lodging, where I came about nine o'clock at night.

What the bundle was made up for, or on what occasion laid where I found it, I knew not, but when I came to open it, I found there was a suit of childbed-linen in it, very good, and almost new, the lace very fine ; there was a silver porringer of a pint, a small silver mug, and six spoons, with some other linen, a good smock, and three silk handkerchiefs, and in the mug a paper, 18s. 6d. in money.

All the while I was opening these things I was under such dreadful impressions of fear, and in such terror of mind, though I was perfectly safe, that I cannot express the manner of it ; I sat me down, and cried most vehemently ; Lord, said I, what am I now ? a thief ! why, I shall be taken next time, and be carried to Newgate, and be tried for my life ! and with that I cried again a long time, and I am sure, as poor as I was, if I had durst for fear, I would certainly have carried the things back again ; but that went off after a while. Well, I went to bed for that night, but slept little, the horror of the fact was upon my mind, and I knew not what I said or did all night, and all the next day. Then I was impatient to hear some news of the loss ; and would fain know how it was, whether they were a poor body's goods, or a rich ; perhaps, said I, it may be some poor widow like me, that had packed up these goods to go and sell them for a little bread for herself and a poor child, and are now starving and breaking their hearts, for want of that little they would have fetched ; and this thought tormented me worse than all the rest, for three or four days.

But my own distresses silenced all these reflections, and the prospect of my own starving, which grew every day more frightful to me, hardened my heart by degrees. It was then particularly heavy upon my mind, that I had been reformed, and had, as I hoped, repented of all my past wickedness ; that I had lived a sober, grave, retired life for several years, but now I should be driven by the dreadful necessity of my circumstances to the gates

of destruction, soul and body ; and two or three times I fell upon my knees, praying to God, as well as I could, for deliverance ; but I cannot but say, my prayers had no hope in them : I knew not what to do, it was all fear without, and dark within ; and I reflected on my past life as not repented of, that heaven was now beginning to punish me, and would make me as miserable as I had been wicked.

Had I gone on here I had perhaps been a true penitent ; but I had an evil counsellor within, and he was continually prompting me to relieve myself by the worst means ; so one evening he tempted me again by the same wicked impulse that had said, take that bundle, to go out again and seek for what might happen.

I went out now by daylight, and wandered about I knew not whither, and in search of I knew not what, when the devil put a snare in my way of a dreadful nature indeed, and such a one as I have never had before or since. Going through Aldersgate-street, there was a pretty little child had been at a dancing-school, and was agoing home all alone ; and my prompter, like a true devil, set me upon this innocent creature. I talked to it, and it prattled to me again, and I took it by the hand and led it along till I came to a paved alley that goes into Bartholomew-close, and I led it in there ; the child said, that was not its way home ; I said, Yes, my dear, it is, I'll show you the way home ; the child had a little necklace on of gold beads, and I had my eye upon that, and in the dark of the alley I stooped, pretending to mend the child's clog that was loose, and took off her necklace and the child never felt it, and so led the child on again. Here, I say, the devil put me upon killing the child in the dark alley, that it might not cry, but the very thought frightened me so that I was ready to drop down ; but I turned the child about and bade it go back again, for that was not its way home ; the child said, so she would, and I went through into Bartholomew-close, and then turned round to another passage that goes into Long-lane, so away into Charter-house-yard, and out into St. John's-street ; then crossing into Smithfield, went down Chick-lane, and into Field-lane, to Holborn-bridge, when mixing with the crowd of people usually passing

there, it was not possible to have been found out; and thus I made my second sally into the world.

The thoughts of this booty put out all the thoughts of the first, and the reflections I had made wore quickly off; poverty hardened my heart, and my own necessities made me regardless of anything. The last affair left no great concern upon me, for as I did the poor child no harm, I only thought I had given the parents a just reproof for their negligence, in leaving the poor lamb to come home by itself, and it would teach them to take more care another time.

This string of beads was worth about 12*l.* or 14*l.* I suppose it might have been formerly the mother's, for it was too big for the child's wear, but that, perhaps, the vanity of the mother to have her child look fine at the dancing-school, had made her let the child wear it, and no doubt the child had a maid sent to take care of it, but she, like a careless jade, was taken up perhaps with some fellow that had met her, and so the poor baby wandered till it fell into my hands.

However, I did the child no harm; I did not so much as fright it, for I had a great many tender thoughts about me yet, and did nothing but what, as I may say, mere necessity drove me to.

I had a great many adventures after this, but I was young in the business, and did not know how to manage, otherwise than as the devil put things into my head; and indeed he was seldom backward to me. One adventure I had which was very lucky to me; I was going through Lombard-street, in the dusk of the evening, just by the end of Three King-court, when on a sudden comes a fellow running by me as swift as lightning, and throws a bundle that was in his hand just behind me, as I stood up against the corner of the house at the turning into the alley; just as he threw it in, he said, God bless you, mistress, let it lie there a little, and away he runs: after him comes two more, and immediately a young fellow without his hat, crying, Stop thief; they pursued the two last fellows so close, that they were forced to drop what they had got, and one of them was taken into the bargain; the other got off free.

I stood stockstill all this while, till they came back dragging

the poor fellow they had taken, and lugging the things they had found, extremely well satisfied that they had recovered the booty, and taken the thief; and thus they passed by me, for I looked only like one who stood up while the crowd was gone.

Once or twice I asked what was the matter, but the people neglected answering me, and I was not very importunate; but after the crowd was wholly passed, I took my opportunity to turn about and take up what was behind me and walk away: this indeed I did with less disturbance than I had done formerly, for these things I did not steal, but they were stolen to my hand. I got safe to my lodgings with this cargo, which was a piece of fine black lustring silk, and a piece of velvet; the latter was but part of a piece of about eleven yards; the former was a whole piece of near fifty yards; it seems it was a mercer's shop that they had rifled; I say rifled, because the goods were so considerable that they had lost; for the goods that they recovered were pretty many, and I believe came to about six or seven several pieces of silk: how they came to get so many I could not tell; but as I had only robbed the thief, I made no scruple at taking these goods, and being very glad of them too.

I had pretty good luck thus far, and I made several adventures more, though with but small purchase, yet with good success, but I went in daily dread that some mischief would befall me, and that I should certainly come to be hanged at last. The impression this made on me was too strong to be slighted, and it kept me from making attempts, that for aught I knew, might have been very safely performed; but one thing I cannot omit, which was a bait to me many a day. I walked frequently out into the villages round the town to see if nothing would fall in my way, there; and going by a house near Stepney, I saw on the window-board two rings, one a small diamond ring, and the other a plain gold ring, to be sure laid there by some thoughtless lady, that had more money than forecast, perhaps only till she washed her hands.

I walked several times by the window to observe if I could see whether there was anybody in the room or no, and I could see

nobody, but still I was not sure ; it came presently into my thoughts to rap at the glass, as if I wanted to speak with somebody and if anybody was there they would be sure to come to the window, and then I would tell them to remove those rings, for that I had seen two suspicious fellows take notice of them. This was a ready thought ; I rapt once or twice, and nobody came, when I thrust hard against the square of glass, and broke it with little noise, and took out the two rings, and walked away ; the diamond ring was worth about 3*l.*, and the other about 9*s.*

I was now at a loss for a market for my goods, and especially for my two pieces of silk. I was very loath to dispose of them for a trifle, as the poor unhappy thieves in general do, who after they have ventured their lives for perhaps a thing of value, are forced to sell it for a song when they have done ; but I was resolved I would not do thus, whatever shift I made ; however, I did not well know what course to take. At last I resolved to go to my old governess, and acquaint myself with her again ; I had punctually supplied the 5*l.* a year to her for my little boy as long as I was able ; but at last was obliged to put a stop to it. However, I had written a letter to her, wherein I had told her that my circumstances were reduced ; that I had lost my husband, and that I was not able to do it any longer, and begged the poor child might not suffer too much for its mother's misfortunes.

I now made her a visit, and I found that she drove something of the old trade still, but that she was not in such flourishing circumstances as before ; for she had been sued by a certain gentleman, who had had his daughter stolen from him, and who it seems she had helped to convey away ; and it was very narrowly that she escaped the gallows. The expense also had ravaged her, so that her house was but meanly furnished, and she was not in such repute for her practice as before ; however, she stood upon her legs, as they say, and as she was a bustling woman, and had some stock left, she was turned pawnbroker, and lived pretty well.

She received me very civilly, and with her usual obliging manner told me she would not have the less respect for me

for my being reduced; that she had taken care my boy was very well looked after, though I could not pay for him, and that the woman that had him was easy, so that I needed not to trouble myself about him, till I might be better able to do it effectually.

I told her I had not much money left, but that I had some things that were money's worth, if she could tell me how I might turn them into money. She asked what it was I had? I pulled out the string of gold beads, and told her it was one of my husband's presents to me; then I showed her the two parcels of silk which I told her I had from Ireland, and brought up to town with me: and the little diamond ring. As to the small parcel of plate and spoons, I had found means to dispose of them myself before; and as for the childbed-linen I had, she offered me to take it herself, believing it to have been my own. She told me that she was turned pawnbroker, and that she would sell those things for me as pawned to her, and so she sent presently for proper agents that bought them, being in her hands, without any scruple, and gave good prices too.

I now began to think this necessary woman might help me a little in my low condition to some business; for I would gladly have turned my hand to any honest employment if I could have got it; but honest business did not come within her reach. If I had been younger, perhaps she might have helped me, but my thoughts were off of that kind of livelihood, as being quite out of the way after fifty, which was my case, and so I told her.

She invited me at last to come, and be at her house till I could find something to do, and it should cost me very little, and this I gladly accepted of; and now living a little easier, I entered into some measures to have my little son by my last husband taken off; and this she made easy too, reserving a payment only of 5*l.* a year, if I could pay it. This was such a help to me, that for a good while I left off the wicked trade that I had so newly taken up; and gladly I would have got work, but that was very hard to do for one that had no acquaintance.

However, at last I got some quilting work for ladies' beds,

petticoats, and the like ; and this I liked very well, and worked very hard, and with this I began to live ; but the diligent devil who resolved I should continue in his service, continually prompted me to go out and take a walk, that is to say, to see if anything would offer in the old way.

One evening I blindly obeyed his summons, and fetched a long circuit through the streets, but met with no purchase ; but not content with that, I went out the next evening too, when going by an alehouse I saw the door of a little room open, next the very street, and on the table a silver tankard, things much in use in public-houses at that time ; it seems some company had been drinking there, and the careless boys had forgot to take it away.

I went into the box frankly, and setting the silver tankard on the corner of the bench, I sat down before it, and knocked with my foot ; a boy came presently, and I bade him fetch me a pint of warm ale, for it was cold weather ; the boy ran, and I heard him go down the cellar to draw the ale ; while the boy was gone, another boy came, and cried, D'ye call ? I spoke with a melancholy air, and said, No, the boy is gone for a pint of ale for me.

While I sat here, I heard the woman in the bar say, Are they all gone in the five ? which was the box I sat in, and the boy said, yes. Who fetched the tankard away ? says the woman. I did, says another boy, that's it, pointing it seems to another tankard, which he had fetched from another box by mistake ; or else it must be, that the rogue forgot that he had not brought it in, which certainly he had not.

I heard all this much to my satisfaction, for I found plainly that the tankard was not missed, and yet they concluded it was fetched away : so I drank my ale, called to pay, and as I went away, I said, Take care of your plate, child, meaning a silver pint mug which he brought me to drink in : the boy said, Yes madam, very welcome, and away I came.

I came home to my governess, and now I thought it was a time to try her, that if I might be put to the necessity of being exposed she might offer me some assistance. When I had been at home some time, and had an opportunity of talking to her, I

told her I had a secret of the greatest consequence in the world to commit to her, if she had respect enough for me to keep it a secret: she told me she had kept one of my secrets faithfully; why should I doubt her keeping another? I told her the strangest thing in the world had befallen me, even without any design; and so told her the whole story of the tankard. And have you brought it away with you, my dear? says she. To be sure I have, says I, and showed it her. But what shall I do now, says I, must not I carry it again?

Carry it again! says she; Ay, if you want to go to Newgate. Why, says I, they can't be so base to stop me, when I carry it to them again? You don't know those sort of people, child, says she; they'll not only carry you to Newgate, but hang you too, without any regard to the honesty of returning it; or bring in an account of all the other tankards as they have lost, for you to pay for. What must I do then? says I. Nay, says she, as you have played the cunning part and stole it, you must e'en keep it, there's no going back now; besides child, says she, Don't you want it more than they do? I wish you could light of such a bargain once a week.

This gave me a new notion of my governess, and that since she was turned pawnbroker, she had a sort of people about her that were none of the honest ones that I had met with there before.

I had not been long there but I discovered it more plainly than before, for every now and then I saw hilts of swords, spoons, forks, tankards, and all such kind of ware brought in, not to be pawned, but to be sold downright; and she bought them all without asking any questions, but had good bargains, as I found by her discourse.

I found also that in following this trade she always melted down the plate she bought, that it might not be challenged; and she came to me and told me one morning that she was going to melt, and if I would, she would put my tankard in, that it might not be seen by anybody; I told her with all my heart; so she weighed it, and allowed me the full value in silver again; but I found she did not do so to the rest of her customers.

Some time after this, as I was at work, and very melancholy, she begins to ask me what the matter was? I told her my heart was very heavy, I had little work and nothing to live on, and knew not what course to take. She laughed, and told me I must go out again and try my fortune; it might be that I might meet with another piece of plate. O, mother! says I, that is a trade that I have no skill in, and if I should be taken I am undone at once. Says she, I could help you to a schoolmistress, that shall make you as dexterous as herself; I trembled at that proposal, for hitherto I had had no confederates nor any acquaintance among that tribe. But she conquered all my modesty, and all my fears; and in a little time, by the help of this confederate, I grew as impudent a thief, and as dexterous, as ever Moll Cutpurse was, though, if fame does not belie her, not half so handsome.

The comrade she helped me to, dealt in three sorts of craft; viz., shoplifting, stealing of shop-books and pocket-books, and taking off gold watches from the ladies' sides; and this last she did so dexterously that no woman ever arrived to the perfection of that art, like her. I liked the first and the last of these things very well, and I attended her some time in the practice, just as a deputy attends a midwife, without any pay.

At length she put me to practice. She had shown me her art, and I had several times unhooked a watch from her own side with great dexterity; at last she showed me a prize, and this was a young lady with child, who had a charming watch. The thing was to be done as she came out of the church; she goes on one side of the lady, and pretends, just as she came to the steps, to fall, and fell against the lady with so much violence as put her into a great fright, and both cried out terribly: in the very moment that she jostled the lady, I had hold of the watch, and holding it the right way, the start she gave drew the hook out and she never felt it; I made off immediately, and left my schoolmistress to come out of her fright gradually, and the lady too; and presently the watch was missed; Ay, says my comrade, then it was those rogues that thrust me down, I warrant ye; I wonder the gentlewoman did not miss her watch before, then we might have taken them.

She humoured the thing so well that nobody suspected her, and I was got home a full hour before her. This was my first adventure in company; the watch was indeed a very fine one, and had many trinkets about it, and my governess allowed us 20*l.* for it, of which I had half. And thus I was entered a complete thief, hardened to a pitch above all the reflections of conscience or modesty, and to a degree which I never thought possible in me.

Thus the devil, who began, by the help of an irresistible poverty, to push me into this wickedness, brought me to a height beyond the common rate, even when my necessities were not so terrifying; for I had now got into a little vein of work, and as I was not at a loss to handle my needle, it was very probable I might have got my bread honestly enough.

I must say, that if such a prospect of work had presented itself at first, when I began to feel the approach of my miserable circumstances; I say, had such a prospect of getting bread by working presented itself then, I had never fallen into this wicked trade, or into such a wicked gang as I was now embarked with; but practice had hardened me, and I grew audacious to the last degree; and the more so, because I had carried it on so long, and had never been taken; for in a word, my new partner in wickedness and I went on together so long, without being ever detected, that we not only grew bold, but we grew rich, and we had at one time one-and-twenty gold watches in our hands.

I remember that one day being a little more serious than ordinary, and finding I had so good a stock beforehand, as I had, for I had near 200*l.* in money for my share; it came strongly into my mind, no doubt from some kind spirit, if such there be, that as at first poverty excited me, and my distresses drove me to these dreadful shifts, so seeing those distresses were now relieved, and I could also get something towards a maintenance by working, and had so good a bank to support me, why should I not now leave off, while I was well; that I could not expect to go always free; and if I was once surprised, I was undone.

This was doubtless the happy minute, when, if I had hearkened to the blessed hint, from whatsoever hand it came, I had still a

cast for an easy life. But my fate was otherwise determined ; the busy devil that drew me in, had too fast hold of me to let me go back ; but as poverty brought me in, so avarice kept me in, till there was no going back ; as to the arguments which my reason dictated for persuading me to lay down, avarice stepped in and said, Go on, you have had very good luck, go on till you have gotten four or five hundred pounds, and then you shall leave off, and then you may live easy without working at all.

Thus I that was once in the devil's clutches, was held fast there as with a charm, and had no power to go without the circle, till I was ingulfed in labyrinths of trouble too great to get out at all.

However, these thoughts left some impression upon me, and made me act with some more caution than before, and more than my directors used for themselves. My comrade, as I called her (she should have been called my teacher), with another of her scholars, was the first in the misfortune ; for happening to be upon the hunt for purchase, they made an attempt upon a linen-draper in Cheapside, but were snapped by a hawk's-eyed journeyman, and seized with two pieces of cambric, which were taken also upon them.

This was enough to lodge them both in Newgate, where they had the misfortune to have some of their former sins brought to remembrance ; two other indictments being brought against them, and the facts being proved upon them, they were both condemned to die ; they both pleaded their bellies, and were both voted quick with child ; though my tutoress was no more with child than I was.

I went frequently to see them, and condole with them, expecting that it would be my turn next ; but the place gave me so much horror, reflecting that it was the place of my unhappy birth, and of my mother's misfortunes, that I could not bear it, so I left off going to see them.

And O ! could I but have taken warning by their disasters, I had been happy still, for I was yet free, and had nothing brought against me ; but it could not be, my measure was not yet filled up.

My comrade, having the brand of an old offender, was executed ; the young offender was spared, having obtained a reprieve ; but lay starving a long while in prison, till at last she got her name into what they call a circuit pardon, and so came off.

This terrible example of my comrade frightened me heartily, and for a good while I made no excursions ; but one night, in the neighbourhood of my governess's house, they cried, Fire ; my governess looked out, for we were all up, and cried immediately that such a gentlewoman's house was all of a light fire a-top, and so indeed it was. Here she gives me a jog ; Now, child, says she, there is a rare opportunity, the fire being so near that you may go to it before the street is blocked up with the crowd. She presently gave me my cue ; Go, child, says she, to the house, and run in and tell the lady, or anybody you see, that you come to help them, and that you came from such a gentlewoman ; that is, one of her acquaintance farther up the street.

Away I went, and, coming to the house, I found them all in confusion, you may be sure ; I ran in, and finding one of the maids, Alas ! sweetheart, said I, how came this dismal accident ? where is your mistress ? is she safe ? and where are the children ? I come from Madam — to help you. Away runs the maid ; Madam, madam, says she, screaming as loud as she could yell, here is a gentlewoman come from Madam — to help us. The poor woman, half out of her wits, with a bundle under her arm, and two little children, comes towards me ; Madam, says I, let me carry the poor children to Madam —, she desires you to send them ; she 'll take care of the poor lambs ; and so I takes one of them out of her hand, and she lifts the 'tother up into my arms : Ay, do, for God sake, says she, carry them ; O thank her for her kindness. Have you anything else to secure, madam ? says I ; she will take care of it. O dear ! says she, God bless her, take this bundle of plate and carry it to her too ; O she is a good woman ; O, we are utterly ruined, undone ! And away she runs from me out of her wits, and the maids after her, and away comes I with the two children and the bundle.

I was no sooner got into the street, but I saw another woman

come to me ; O ! says she, mistress, in a piteous tone, you will let fall the child ; come, come, this is a sad time, let me help you ; and immediately lays hold of my bundle to carry it for me. No, says I, if you will help me, take the child by the hand, and lead it for me but to the upper end of the street ; I'll go with you and satisfy you for your pains.

She could not avoid going, after what I said, but the creature, in short, was one of the same business with me, and wanted nothing but the bundle ; however, she went with me to the door, for she could not help it ; when we were come there I whispered her, Go child, said I, I understand your trade, you may meet with purchase enough.

She understood me and walked off ; I thundered at the door with the children, and as the people were raised before by the noise of the fire, I was soon let in, and I said, Is madam awake, pray tell her Mrs. — desires the favour of her to take the two children in ; poor lady, she will be undone, their house is all of a flame. They took the children in very civilly, pitied the family in distress, and away came I with my bundle. One of the maids asked me if I was not to leave the bundle too ; I said, No, sweetheart, 'tis to go to another place, it does not belong to them.

I was a great way out of the hurry now, and so I went on and brought the bundle of plate, which was very considerable, straight home, to my old governess ; she told me she would not look into it, but bade me go again and look for more.

She gave me the like cue to the gentlewoman of the next house to that which was on fire, and I did my endeavour to go, but by this time the alarm of fire was so great, and so many engines playing, and the street so thronged with people, that I could not get near the house, whatever I could do ; so I came back again to my governess's, and taking the bundle up into my chamber, I began to examine it. It is with horror that I tell what a treasure I found there ; 'tis enough to say, that besides most of the family plate, which was considerable, I found a gold chain, an old-fashioned thing, the locket of which was broken, so that I suppose it had not been used some years, but the gold was not

the worse for that ; also a little box of burying rings, the lady's wedding-ring, and some broken bits of old locketts of gold, a gold watch, and a purse with about 24*l.* value in old pieces of gold coin, and several other things of value.

This was the greatest and the worst prize that ever I was concerned in ; for indeed, though, as I have said above, I was hardened now beyond the power of all reflection in other cases, yet it really touched me to the very soul, when I looked into this treasure ; to think of the poor disconsolate gentlewoman who had lost so much besides ; and who would think to be sure that she had saved her plate and best things ; how she would be surprised when she should find that she had been deceived, and that the person that took her children and her goods, had come, as was pretended, from the gentlewoman in next street, but that the children had been put upon her without her own knowledge.

I say, I confess the inhumanity of this action moved me very much, and made me relent exceedingly, and tears stood in my eyes upon that subject ; but with all my sense of its being cruel and inhuman, I could never find in my heart to make any restitution. The reflection wore off, and I quickly forgot the circumstances that attended it.

Nor was this all ; for though by this job I was become considerably richer than before, yet the resolution I had formerly taken of leaving off this horrid trade when I had gotten a little more ; and the avarice had such success, that I had no more thoughts of coming to a timely alteration of life, though without it I could expect no safety, no tranquillity in the possession of what I had gained ; a little more, and a little more, was the case still.

At length, yielding to the importunities of my crime, I cast off all remorse, and all the reflections on that head turned to no more than this, that I might perhaps come to have one booty more that might complete all ; but though I certainly had that one booty, yet every hit looked towards another, and was so encouraging to me to go on with the trade, that I had no gust to the laying it down.

In this condition, hardened by success, and resolving to go on,

I fell into the snare in which I was appointed to meet with my last reward for this kind of life. But even this was not yet, for I met with several successful adventures more in this way.

My governess was for awhile really concerned for the misfortune of my comrade that had been hanged, for she knew enough of my governess to have sent her the same way, and which made her very uneasy ; indeed she was in a very great fright.

| It is true that when she was gone and had not told what she knew, my governess was easy as to that point, and perhaps glad she was hanged, for it was in her power to have obtained a pardon at the expense of her friends ; but the loss of her, and the sense of her kindness in not making her market of what she knew, moved my governess to mourn very sincerely for her. I comforted her as well as I could, and she in return hardened me to merit more completely the same fate.

However, as I have said, it made me the more wary, and particularly I was very shy of shoplifting, especially among the mercers and drapers, who are a set of fellows that have their eyes very much about them. I made a venture or two among the lace folks, and the milliners, and particularly at one shop where two young women were newly set up, and had not been bred to the trade : there I carried off a piece of bone-lace, worth six or seven pounds, and a paper of thread ; but this was but once, it was a trick that would not serve again.

It was always reckoned a safe job when we heard of a new shop, and especially when the people were such as were not bred to shops ; such may depend upon it that they will be visited once or twice at their beginning, and they must be very sharp indeed if they can prevent it.

I made another adventure or two after this, but they were but trifles. Nothing considerable offering for a good while, I began to think that I must give over trade in earnest ; but my governess, who was not willing to lose me, and expected great things of me, brought me one day into company with a young woman and a fellow that went for her husband, though as it appeared afterwards she was not his wife, but they were partners in the trade they

carried on ; and in something else too. In short, they robbed together, lay together, were taken together, and at last were hanged together.

I came into a kind of league with these two by the help of my governess, and they carried me out into three or four adventures, where I rather saw them commit some coarse and unhandy robberies, in which nothing but a great stock of impudence on their side, and gross negligence on the people's side who were robbed, could have made them successful ; so I resolved from that time forward to be very cautious how I adventured with them ; and indeed when two or three unlucky projects were proposed by them, I declined the offer, and persuaded them against it. One time they particularly proposed robbing a watchmaker of three gold watches, which they had eyed in the daytime, and found the place where he laid them : one of them had so many keys of all kinds, that he made no question to open the place where the watchmaker had laid them ; and so we made a kind of an appointment ; but when I came to look narrowly into the thing, I found they proposed breaking open the house, and this I would not embark in, so they went without me. They did get into the house by main force, and broke up the locked place where the watches were, but found but one of the gold watches, and a silver one, which they took, and got out of the house again very clear ; but the family being alarmed, cried out, Thieves, and the man was pursued and taken ; the young woman had got off too, but unhappily was stopped at a distance, and the watches found upon her ; and thus I had a second escape, for they were convicted, and both hanged, being old offenders, though but young people ; and as I said before, that they robbed together, so now they hanged together, and there ended my new partnership.

I began now to be very wary, having so narrowly escaped a scouring, and having such an example before me ; but I had a new tempter, who prompted me every day, I mean my governess ; and now a prize presented, which as it came by her management, so she expected a good share of the booty ; there was a good quantity of Flanders lace lodged in a private house, where she

had heard of it; and Flanders lace, being prohibited, it was a good booty to any custom-house officer that could come at it; I had a full account from my governess, as well of the quantity as of the very place where it was concealed, so I went to a custom-house officer, and told him I had a discovery to make to him, if he would assure me that I should have my due share of the reward; this was so just an offer, that nothing could be fairer; so he agreed, and taking a constable, and me with him, we beset the house; as I told him I could go directly to the place, he left it to me, and the hole being very dark, I squeezed myself into it, with a candle in my hand, and so reached the pieces out to him, taking care, as I gave him some, so to secure as much about myself as I could conveniently dispose of. There was near 300*l.* worth of lace in the whole; and I secured about 50*l.* worth of it myself. The people of the house were not owners of the lace, but a merchant who had entrusted them with it; so that they were not so surprised as I thought they would be.

I left the officer overjoyed with his prize, and fully satisfied with what he had got, and appointed to meet him at a house of his own directing, where I came after I had disposed of the cargo I had about me, of which he had not the least suspicion; when I came, he began to capitulate, believing I did not understand the right I had in the prize, and would fain have put me off with 20*l.*, but I let him know that I was not so ignorant as he supposed I was; and yet I was glad too, that he offered to bring me to a certainty; I asked 100*l.* and he rose up to 30*l.*; I fell to 80*l.* and he rose again to 40*l.*; in a word, he offered 50*l.* and I consented, only demanding a piece of lace, which I thought came to about 8*l.* or 9*l.*, as if it had been for my own wear, and he agreed to it; so I got 50*l.* in money paid me that same night, and made an end of the bargain; nor did he ever know who I was, or where to inquire for me; so that if it had been discovered that part of the goods were embezzled, he could have made no challenge upon me for it.

I very punctually divided this spoil with my governess, and I passed with her from this time for a very dexterous manager in

the nicest cases ; I found that this last was the best and easiest sort of work that was in my way, and I made it my business to inquire out prohibited goods ; and after buying some, usually betrayed them, but none of these discoveries amounted to anything considerable, not like that I related just now ; but I was cautious of running the great risks which I found others did, and in which they miscarried every day.

The next thing of moment, was an attempt at a gentlewoman's gold watch. It happened in a crowd, at a meeting-house, where I was in very great danger of being taken ; I had full hold of her watch, but giving a great jostle as if somebody had thrust me against her, and in the juncture giving the watch a fair pull, I found it would not come, so I let it go that moment, and cried as if I had been killed, that somebody had trod upon my foot, and that there was certainly pickpockets there, for somebody or other had given a pull at my watch ; for you are to observe, that on these adventures we always went very well dressed, and I had very good clothes on, and a gold watch by my side, as like a lady as other folks.

I had no sooner said so, but the other gentlewoman cried out, A pickpocket, too, for somebody, she said, had tried to pull her watch away.

When I touched her watch, I was close to her, but when I cried out, I stopped as it were short, and the crowd bearing her forward a little, she made a noise too, but it was at some distance from me, so that she did not in the least suspect me, but when she cried out, A pickpocket, somebody cried out, Ay, and here has been another, this gentlewoman has been attempted too.

At that very instant, a little farther in the crowd, and very luckily too, they cried out, A pickpocket, again, and really seized a young fellow in the very fact. This, though unhappy for the wretch, was very opportunely for my case, though I had carried it handsomely enough before ; but now it was out of doubt, and all the loose part of the crowd ran that way, and the poor boy was delivered up to the rage of the street, which is a cruelty I need not describe, and which, however, they are always glad of, rather than

be sent to Newgate, where they lie often a long time, and sometimes they are hanged, and the best they can look for, if they are convicted, is to be transported.

This was a narrow escape to me, and I was so frightened, that I ventured no more at gold watches a great while ; there were indeed many circumstances in this adventure, which assisted to my escape ; but the chief was, that the woman whose watch I had pulled at was a fool ; that is to say, she was ignorant of the nature of the attempt, which one would have thought she should not have been, seeing she was wise enough to fasten her watch so that it could not be slipt up ; but she was in such a fright, that she had no thought about her ; for she, when she felt the pull, screamed out, and pushed herself forward, and put all the people about her into disorder, but said not a word of her watch, or of a pickpocket, for at least two minutes, which was time enough for me, and to spare ; for as I had cried out behind her, as I have said, and bore myself back in the crowd as she bore forward, there were several people, at least seven or eight, the throng being still moving on, that were got between me and her in that time, and then I crying out, A pickpocket, rather sooner than she, she might as well be the person suspected as I, and the people were confused in their inquiry ; whereas, had she with a presence of mind needful on such an occasion, as soon as she felt the pull, not screamed out as she did, but turned immediately round, and seized the next body that was behind her, she had infallibly taken me.

This is a direction not of the kindest sort to the fraternity, but 'tis certainly a key to the clew of a pickpocket's motions ; and whoever can follow it, will as certainly catch the thief as he will be sure to miss if he does not.

I had another adventure, which puts this matter out of doubt, and which may be an instruction for posterity in the case of a pickpocket : my good old governess, to give a short touch at her history, though she had left off the trade, was, as I may say, born a pickpocket, and, as I understood afterward, had run through all the several degrees of that art, and yet had been taken but once ;

when she was so grossly detected that she was convicted, and ordered to be transported; but being a woman of a rare tongue, and withal having money in her pocket, she found means, the ship putting into Ireland for provisions, to get on shore there, where she practised her old trade some years; when falling into another sort of company, she turned midwife and procuress, and played a hundred pranks, which she gave me a little history of, in confidence between us as we grew more intimate; and it was to this wicked creature that I owed all the dexterity I arrived to, in which there were few that ever went beyond me, or that practised so long without any misfortune.

It was after those adventures in Ireland, and when she was pretty well known in that country, that she left Dublin, and came over to England, where the time of her transportation being not expired, she left her former trade, for fear of falling into bad hands again, for then she was sure to have gone to wreck. Here she set up the same trade she had followed in Ireland, in which she soon, by her admirable management, and a good tongue, arrived to the height which I have already described, and indeed began to be rich, though her trade fell again afterwards.

I mention thus much of the history of this woman here, the better to account for the concern she had in the wicked life I was now leading; into all the particulars of which she led me, as it were, by the hand, and gave me such directions, and I so well followed them, that I grew the greatest artist of my time, and worked myself out of every danger with such dexterity, that when several more of my comrades run themselves into Newgate, by that time they had been half a year at the trade, I had now practised upwards of five years, and the people at Newgate did not so much as know me; they had heard much of me indeed, and often expected me there; but I always got off, though many times in the extremest danger.

One of the greatest dangers I was now in, was that I was too well known among the trade, and some of them, whose hatred was owing rather to envy than any injury I had done them, began to be angry that I should always escape when they were always

caught and hurried to Newgate. These were they that gave me the name of Moll Flanders : for it was no more of affinity with my real name, or with any of the names I had ever gone by, than black is of kin to white, except that once, as before, I called myself Mrs. Flanders, when I sheltered myself in the Mint ; but that these rogues never knew, nor could I ever learn how they came to give me the name, or what the occasion of it was.

I was soon informed that some of these who were gotten fast into Newgate, had vowed to impeach me ; and as I knew that two or three of them were but too able to do it, I was under a great concern, and kept within doors for a good while ; but my governess, who was partner in my success, and who now played a sure game, for she had no share in the hazard, I say, my governess was something impatient of my leading such a useless unprofitable life, as she called it ; and she laid a new contrivance for my going abroad, and this was to dress me up in men's clothes, and so put me into a new kind of practice.

I was tall and personable, but a little too smooth-faced for a man ; however, as I seldom went abroad but in the night, it did well enough ; but it was long before I could behave in my new clothes ; it was impossible to be so nimble, so ready, so dexterous at these things, in a dress contrary to nature ; and as I did everything clumsily, so I had neither the success, or easiness of escape that I had before, and I resolved to leave it off ; but that resolution was confirmed soon after by the following accident.

As my governess had disguised me like a man, so she joined me with a man, a young fellow that was nimble enough at his business, and for about three weeks we did very well together. Our principal trade was watching shopkeepers' counters, and slipping off any kinds of goods we could see carelessly laid anywhere, and we made several good bargains, as we called them, at this work. And as we kept always together, so we grew very intimate, yet he never knew that I was not a man ; nay, though I several times went home with him to his lodgings, according as our business directed, and four or five times lay with him all night : but our design lay another way, and it was absolutely ne-

cessary to me to conceal my sex from him, as appeared afterwards, the circumstances of our living, coming in late, and having such business to do as required that nobody should be trusted with coming into our lodgings, were such as made it impossible to me to refuse lying with him, unless I would have owned my sex ; and as it was, I effectually concealed myself.

But his ill, and my good fortune, soon put an end to this life, which I must own I was sick of too. We had made several prizes in this new way of business, but the last would have been extraordinary : there was a shop in a certain street which had a warehouse behind it that looked into another street, the house making the corner.

Through the window of the warehouse we saw lying on the counter or showboard which was just before it, five pieces of silks, besides other stuffs ; and though it was almost dark, yet the people being busy in the fore-shop had not had time to shut up those windows, or else had forgot it.

This the young fellow was so overjoyed with, that he could not restrain himself ; it lay within his reach, he said, and he swore violently to me that he would have it, if he broke down the house for it ; I dissuaded him a little, but saw there was no remedy ; so he run rashly upon it, slipt out a square out of the sash window dexterously enough, and got four pieces of the silks, and came with them towards me, but was immediately pursued with a terrible clutter and noise ; we were standing together indeed, but I had not taken any of the goods out of his hand, when I said to him hastily, You are undone ! He run like lightning, and I too, but the pursuit was hotter after him, because he had the goods ; he dropt two of the pieces, which stopped them a little, but the crowd increased, and pursued us both ; they took him soon after with the other two pieces, and then the rest followed me ; I run for it and got into my governess's house, whither some quick-eyed people followed me so warmly as to fix me there ; they did not immediately knock at the door, by which I got time to throw off my disguise, and dress me in my own clothes ; besides, when they came there, my governess, who had her tale ready, kept her

door shut, and called out to them and told them there was no man came in there ; the people affirmed there did a man come in there, and swore they would break open the door.

My governess, not at all surprised, spoke calmly to them, told them they should very freely come and search her house, if they would bring a constable, and let in none but such as the constable would admit, for it was unreasonable to let in a whole crowd ; this they could not refuse, though they were a crowd ; so a constable was fetched immediately, and she very freely opened the door, the constable kept the door, and the men he appointed searched the house, my governess going with them from room to room. When she came to my room she called to me, and said aloud, Cousin, pray open the door, here's some gentlemen that must come and look into your room.

I had a little girl with me, which was my governess's grand-child, as she called her ; and I bade her open the door, and there sat I at work with a great litter of things about me, as if I had been at work all day, being undressed, with only night clothes on my head, and a loose morning gown about me : my governess made a kind of excuse for their disturbing me, telling partly the occasion of it, and that she had no remedy but to open the doors to them, and let them satisfy themselves, for all she could say would not satisfy them : I sat still, and bid them search if they pleased, for if there was anybody in the house, I was sure they were not in my room ; and for the rest of the house, I had nothing to say to that, I did not understand what they looked for.

Everything looked so innocent and so honest about me, that they treated me civiller than I expected ; but it was not till they had searched the room to a nicety, even under the bed, and in the bed, and everywhere else, where it was possible anything could be hid ; when they had done, and could find nothing, they asked my pardon and went down.

When they had thus searched the house from bottom to top, and then from top to bottom, and could find nothing, they appeased the mob pretty well ; but they carried my governess before the justice : two men swore that they saw the man, whom they

pursued, go into her house ; my governess rattled and made a great noise that her house should be insulted, and that she should be used thus for nothing ; that if a man did come in, he might go out again presently for aught she knew, for she was ready to make oath that no man had been within her doors all that day as she knew of ; which was very true ; that it might be, that as she was above stairs, any fellow in a fright might find the door open, and run in for shelter when he was pursued, but that she knew nothing of it ; and if it had been so, he certainly went out again, perhaps at the other door, for she had another door into an alley, and so had made his escape.

This was indeed probable enough, and the justice satisfied himself with giving her an oath that she had not received or admitted any man into her house to conceal him, or protect or hide him from justice : this oath she might justly take, and did so, and so she was dismissed.

It is easy to judge what a fright I was in upon this occasion, and it was impossible for my governess ever to bring me to dress in that disguise again ; for, as I told her, I should certainly betray myself.

My poor partner in this mischief was now in a bad case, for he was carried away before my lord mayor, and by his worship committed to Newgate, and the people that took him were so willing, as well as able, to prosecute him, that they offered themselves to enter into recognisances to appear at the sessions, and pursue the charge against him.

However, he got his indictment deferred, upon promise to discover his accomplices, and particularly the man that was concerned with him in this robbery ; and he failed not to do his endeavour, for he gave in my name, whom he called Gabriel Spencer, which was the name I went by to him ; and here appeared the wisdom of my concealing myself from him, without which I had been undone.

He did all he could to discover this Gabriel Spencer ; he described me ; he discovered the place where he said I lodged ; and in a word, all the particulars that he could of my dwelling ;

but having concealed the main circumstances of my sex from him, I had a vast advantage, and he could never hear of me; he brought two or three families into trouble, by his endeavouring to find me out, but they knew nothing of me, any more than that he had a fellow with him, that they had seen, but knew nothing of; and as to my governess, though she was the means of his coming to me, yet it was done at secondhand, and he knew nothing of her neither.

This turned to his disadvantage; for having promised discoveries, but not being able to make it good, it was looked upon as trifling, and he was the more fiercely pursued by the shop-keeper.

I was, however, terribly uneasy all this while, and that I might be quite out of the way, I went away from my governess for a while, but not knowing whither to wander, I took a maid-servant with me, and took the stage-coach to Dunstable to my old landlord and landlady, where I lived so handsomely with my Lancashire husband: here I told her a formal story, that I expected my husband every day from Ireland, and that I had sent a letter to him that I would meet him at Dunstable at her house, and that he would certainly land if the wind was fair, in a few days; so that I was come to spend a few days with them till he could come, for he would either come post, or in the West-Chester coach, I knew not which, but whichever it was, he would be sure to come to that house to meet me.

My landlady was mighty glad to see me, and my landlord made such a stir with me, that if I had been a princess I could not have been better used, and here I might have been welcome a month or two if I had thought fit.

But my business was of another nature; I was very uneasy (though so well disguised that it was scarce possible to detect me) lest this fellow should find me out; and though he could not charge me with the robbery, having persuaded him not to venture, and having done nothing of it myself, yet he might have charged me with other things, and have bought his own life at the expense of mine.

This filled me with horrible apprehensions : I had no resource, no friend, no confidant but my old governess, and I knew no remedy but to put my life into her hands ; and so I did, for I let her know where to send to me, and had several letters from her while I stayed here. Some of them almost scared me out of my wits ; but at last she sent me the joyful news that he was hanged, which was the best news to me that I had heard a great while.

I had stayed here five weeks, and lived very comfortably indeed, the secret anxiety of my mind excepted ; but when I received this letter I looked pleasantly again, and told my landlady that I had received a letter from my spouse in Ireland, that I had the good news of his being very well, but had the bad news that his business would not permit him to come away so soon as he expected, and so I was like to go back again without him.

My landlady complimented me upon the good news, however, that I had heard he was well ; For I have observed, madam, says she, you han't been so pleasant as you used to be ; you have been over head and ears in care for him, I dare say, says the good woman ; 't is easy to be seen there's an alteration in you for the better, says she. Well, I am sorry the 'squire can't come yet, says my landlord : I should have been heartily glad to have seen him : when you have certain news of his coming, you'll take a step hither again, madam, says he : you shall be very welcome whenever you please to come.

With all these fine compliments we parted, and I came merry enough to London, and found my governess as well pleased, as I was. And now she told me she would never recommend any partner to me again, for she always found, she said, that I had the best luck when I ventured by myself. And so indeed I had, for I was seldom in any danger when I was by myself, or if I was, I got out of it with more dexterity than when I was entangled with the dull measures of other people, who had perhaps less forecast, and were more impatient than I ; for though I had as much courage to venture as any of them, yet I used more caution before I undertook a thing, and had more presence of mind to bring myself off.

I have often wondered even at my own hardness another way, that when all my companions were surprised, and fell so suddenly into the hand of justice, yet I could not all this while enter into one serious resolution to leave off this trade ; and especially considering that I was now very far from being poor, that the temptation of necessity, which is the general introduction of all such wickedness, was now removed ; that I had near 500*l.* by me in ready money, on which I might have lived very well, if I had thought fit to have retired ; but, I say, I had not so much as the least inclination to leave off ; no, not so much as I had before, when I had but 200*l.* beforehand, and when I had no such frightful examples before my eyes as these were. From hence 'tis evident, that when once we are hardened in crime, no fear can affect us, no example give us any warning.

I had indeed one comrade, whose fate went very near me for a good while, though I wore it off too in time. That case was indeed very unhappy ; I had made a prize of a piece of very good damask in a mercer's shop, and went clear off myself ; but had conveyed the piece to this companion of mine, when we went out of the shop ; and she went one way, I went another. We had not been long out of the shop, but the mercer missed the piece of stuff, and sent his messengers, one one way, and one another, and they presently seized her that had the piece, with the damask upon her ; as for me, I had very luckily stepped into a house where there was a lace chamber, up one pair of stairs, and had the satisfaction, or the terror indeed, of looking out of the window, and seeing the poor creature dragged away to the justice, who immediately committed her to Newgate.

I was careful to attempt nothing in the lace chamber, but tumbled their goods pretty much to spend time ; then bought a few yards of edging, and paid for it, and came away very sad-hearted indeed, for the poor woman who was in tribulation for what I only had stolen.

Here again my old caution stood me in good stead ; though I often robbed with these people, yet I never let them know who I was, nor could they ever find out my lodging, though they often

endeavoured to watch me to it. They all knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, though even some of them rather believed I was she, than knew me to be so ; my name was public among them indeed ; but how to find me out they knew not, nor so much as how to guess at my quarters, whether they were at the east end of the town, or the west ; and this wariness was my safety upon all these occasions.

I kept close a great while upon the occasion of this woman's disaster ; I knew that if I should do anything that should miscarry, and should be carried to prison, she would be there, and ready to witness against me, and perhaps save her life at my expense ; I considered that I began to be very well known by name at the Old Bailey, though they did not know my face ; and that if I should fall into their hands, I should be treated as an old offender : and for this reason, I was resolved to see what this poor creature's fate should be before I stirred, though several times in her distress I conveyed money to her for her relief.

At length she came to her trial. She pleaded she did not steal the things, but that one Mrs. Flanders, as she heard her called (for she did not know her), gave the bundle to her after they came out of the shop, and bade her carry it home. They asked her where this Mrs. Flanders was ? but she could not produce her, neither could she give the least account of me ; and the mercer's men swearing positively that she was in the shop when the goods were stolen, that they immediately missed them, and pursued her, and found them upon her, thereupon the jury brought her in guilty ; but the court considering that she really was not the person that stole the goods, and that it was very possible she could not find out this Mrs. Flanders, meaning me, though it would save her life, which indeed was true, they allowed her to be transported ; which was the utmost favour she could obtain, only that the court told her, if she could in the mean time produce the said Mrs. Flanders, they would intercede for her pardon ; that is to say, if she could find me out, and hang me, she should not be transported. This I took care to make impossible to her, and so she was shipped off in pursuance of her sentence a little while after.

I must repeat it again, that the fate of this poor woman troubled me exceedingly ; and I began to be very pensive, knowing that I was really the instrument of her disaster : but my own life, which was so evidently in danger, took off my tenderness ; and seeing she was not put to death, I was easy at her transportation, because she was then out of the way of doing me any mischief, whatever should happen.

The disaster of this woman was some months before that of the last-recited story, and was indeed partly the occasion of my governess proposing to dress me up in men's clothes, that I might go about unobserved ; but I was soon tired of that disguise, as I have said, for it exposed me to too many difficulties.

I was now easy, as to all fear of witnesses against me, for all those that had either been concerned with me, or that knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, were either hanged or transported ; and if I should have had the misfortune to be taken, I might call myself anything else, as well as Moll Flanders, and no old sins could be placed to my account ; so I began to run a-tick again, with the more freedom, and several successful adventures I made, though not such as I had made before.

We had at that time another fire happened not a great way off from the place where my governess lived, and I made an attempt there as before, but as I was not soon enough before the crowd of people came in, and could not get to the house I aimed at, instead of a prize, I got a mischief, which had almost put a period to my life and all my wicked doings together ; for the fire being very furious, and the people in a great fright in removing their goods, and throwing them out of window, a wench from out of a window threw a feather-bed just upon me ; it is true, the bed being soft it broke no bones : but as the weight was great, and made greater by the fall, it beat me down, and laid me dead for awhile : nor did the people concern themselves much to deliver me from it, or to recover me at all ; but I lay like one dead and neglected a good while, till somebody going to remove the bed out of the way, helped me up ; it was indeed a wonder the people in the house had not thrown other goods out after it, and which might have

fallen upon it, and then I had been inevitably killed ; but I was reserved for farther afflictions.

This accident, however, spoiled my market for that time, and I came home to my governess very much hurt, and frightened, and it was a good while before she could set me upon my feet again.

X. PAMELA; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED.

[The first two letters of the Andrews correspondence will serve as illustration of Richardson's method and design. The general tone of the narrative is that suggested in the extracts. "Pamela" was published in 1740.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my good lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accompts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: But God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd, put it into my good lady's heart, on her death-bed, just an hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow) she could only say — My dear son! and so broke off a little; and then recovering — Remember my poor Pamela! And those were some of her last words! O how my eyes overflow! Don't wonder to see the paper so blotted!

Well, but God's will must be done! and so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a burden to my dear parents! For my master said — I will take care of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela, (and he took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all) for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father

and mother, for a blessing upon him : For he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants ; and I, having no wages as yet, my poor lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own hand four guineas, and some silver, which were in my lady's pocket when she dy'd ; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort. I formerly sent you such little matters as arose from my lady's bounty, loth as you was always to take anything from me ; But Providence will not let me want ; and I have made, in case of sudden occasions, a little reserve (besides the silver now given me) that I may not be obliged to borrow, and look little in the eyes of my fellow-servants : And so you may pay some old debt with part ; and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care, to love and cherish you both ; for you have lov'd and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John our footman, who goes your way ; but he does not know what he carries ; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapp'd close in paper, that they may not chink : and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, my dear father and mother, I must give you both grief and pleasure ; and so I will only say, pray for your Pamela ; who will ever be

Your dutiful Daughter.

I have been scared out of my senses ; for just now, as I was folding up this letter, in my late lady's dressing room, in comes my young master ! Good sirs ! how I was frightened ! I went to hide the letter in my bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said smiling — To whom have you been writing, Pamela ? — I said, in my confusion — Pray, your honour, forgive me ! Only to my father and mother. Well, then, let me see what a hand you write. — He took it without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again ; and I said — Pray your honour, forgive me ! Yet I know not for what : For he was not undutiful

to *his* parents ; and why should he be angry that I was dutiful to *mine* ! And indeed he was not angry ; for he took me by the hand, and said — You are a good girl, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these ; *tho' you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family.* Be faithful and diligent ; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said — Why, Pamela, you write a pretty hand, and *spell* very well too. You may look into any of my mother's books to improve yourself, so you take care of them.

To be sure I did nothing but curt'sy and cry, and was all in confusion, at his goodness. Indeed, he was once thought to be wilkish ; but he is now the best of gentlemen, I think !

But I am making another long letter : So will only add to it, that I shall ever be Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II. — HER FATHER IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR CHILD, — Your letter was indeed a great trouble, and some comfort, to me, and to your poor mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and for three or four years past has always been giving you clothes and linen, and everything that a gentlewoman need not be asham'd to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to anything dishonest or wicked, *by being set so above yourself.* Everybody talks how you are come on, and what a genteel girl you are ; and some say you are very pretty ; and, indeed, when I saw you last, which is about six months ago, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone ! Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you ; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest ? We are, it is true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live ; *tho' once, as you know, it was better with us.* But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the

ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the price of our dear child's ruin.

I hope the good 'squire has no design; but, as he was once, as you know, a little wildish, and as he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, if you would do as *you should do*: these things make us very fearful for your virtue.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good families; and she gives us some comfort: for she says it is not unusual when a lady dies, to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her illness. But then, *why should he smile so kindly upon you?* Why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he deign to read your letter written to us, and commend your writing and spelling? Indeed, indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ache for you; and then you seem so full of *joy* at his goodness, so *taken* with his kind expressions (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well) that we *fear*—Yes, my dear child, we *fear*—you should be *too* grateful and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor anything in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter; but will say one thing more; and that is, that in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes we have trusted in God's goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our lot is hard here: But the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would very soon bring our grey hairs to the grave.

If, then, you love *us*, if you wish for *God's* blessing, and *your own* future happiness, we charge you to stand upon your guard; and, if you find the least thing that looks like a design upon your virtue, be sure you leave everything behind you, and come away to us! for we had rather see you all cover'd with rags, and even follow you to the church-yard, than have it said a child of ours preferr'd any worldly conveniences to her virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful present; but till we are out of

our pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame : So have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window, for a while, lest we should be robbed.

With our blessings, and our prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

XI. TOM JONES.

[The following chapters from the sixth book of Fielding's "Tom Jones" have been chosen as introducing within a comparatively brief and complete extract the principal characters of the novel. The hero himself, it may appear to some, is very little upon the scene; but the character of Squire Western is, after all, the strongest and best-drawn portrait in Fielding's pages, and in the passages selected the Squire is prominent, and characteristically himself. There are no omissions in the text.]

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE WEEKS.

CHAPTER I.

OF LOVE.

IN our last book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the passion of love; and, in our succeeding book shall be forced to handle this subject still more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourselves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philosophers, among many other wonderful discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such passion in the human breast.

Whether these philosophers be the same with that surprising sect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift, as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the least assistance of any kind of learning, or even reading, discovered that profound and invaluable secret, that there is no God; or whether they are not rather the same with those who, some years since, very much

alarmed the world, by showing that there were no such things as virtue or goodness really existing in human nature, and who deduced our best actions from pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several finders of truth are the very identical men, who are by others called the finders of gold. The method used in both these searches after truth and after gold, being, indeed, one and the same, viz. the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty place ; indeed, in the former instances, into the nastiest of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though in this particular, and, perhaps, in their success, the truth-finder and the gold-finder may very properly be compared together ; yet, in modesty, surely, there can be no comparison between the two : for whoever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to assert, from the ill-success of his search, that there was no such thing as gold in the world ? Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor anything virtuous or good, or lovely or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically, concludes, that no such things exist in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if possible, with these philosophers, if they will be called so, and to show our own disposition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some concessions, which may, possibly, put an end to the dispute.

First, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps those of the philosophers, are entirely free from the least traces of such a passion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the desire of satisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human flesh, is by no means that passion for which I here contend. This is, indeed, more properly hunger ; and, as no glutton is ashamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to say he LOVES such and such dishes ; so may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, say, he HUNGERS after such and such women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which, I believe, will be a most acceptable concession, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheless seek its own satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our appetites.

And, lastly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different sex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other emotions than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all these concessions, I desire of the philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human breasts a kind and benevolent disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the happiness of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendship, in parental and filial affection, as, indeed, in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite delight. That if we will not call such disposition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleasures arising from such pure love may be heightened and sweetened by the assistance of amorous desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the intervention of the latter. Lastly, that esteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to desire; and, therefore, though such desire may naturally cease, when age or sickness overtakes its object, yet these can have no effect on love, nor ever shake or remove, from a good mind, that sensation or passion which hath gratitude and esteem for its basis.

To deny the existence of a passion of which we often see manifest instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can, indeed, proceed only from that self-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this! Doth the man who recognises in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude, therefore, that there are no such passions in human nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil, of others? Or why, in

any case, will we, as Shakespeare phrases it, "put the world in our own person"?

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one instance of that adulation which we bestow on our minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce any man, how much soever he may despise the character of a flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest manner to flatter himself.

To those, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above observations, whose own minds can bear testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and resolve whether you do believe these matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wiser to pursue your business, or your pleasures, (such as they are,) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taste or comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, must be as absurd as to discourse on colours to a man born blind; since possibly, your idea of love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind man once entertained of the colour scarlet; that colour seemed to him to be very much like the sound of a trumpet: and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly resemble a dish of soup, or a sirloin of roast-beef.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARACTER OF MRS. WESTERN. HER GREAT LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, AND AN INSTANCE OF THE DEEP PENETRATION WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THOSE ADVANTAGES.

THE reader hath seen Mr. Western, his sister, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parson, going together to Mr. Western's house, where the greater part of the company spent the evening with much joy and festivity. Sophia was, indeed, the only grave person; for, as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire pos-

session of his heart, yet the pleasing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the presence of his mistress, joined to some tender looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were, perhaps, as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the same gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her father and aunt together. The squire took no notice at this change in his daughter's disposition. To say the truth, though he was somewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country interest at an election, he was a man of no great observation. His sister was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had seen the world. Hence she had acquired all that knowledge which the world usually communicates; and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions. Nor did her erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her mind by study: she had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances, in all which she was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's History of England, Echard's Roman History, and many French *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire*: To these she added most of the political pamphlets and journals published within the last twenty years. From which she had attained a very competent skill in politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was, moreover, excellently well skilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than anybody who and who were together; a knowledge which she more easily attained, as her pursuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own: for either she had no inclinations, or they had never been solicited; which last is, indeed, very probable; for her masculine person, which was near six feet high, added to her manner and learning, possibly prevented the other sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as she had considered the matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the arts which fine ladies use when they desire to give encouragement, or

to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of smiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at present practised in the beau-monde. To sum the whole, no species of disguise or affectation had escaped her notice ; but, as to the plain simple workings of honest nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful sagacity, Mrs. Western had now, as she thought, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia. The first hint of this she took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle : and the suspicion, which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some observations which she had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a mistake, she carried the secret a whole fortnight in her bosom, giving only some oblique hints, by simpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obscure word, which, indeed, sufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied with the truth of her observation, she took an opportunity, one morning, when she was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whistles in the following manner : —

“ Pray, brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my niece lately ? ” “ No, not I,” answered Western ; “ is anything the matter with the girl ? ” “ I think there is,” replied she ; “ and something of much consequence, too.” “ Why, she doth not complain of anything,” cries Western ; “ and she hath had the small-pox.” “ Brother,” returned she, “ girls are liable to other distempers besides the small-pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.” Here Western interrupted her with much earnestness, and begged her, if anything ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, “ she knew he loved her more than his own soul, and that he would send to the world’s end for the best physician to her.” “ Nay, nay,” answered she smiling, “ the distemper is not so terrible ; but I believe, brother, that you are convinced I know the world, and I promise you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not most des-

perately in love." "How! in love," cries Western in a passion; "in love, without acquainting me! I'll disinherit her; I'll turn her out of doors stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindness vor 'ur, and vondess o' 'ur come to this, to fall in love without asking me leave?" "But you will not," answered Mrs. Western, "turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you would not be angry then?" "No, no," cries Western, "that would make a difference. If she marries the man I would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases, I shan't trouble my head about that." "That is spoken," answered the sister, "like a sensible man; but I believe the very person she hath chosen would be the very person you would choose for her. I will disclaim all knowledge of the world, if it is not so; and I believe, brother, you will allow I have some." "Why, lookee, sister," said Western, "I do believe you have as much as any woman; and to be sure those are women's matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk about politics; they belong to us, and petticoats should not meddle; but come, who is the man?" "Marry!" said she, "you may find him out yourself if you please. You, who are so great a politician, can be at no great loss. The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and discover the secret springs which move the great state wheels in all the political machines of Europe, must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl." "Sister," cries the squire, "I have often warned you not to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I don't understand the lingo; but I can read a journal, or the London Evening Post. Perhaps, indeed, there may be now and tan a verse which I can't make much of, because half the letters are left out; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our affairs don't go so well as they should do, because of bribery and corruption." "I pity your country ignorance from my heart," cries the lady. "Do you?" answered Western; "and I pity your town learn-

ing: I had rather be anything than a courtier, and a Presbyterian, and a Hanoverian, too, as some people, I believe, are." "If you mean me," answered she, "you know I am a woman, brother; and it signifies nothing what I am. Besides—" "I do know you are a woman," cries the squire, "and it's well for thee that art one; if hadst been a man, I promise thee I had lent thee a flick long ago." "Ay, there," said she, "in that flick lies all your fancied superiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are stronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you that you are able to beat us; or, such is the superiority of our understanding, we should make all of you what the brave, and wise, and witty, and polite, are already—our slaves." "I am glad I know your mind," answered the squire. "But we'll talk more of this matter another time. At present, do tell me what man is it you mean about my daughter." "Hold a moment," said she, "while I digest that sovereign contempt I have for your sex; or else I ought to be angry, too, with you. There—I have made a shift to gulp it down. And now, good politic Sir, what think you of Mr. Blifil? Did she not faint away on seeing him lie breathless on the ground? Did she not, after he was recovered, turn pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he stood? And pray what else should be the occasion of all her melancholy that night at supper, the next morning, and, indeed, ever since?" "'Fore George!" cries the squire, "now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on't with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my life: for nothing can lie so handy together as our two estates. I had this matter in my head some time ago; for certainly the two estates are in a manner joined together in matrimony already, and it would be a thousand pities to part them. It is true, indeed, there be larger estates in the kingdom, but not in this country; and I had rather bate something, than marry my daughter among strangers and foreigners. Besides, most o' zuch great estates be in the hands of lords, and I hate the very name of *themmun*. Well but,

sister, what would you advise me to do ; for I tell you women know these matters better than we do ? ” — “ Oh, your humble servant, sir,” answered the lady : “ we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in anything. Since you are pleased then, most politic sir, to ask my advice, I think you may propose the match to Mr. Allworthy yourself. There is no indecorum in the proposals coming from the parent of either side. King Alcinous, in Mr. Pope’s *Odyssey*, offers his daughter to Ulysses. I need not caution so politic a person to say that your daughter is in love ; that would indeed be against all rules.” — “ Well,” said the squire, “ I will propose it ; but I shall certainly lend un a flick if he should refuse me.” — “ Fear not,” cries Mrs. Western : “ the match is too advantageous to be refused.” — “ I don’t know that,” answered the squire : “ Allworthy is a queer b—ch, and money hath no effect o’ un.” — “ Brother,” said the lady, “ your politics astonish me. Are you really to be imposed on by professions ? Do you think Mr. Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other men, because he professes more ? Such credulity would better become one of us weak women, than that wise sex which Heaven hath formed for politicians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would soon persuade you, that they take towns out of mere defensive principles.” — “ Sister,” answered the squire, with much scorn, “ let your friends at court answer for the towns taken ; as you are a woman, I shall lay no blame upon you ; for I suppose they are wiser than to trust women with secrets.” He accompanied this with so sarcastical a laugh, that Mrs. Western could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part, (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these matters, and very violent in them,) and therefore burst forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his house.

The squire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He strongly held all those wise tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic school of Exchange-alley. He knew the just

value and only use of money, viz., to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact value of reversions, expectations, &c., and had often considered the amount of his sister's fortune, and the chance which he or his posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult task, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and still greater for her niece; and though too susceptible of an affront offered to her skill in politics, on which she much valued herself, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent hands on the horses, for whose escape from the stable no place but the window was left open, he next applied himself to his sister, softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favor and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs. Western, who said, "Brother, you are absolutely a perfect Croat; but as those have their use in the army of the empress queen, so you likewise have some good in you. I will, therefore, once more sign a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not infringe it on your side; at least, as you are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your leagues, like the French, till your interest calls upon you to break them."

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING TWO DEFIANCES TO THE CRITICS.

THE squire having settled matters with his sister, as we have seen in the last chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the proposal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Western had the utmost dif-

ficulty to prevent him from visiting that gentleman in his sickness for this purpose.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Western at the time when he was taken ill. He was therefore no sooner discharged out of the custody of physic, but he thought, (as was usual with him on all occasions, both the highest and the lowest,) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the last chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehension that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones. She now resolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all such suspicion, and for that purpose to put an entire constraint on her behavior.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmost sprightliness in her countenance, and the highest gayety in her manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole discourse to Mr. Blifil, and took not the least notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The squire was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce ate any dinner, and spent almost his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying signs of his approbation by winks and nods to his sister, who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her brother.

In short, Sophia so greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some affection in her niece; but as she was herself a woman of great art, so she soon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints she had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive gayety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking, that this conjecture would have been better founded had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Grosvenor Square, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that passion, which

is a mighty serious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles distant from London.

To say the truth, in discovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may use the expression, in the same key with theirs ; for very artful men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or, in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short story. Three countrymen were pursuing a Wiltshire thief through Brentford. The simplest of them, seeing "the Wiltshire house," written under a sign, advised his companion to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this simplicity ; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, "Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own countrymen." They accordingly went in, and searched the house, and by that means missed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them ; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digression in which so invaluable a secret is communicated, since every gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reason, why the wiser man, as is often seen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented ; but what is more material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Western, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his sister had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aside, and very bluntly proposed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of those men whose hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philosophy which becomes a man and a Christian. He affected no absolute superiority to all pleasure and pain, to all joy and grief ; but was not at the same

time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental blast, by every smile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Western's proposal without any visible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He said, the alliance was such as he sincerely wished ; then launched forth into a very just encomium of the young lady's merit ; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune ; and after thanking Mr. Western for the good opinion he had professed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the affair.

Western was a little disappointed at Mr. Allworthy's answer, which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another with great contempt ; saying, " That parents were the best judges of proper matches for their children ; that, for his part, he should insist on the most resigned obedience from his daughter ; and if any young fellow could refuse such a bedfellow, he was his humble servant, and hoped there was no harm done."

Allworthy endeavoured to soften this resentment by many eulogiums on Sophia, declaring he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer ; but all was ineffectual : he could obtain no other answer from the squire but — " I'll say no more — I humbly hope there's no harm done — that's all." Which words he repeated at least a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbor to be offended at this behaviour ; and though he was so averse to the rigour which some parents exercise on their children in the article of marriage, that he had resolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the prospect of this union ; for the whole country resounded the praises of Sophia, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and person. To which, I believe we may add, the consideration of her vast fortune, which, though he was too sober to be intoxicated with it, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I must and will introduce a digression concerning true wisdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodness.

True wisdom, then, notwithstanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ against riches, and in spite of all which any rich well-fed divine may have preached against pleasure, consists not in the contempt of either of these. A man may have as much wisdom in the possession of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the streets; or may enjoy a handsome wife, or a hearty friend, and still remain as wise as any popish recluse, who buries all his social faculties, and starves his belly, while he well lashes his back.

To say the truth, the wisest man is the likeliest to possess all worldly blessings in an eminent degree: for as that moderation which wisdom prescribes is the surest way to useful wealth, so can it alone qualify us to taste many pleasures. The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion, while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, that very wise men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, not wise in that instance. It may likewise be said, that the wisest men have been in their youth moderately fond of pleasure. I answer, they were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, only teaches to extend a simple maxim, universally known and followed even in the lowest life, a little farther than life carries it. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and constantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleasures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise man, and must be so acknowledged in the worldly sense of the word: for he makes the best of bargains; since in reality he purchases everything at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his in-

nocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this moderation, likewise, he learns two other lessons, which complete his character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchase.

But I must remember on what subject I am writing, and not to trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING SUNDRY CURIOUS MATTERS.

As soon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and, after some preface, communicated to him the proposal which had been made by Mr. Western, and at the same time informed him how agreeable this match would be to himself.

The charms of Sophia had not made the least impression on Blifil: not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of beauty, or had any aversion to women; but his appetites were by nature so moderate, that he was able, by philosophy, or by study, or by some other method, easily to subdue them; and as to that passion which we have treated of in the first chapter of this book, he had not the least tincture of it in his whole composition.

But though he was so entirely free from that mixed passion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed so notable an object, yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other passions, that promised themselves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once considered the posses-

sion of this fortune as a very desirable thing, and had entertained some distant views concerning it; but his own youth, and that of the young lady, and indeed, principally, a reflection that Mr. Western might marry again, and have more children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a pursuit.

This last and more material objection was now in a great measure removed, as the proposal came from Mr. Western himself. Blifil, therefore, after a very short hesitation, answered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a subject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he should in all things submit himself to his pleasure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of spirit, and his present gravity arose from true wisdom and philosophy, not from any original phlegm in his disposition; for he had possessed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleased with this cold answer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praises of Sophia, and expressing some wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of such charms, unless it was guarded by some prior affection.

Blifil assured him he had no such guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on love and marriage, that he would have stopped the mouth of a parent much less devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was satisfied, that his nephew, far from having any objection to Sophia, had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds is the sure foundation of friendship and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his mistress, he foresaw great happiness arising to all parties by so proper and desirable an union. With Mr. Blifil's consent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr. Western, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his visit.

Western was much pleased with this letter, and immediately returned an answer; in which, without having mentioned a word

to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the scene of courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this messenger, he went in quest of his sister, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to Parson Supple. To this exposition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had business of great consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, "Brother, I am entirely at your service. Things look so well in the North, that I was never in a better humor."

The parson then withdrawing, Western acquainted her with all which had passed, and desired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which she readily and cheerfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aspect, which had so delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings; for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH IS RELATED WHAT PASSED BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER AUNT.

SOPHIA was in her chamber, reading, when her aunt came in. The moment she saw Mrs. Western, she shut the book with so much eagerness that the good lady could not forbear asking her, "What book was that which she seemed so afraid of showing?" "Upon my word, madam," answered Sophia, "it is a book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the production of a young lady of fashion, whose good understanding, I think, doth honour to her sex, and whose good heart is an honour to human nature." Mrs. Western then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, saying — "Yes, the author is of a very good family; but she is not much among people one knows. I have never read it; for the best judges say, there is

not much in it." — "I dare not, madam, set up my own opinion," says Sophia, "against the best judges, but there appears to me a great deal of human nature in it; and, in many parts, so much true tenderness and delicacy, that it hath cost me many a tear." — "Ay, and do you love to cry, then?" says her aunt. — "I love a tender sensation," answered the niece, "and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time." — "Well, but show me," says the aunt, "what you was reading when I came in; there was something very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You blush, my dear Sophia. Ah! child, you should read books which would teach you a little hypocrisy, which would instruct you how to hide your thoughts a little better." — "I hope, madam," answered Sophia, "I have no thoughts which I ought to be ashamed of discovering." — "Ashamed! no," cries the aunt, "I don't think you have any thoughts which you ought to be ashamed of; and yet, child, you blushed just now when I mentioned the word loving. Dear Sophia, be assured you have not one thought which I am not well acquainted with; as well, child, as the French are with our motions, long before we put them in execution. Did you think, child, because you have been able to impose upon your father, that you could impose upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the reason of your overacting all that friendship for Mr. Blifil yesterday? I have seen a little too much of the world, to be so deceived. Nay, nay, do not blush again. I tell you it is a passion you need not be ashamed of. It is a passion I myself approve, and have already brought your father into the approbation of it. Indeed, I solely consider your inclination; for I would always have that gratified, if possible, though one may sacrifice higher prospects. Come, I have news which will delight your very soul. Make me your confidant, and I will undertake you shall be happy to the very extent of your wishes." — "La! madam," says Sophia, looking more foolishly than ever she did in her life, "I know not what to say. Why, madam, should you suspect?" — "Nay, no dishonesty," returned Mrs. Western. "Consider you are speaking to one of your own sex, to an aunt, and I hope you are convinced you speak to a friend.

Consider, you are only revealing to me what I know already, and what I plainly saw yesterday through that most artful of all disguises, which you had put on, and which must have deceived anyone who had not perfectly known the world. Lastly, consider it is a passion which I highly approve."

"La, madam," says Sophia, "you come upon me so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure, madam, I am not blind,—and certainly, if it be a fault to see all human perfections assembled together—But, is it possible my father and you, madam, can see with my eyes?"—"I tell you," answered the aunt, "we do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your father hath appointed for you to receive your lover."—"My father! this afternoon!" cries Sophia, with the blood starting from her face. "Yes, child," said the aunt, "this afternoon. You know the impetuosity of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with the passion which I first discovered in you that evening when you fainted away in the field. I saw it in your fainting. I saw it immediately upon your recovery. I saw it that evening at supper, and the next morning at breakfast, (you know, child, I have seen the world.) Well, I no sooner acquainted my brother, but he immediately wanted to propose it to Allworthy. He proposed it yesterday; Allworthy consented, (as to be sure he must with joy;) and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put on all your best airs."—"This afternoon!" cries Sophia. "Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my senses."—"O! my dear," said the aunt, "you will soon come to yourself again; for he is a charming young fellow, that's the truth on't."—"Nay, I will own," says Sophia, "I know none with such perfections. So brave, and yet so gentle, so witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so civil, so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his being base born, when compared with such qualifications as these?"—"Base born! what do you mean?" said the aunt; "Mr. Blifil base born!" Sophia turned instantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, "Mr. Blifil! ay, Mr. Blifil; of whom else have we been talking?"—"Good Heavens!" answered Sophia, ready to sink, "of Mr. Jones, I thought; I am sure I know no

other who deserves — ” “ I protest,” cries the aunt, “ you frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr. Jones, and not Mr. Blifil, who is the object of your affection?” — “ Mr. Blifil ! ” repeated Sophia. “ Sure it is impossible you can be in earnest ; if you are, I am the most miserable woman alive.” Mrs. Western now stood a few moments silent, while sparks of fiery rage flashed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate sounds : —

“ And is it possible that you can think of disgracing your family by allying yourself to a bastard? Can the blood of the Westerns submit to such contamination ! If you have not sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family would have prevented you from giving the least encouragement to so base an affection ; much less did I imagine you would ever have had the assurance to own it to my face.”

“ Madam,” answered Sophia, trembling, “ what I have said, you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr. Jones with approbation to any one before ; nor should I now, had I not conceived he had your approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that poor unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave. To that grave where only now I find, I am to seek repose.” — Here she sunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears ; and, in all the moving silence of unutterable grief, presented a spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest heart.

All this tender sorrow, however, raised no compassion in her aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent rage. — “ And I would rather,” she cried, in a most vehement voice, “ follow you to your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your family by such a match. O Heavens ! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a niece of mine declare a passion for such a fellow ! You are the first, — yes, Miss Western, you are the first of your name who ever entertained so grovelling a thought. A family so noted for the prudence of its women.” Here she ran on full a quarter of an hour, till, having exhausted

her breath, rather than her rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herself at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and protesting that no inclination of hers should ever prevail with her to do anything which might offend him.

Mrs. Western stood a moment looking at her, and then, having recollected herself, said, "That on one consideration only she would keep the secret from her brother; and this was, that Sophia should promise to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover, and to regard him as the person who was to be her husband."

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her anything positively: she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, "Mr. Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of women."

Mrs. Western assured her, "That the match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it. — I must own," said she, "I looked on it as a matter of indifference; nay, perhaps, had some scruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I regard it as the most eligible thing in the world; nor shall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of time lost on the occasion."

Sophia replied, "Delay, at least, madam, I may expect from both your goodness and my father's. Surely you will give me time to endeavour to get the better of so strong a disinclination as I have at present to this person."

The aunt answered, "She knew too much of the world to be so deceived; that as she was sensible another man had her affections, she should persuade Mr. Western to hasten the match as much as possible. It would be bad politics indeed," added she, "to pro-

tract a siege when the enemy's army is at hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, Sophy," said she, "as I am convinced you have a violent passion, which you can never satisfy with honour, I will do all I can to put your honour out of the care of your family : for when you are married, those matters will belong only to the consideration of your husband. I hope, child, you will always have prudence enough to act as becomes you ; but if you should not, marriage hath saved many a woman from ruin."

Sophia well understood what her aunt meant ; but did not think proper to make her an answer. However, she took a resolution to see Mr. Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as she could ; for on that condition only she obtained a promise from her aunt to keep secret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any scheme of Mrs. Western had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND MRS. HONOUR, WHICH MAY A LITTLE RELIEVE THOSE TENDER AFFECTIONS WHICH THE FOREGOING SCENE MAY HAVE RAISED IN THE MIND OF A GOOD-NATURED READER.

MRS. WESTERN having obtained that promise from her niece, which we have seen in the last chapter, withdrew ; and presently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been summoned to the keyhole by some vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining part of it.

At her entry into the room, she found Sophia standing motionless, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which she immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began : "O gemini ! my dear lady, what is the matter ?" — "Nothing," cries Sophia. — "Nothing ! O, dear madam !" answers Mrs. Honour, "you must not tell me that, when your la'ship is in this taking, and when there hath been such a pre-

amble between your la'ship and Madam Western." — "Don't tease me," cries Sophia; "I tell you nothing is the matter. Good Heavens! why was I born?" — "Nay, madam," says Mrs. Honour, "you shall never persuade me that your la'ship can lament herself so for nothing. To be sure, I am but a servant; but to be sure I have been always faithful to your la'ship, and to be sure I would serve your la'ship with my life." — "My dear Honour," says Sophia, "'tis not in thy power to be of any service to me. I am irretrievably undone." — "Heaven forbid," answered the waiting-woman: "but if I can't be of any service to you, pray tell me, madam, — it will be some comfort to me to know; — pray, dear ma'am, tell me what's the matter." — "My father," cries Sophia, "is going to marry me to a man I both despise and hate." — "O, dear ma'am," answered the other, "who is this wicked man? for to be sure he is very bad, or your la'ship would not despise him." — "His name is poison to my tongue," replied Sophia: "thou wilt know it too soon." Indeed, to confess the truth, she knew it already, and, therefore, was not very inquisitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: "I don't pretend to give your la'ship advice, whereof your la'ship knows much better than I can pretend to, being but a servant; but, i-fackins! no father in England should marry me against my consent. And, to be sure, the squire is so good, that if he did but know your la'ship despises and hates the young man, to be sure he would not desire you to marry him. And if your la'ship would but give me leave to tell my master so — To be sure, it would be more properer to come from your own mouth; but as your la'ship doth not care to foul your tongue with his nasty name" — "You are mistaken, Honour," says Sophia; "my father was determined before he ever thought fit to mention it to me." — "More shame for him," cries Honour; "you are to go to bed to him, and not master; and tho'f a man may be a very proper man, yet every woman mayn't think him handsome alike. I am sure my master would never act in this manner of his own head. I wish some people would trouble themselves only with what belongs to them: they would not, I believe, like to be served so,

if it was their own case ; for though I am a maid, I can easily believe as how all men are not equally agreeable. And what signifies your la'ship having so great a fortune, if you can't please yourself with the man you think most handsomest? Well, I say nothing ; but to be sure it is a pity some folks had not been better born ; nay, as for that matter, I should not mind it myself ; but then there is not so much money ; and what of that? your la'ship hath money enough for both ; and where can your la'ship bestow your fortune better? for to be sure every one must allow that he is the most handsomest, charmingest, finest, tallest, properest man in the world." — "What do you mean by running on in this manner to me?" cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. "Have I ever given any encouragement for these liberties?" — "Nay, ma'am, I ask pardon ; I meant no harm," answered she ; "but to be sure the poor gentleman hath run in my head ever since I saw him this morning. To be sure, if your la'ship had but seen him just now, you must have pitied him. Poor gentleman ! I wishes some misfortune hath not happened to him ; for he hath been walking about with his arms across, and looking so melancholy, all this morning : I vow and protest it almost made me cry to see him." — "To see whom?" says Sophia. "Poor Mr. Jones," answered Honour. "See him ! why, where did you see him?" cries Sophia. "By the canal, ma'am," says Honour. "There he hath been walking all this morning, and at last there he laid himself down ; I believe he lies there still. To be sure, if it had not been for my modesty, being a maid as I am, I should have gone and spoke to him. Do, ma'am, let me go and see, only for a fancy, whether he is there still."

"Pugh !" says Sophia. "There ! no, no : what should he do there? He is gone before this time, to be sure. Besides, why — what — why should you go to see? — besides, I want you for something else. Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I shall walk with my aunt in the grove before dinner." Honour did immediately as she was bid, and Sophia put her hat on ; when, looking in the glass, she fancied the riband with which her hat was tied

did not become her, and so sent her maid back again for a riband of a different colour; and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as she said it was in violent haste, and must be finished that very day, she muttered something more about going to the grove, and then sallied out the contrary way, and walked as fast as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly toward the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her; he had, indeed, spent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky minutes, which had been spent in changing the ribands, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time; — a most unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholesome lesson. And here I strictly forbid all male critics to intermeddle with a circumstance, which I have recounted only for the sake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

CHAPTER VII.

A PICTURE OF FORMAL COURTSHIP IN MINIATURE, AS IT ALWAYS OUGHT TO BE DRAWN; AND A SCENE OF A TENDERER KIND, PAINTED AT FULL LENGTH.

It was well remarked by one, (and, perhaps, by more,) that misfortunes do not come single. This wise maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only disappointed of seeing the man she loved, but had the vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a visit from the man she hated.

That afternoon, Mr. Western, for the first time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few pearls from stealing into

her eyes. "Come, come," says Western, "none of your maidenish airs: I know all; I assure you, sister hath told me all."

"Is it possible," says Sophia, "that my aunt can have betrayed me already?" — "Ay, ay," says Western; "betrayed you I ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at dinner. You showed your fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the man you are in love with! Your mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same manner; but it was all over within twenty-four hours after we were married: Mr. Blifil is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up: I expect un every minute."

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and she determined to go through that disagreeable afternoon with as much resolution as possible, and without giving the least suspicion in the world to her father.

Mr. Blifil soon arrived; and Mr. Western soon after withdrawing, left the young people together.

Here a long silence of nearly a quarter of an hour ensued; for the gentleman, who was to begin the conversation, had all that unbecoming modesty which consists in bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his words just at the very point of utterance. At last, out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-strained compliments, which were answered on her side by downcast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himself, took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship; and when, to shorten a scene which she could no longer support, Sophia rose up and left the room, he imputed that, too, merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his prospect of success; for as to that entire and absolute possession of the heart of his mistress, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her person were the sole objects of his wishes, of which he made no doubt soon to

obtain the absolute property; as Mr. Western's mind was so earnestly bent on the match; and as he well knew the strict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater still which her father would exact, if there was occasion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own person and conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young lady, whose inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the least jealousy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country, (how justly, let the reader determine,) of being one of the wildest fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the most exemplary modesty. Perhaps his suspicions might be laid asleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himself, when they were all in company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another self in the case. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his understanding, for not being more attached to his own interest. He had no apprehension that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would sway little with so silly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim still went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage; for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no secret from him, till his behaviour on the sickness of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had ensued on this occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From these reasons, therefore, Mr. Blifil saw no bar to his success with Sophia. He concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a first visit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his expectations.

Mr. Western took care to waylay the lover at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so

enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia, perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of, (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary,) thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible that my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophia's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him, "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine." — "How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "O, sir!" continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness, her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me

into this marriage, would be killing me." — "You can't live with Mr. Blifil!" says Western. "No, upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die, and be d——d," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel — Can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?" — "Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?" — "Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him." — "If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall have un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and, after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and, unless you consent to it, I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor: and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who, seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear inquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers who are so unfortunate as to have daughters.

Western, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr. Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go

to Sophia, that he might endeavour to gain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quick-sighted as he was remarkable for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING BETWEEN JONES AND SOPHIA.

JONES departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and, with a voice at once full of tenderness and terror, cried out, "O, my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr. Jones, for Heaven's sake, how came you here? Leave me, I beseech you, this moment." "Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me — my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia! how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood." "I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then, bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both." "Happier for us both!" cried he, "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's — I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and look were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold on her hand, which she did not withdraw from him: to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now

passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground : At last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together ; adding, " Oh, Mr. Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon." " I know all, my Sophia," answered he : " your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you." " My father sent you to me !" replied she : " sure you dream." " Would to Heaven," cries he, " it was but a dream ! Oh ! Sophia, your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you his favour. I took any means to get access to you. O, speak to me, Sophia ! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated, like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand. One moment, perhaps, tears you forever from me. . Nothing less than this cruel occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me." She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion ; then, lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, " What would Mr. Jones have me say ?" " O, do but promise," cries he, " that you never will give yourself to Blifil." " Name not," answered she, " the detested sound. Be assured, I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him." " Now, then," cries he, " while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope." " Alas !" says she, " Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me ? What hope have I to bestow ? You know my father's intentions." " But I know," answered he, " your compliance with them cannot be compelled." " What," says she, " must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience ? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery." " He is himself the cause," cries Jones, " by exacting a power over you which nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance." " Think of it !" replied she : " can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should

I comply with your desire? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me forever, and avoid your own destruction." "I fear no destruction," cries he, "but the loss of Sophia. If you will save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot."

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it; when the scene, which I believe some of my readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a nature, that we shall reserve the relation of it for a different chapter.

XII. TRISTRAM SHANDY (1759-1767).

[BOOK SECOND.]

CHAPTER V.

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion, — or, in other words, when his Hobby-Horse grows head-strong, — farewell cool reason and fair discretion.

My uncle Toby's wound was near well ; and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much — he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate ; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of, — it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind. — The succession of his ideas was now rapid, — he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution ; — and so, without consulting farther with any soul living, — which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are pre-determined to take no one soul's advice, — he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four, to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. — So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's — he packed up, his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other, — my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigration, was as follows :

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c.

about him — being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it — he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses; and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; — and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavoring to catch the snuffers in falling, — he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself, — he rung his bell for his man Trim. — Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making — I must have some better contrivance, Trim. Canst not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again? — Yes, an' please your Honor, replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your Honor will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where, — as your Honor takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company, — his real name was James Butler; — but having got the nickname of Trim, in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee, by a musket bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur; — and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant: and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him, and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return: and what attached

him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge ; — for Corporal Trim (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years' occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby-Horsical per se* ; — had become no mean proficient in the science ; and was thought, by the cook and chambermaid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character, — and it is the only dark line in it. — The fellow loved to advise, or rather to hear himself talk : his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so ; but set his tongue a-going, — you had no hold of him — he was voluble ; — the eternal interlardings of *your Honor*, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution, — that though you might have been incommoded, — you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him, — or, at least, this fault in Trim broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man ; — and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant as an humble friend, — he could not bear to stop his mouth. — Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your Honor my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter — Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby — speak, — speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. — Why then, replied Trim (not hanging his ears and scratching his head like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division, — I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble submission to your Honor's better judgment, — that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honor and I could make of it were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground, to do what we pleased with : as summer is com-

ing on, continued Trim, your Honor might sit out of doors, and give me the nography — (call it ichnography, quoth my uncle) — of the town or citadel your Honor was pleased to sit down before, and I'll be shot by your Honor upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honor's mind. — I dare say thou would'st, Trim, quoth my uncle. — For if your Honor, continued the corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles — (That I could do very well, quoth my uncle) — I would begin with the fossé ; and if your Honor could tell me the proper depth and breadth — (I can, to a hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle) — I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp, — and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-scarp — (Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby) — and when I had sloped them to your mind, — an' please your Honor, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods, — (and as your Honor knows they should be) — and I would make the walls and parapets of sods too. — The best engineers call them gazons, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied Trim ; your Honor knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone. — I know they are, Trim, in some respects, — quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head : — for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé (as was the case at St. Nicholas's gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honor understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service ; — but would your Honor please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honor's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on ; — but it was not a blush of guilt, — of modesty, — or of anger, — it was a blush of joy ; — he was fired with Corporal Trim's project

and description. — Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough. — We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them, town by town, as fast as — Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more. Your Honor, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would — Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby — Besides, your Honor would get not only pleasure and good pastime, — but good air, and good exercise, and good health; — and your Honor's wound would be well in a month. — Thou hast said enough, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches' pocket) — I like thy project mightily. — And if your Honor pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us; and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of — Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture, — and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand, — Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more; — but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper, — to no purpose: — Trim's plan of operation ran so in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it. — Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed. — 'Twas all one. — Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination; — my uncle Toby could not shut his eyes. — The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him; — so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for; — so that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood

and a half of ground to do what they would with," this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy ; — which was the physical cause of making him change color, or at least of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy the self-same thing in private ; — I say in private ; — for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick-set flowering shrubs : — so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind. — Vain thought ! however thick it was planted about, — or private soever it might seem, — to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground, — and not have it known !

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter, — with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events, — may make no uninteresting underplot in the epitasis and working up of this drama. — At present the scene must drop, and change for the parlor fireside.

[BOOK SIXTH.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, — and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe ;

—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, — I say, sitting, — for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain) — when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand ; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain his point over him ; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. — This bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes, for five and twenty years together. — but this is neither here nor there — why do I mention it? — Ask my pen ; — it governs me, — I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village, came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. — 'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast. — I think, says he, taking his hand from his head, it would comfort me.

If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend, continued he ; we are all of us concerned for him.

— Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby ; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, — and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too. There

must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host : — And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him. — Step after him, said my uncle Toby, do, Trim ; and ask if he knows his name.

— I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the Corporal ; — but I can ask his son again. — Has he a son with him, then ? said my uncle Toby. — A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age ; — but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father : he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account ; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco — Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. — Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow ; — my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. — Corporal ! said my uncle Toby, — the Corporal made his bow. — My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — Your Honor's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your Honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas ; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honor your death, and bring on your Honor's torment in your groin. — I fear so, replied my uncle Toby ; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. — How shall we manage it ? Leave

it, an' please your Honor, to me, quoth the Corporal. I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your Honor a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe ; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *ténaille* a straight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

— It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account : —

— I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your Honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. — Is he in the army then ? said my uncle Toby. — He is, said the Corporal. — And in what regiment ? said my uncle Toby. — I'll tell your Honor, replied the Corporal, every thing straight-forwards, as I learnt it. — Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee, till thou hast done ; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. — The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — Your Honour is good : — And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honor, about the lieutenant and

his son : — for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked, — (That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby) — I was answered, an' please your Honor, that he had no servant with him ; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — But alas ! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the death-watch all night long ; — and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of : — but I will do it for my father, myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his Honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth ! said my uncle Toby ; — he has been bred up from an infant in the army ; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend ! — I wish I had him here.

— I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company : — What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honor ? — Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

— When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him, I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your Honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father ; — and that if there was anything in your house or cellar — (And thou might'st have added my purse too,

said my uncle Toby) — he was heartily welcome to it. — He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honor) but no answer ; — for his heart was full : — so he went up stairs with the toast. — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. — Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire, — but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. — I thought it wrong, added the Corporal. — I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs. — I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, — for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

— I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. — I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate. — A soldier, an' please your Reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson ; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — But when a soldier, said I, an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, — or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches ; — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day ; — harassing others to-morrow ; — detached here ; — countermanded there ; — resting this night out upon his arms ; — beat up in his shirt the next ; — benumbed in his joints ; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ; — must say his prayers how and when he can. — I believe, said I, for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an' please your Reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson — though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy — Thou shouldst not

have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not : — At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, — and who have not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. — I hope we shall, said Trim. — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will show it thee to-morrow. — In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. — I hope not, said the Corporal. — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story. —

— When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, — he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. — The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which, I supposed, he had been kneeling ; — the book was laid upon the bed ; — and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. —

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside. — If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. — If he was of Leven's, — said the lieutenant. — I told him your Honor was. — Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him, — but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's ; — but he knows me not, — said he, a second time, musing ; — possibly he may my story, added he. — Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately

killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the story, an' please your Honor, said I, very well. — Do you so? — said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, — then well may I. — In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. — Here, Billy, said he; — the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, — and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, — then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, — I wish, Trim, I was asleep. —

Your Honor, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned. — Shall I pour out your Honor a glass of sack, to your pipe? — Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finish the story thou art upon. — 'Tis finished already, said the Corporal, — for I could stay no longer; — so wished his Honor a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. — But alas! said the Corporal, — the lieutenant's last day's march is over! — Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor — though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves, — That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was

warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner : — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp ; — and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, — he left Dendermond to itself, — to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good ; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

— That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this. —

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. — In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knew'st he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. — Your Honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders. — True, quoth my uncle Toby, — Thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. — A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him. — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, — he might march. — He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world, said the Corporal. He will march, said my uncle

Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. — An' please your Honor, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. — He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he shall march to his regiment. — He cannot stand it, said the Corporal. — He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. — He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy? — He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. — A-well-a-day ! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, — the poor soul will die. — He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

— The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in ; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

CHAPTER IX.

— My uncle Toby went to his bureau, — put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONCLUDED.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids ; — and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, — when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, — how he had rested in the night, — what was his complaint, —

where was his pain, — and what he could do to help him ; — and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

You shall go home directly, *Le Fevre*, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the Corporal shall be your nurse ; — and I'll be your servant, *Le Fevre*. —

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cause of it, — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. — The blood and spirits of *Le Fevre*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart — rallied back, — the film forsook his eyes for a moment ; — he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face ; — then cast a look upon his boy ; — and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. —

Nature instantly ebb'd again ; — the film returned to its place ; — the pulse fluttered, — stopp'd, — went on, — throbb'd, — stopp'd again, — mov'd, — stopp'd, — shall I go on ? — No.

CHAPTER XI.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young *Le Fevre's*, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter. — All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows : —

That my uncle Toby, with young *Le Fevre* in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

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